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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

GILBERT GURNEY.

Chapter III.

As I cantered down towards Teddington, all the events of the preceding evening passed in review before me. I almost hoped that I had only had a frightful dream, and that the scene and proceedings at the playhouse were all images of a disordered brain—but the hope was vain; and already in the streets the play-bills of the day negatively declared my defeat by announcing "Peeping Tom," or "The Village Lawyer," or some such ancient favourite, instead of a repetition of my doomed drama.

Breakfast appears to me to have been destined for a solitary meal—nothing to me is less endurable than a breakfast party. I love the lengthened lounging meal made up of eating, drinking, and reading; but there is nothing social or sociable in its attributes; one cannot "hob-nob" in tea or coffee. Moreover, it is an ungraceful meal. Egg-eating and prawn-picking are not delicate performances; and, besides, a man when he is first up and just down, if he tries his mind and temper by a moral "spirit-level," will find that breakfast-time is not the time for company or conversation. Most especially, then, was I disqualified for a *public* breakfast at my mother's on this particular day, with Miss Crab for a companion. I therefore resolved to call a halt at Richmond and take my matutinal meal at the Castle, an inn full of delightful associations in my mind, and where the coolness of the breeze and the fragrance of the flowers promised to moderate the fever into which I had fidgeted myself.

I was, however, mistaken; for just as one of the waiters had arranged my table, and the huge urn, hissing and sputtering forth its steam and smoke, was put down, another officious varlet, with a smirk and bow, laid upon the cloth the "Morning Chronicle." Little could he conceive the dread and apprehension with which I regarded the fatal sheet. New to the world and as thin-skinned as a Whig, I could not venture even to unfold the paper. I waited till the servants had retired, and then respectfully and fearfully lifted the front page and peeped into that part of the journal usually appropriated to "theatricals." I saw the great word "theatricals" stare me in the face, and I hastily left my hold and closed the leaf with the haste and trepidation with which, in after years, I might have started back from the hiss of a snake or the growl of a tiger.

At length, having fortified my courage by a sip of coffee, I again approached the dreaded page, and having with fingers as cold as ice opened the paper, read as follows:—

"Theatricals.—Last night a new farce was acted at the Haymarket Theatre; as it was finally and decidedly condemned, any further notice of the absurd abortion would be superfluous."

After reading this short, pithy paragraph, I felt that sort of gratitude to the writer, which a culprit may be supposed to feel for an executioner who puts him speedily out of pain: there was no tedious process of strangulation in this—no roasting before a slow fire—the bolt was drawn and the spine of my vanity broken without any lingering preparation. I thought "absurd abortion" rather a strong term; but I was glad to find that my name had escaped either the knowledge or the notice of the critic. I felt comparatively calm and easy, not at the moment reflecting that there were more newspapers than one published in London.

It was in this temper of mind that I heard—it was then past eleven o'clock—merry peals of laughter ringing by a company which, unperceived by me, had taken possession of the pavilion which opens on the terrace before the house, and which appeared to be excited by some waggeries of which I could not exactly comprehend the nature or character. I never was a listener or an eaves-dropper, but the most incurious person in the world will admit, that nothing is so tantalizing as to hear laughter in an adjoining room without being aware of the cause, and nothing so worrying as to be treated with conversation through a wainscot which never rises above a sort of mumbling, grumbling noise, in sound something like what Colman, in his Preface to the "Iron Chest," describes as the distinguishing characteristics of the late John Kemble's voice—"Flies in a bottle—frogs in a marsh—wind in a crevice—and the drone of a bagpipe." I could not—fond as I then was of laughing—endure to hear mirth going on, and not somehow contrive to be a partaker and participator. I admit, therefore, that I protruded my head from my breakfast-room window to catch some clue to the gaiety of my noisy neighbours.

"I wonder," said one, whose voice sounded peculiarly familiar to me, "I wonder where the poor devil is to-day!"

"Dangling on a beam in his garret by a silk pocket-handkerchief," replied somebody, whose tone and accent I also thought I recognized.

"No;" rejoined a third, "his suspense was over last night—to be sure, my dear friend, the idea of bringing out that infernal farce!"

"I did it to please the boy," answered somebody. "I liked the fellow, and could not say no to the goose; but as for his farce, I admit it deserved to be condemned as much as anything I ever saw. The only hits in it I put in myself, but they were so overlaid by his own original twaddle, that they were lost to the million."

I felt the blood tingling in my ears and cheeks: the people were talking of *me*—I thought I could not be mistaken.

"Well," said one of the amiable ladies, who had acted as my bottle—smelling-bottle—holder the night before, "poor fellow, I pity him very much; he may be foolish, and I think he is, but he is remarkably good natured."

"Perhaps," said some odious person, "you presently will find out that he is good-looking." A roar of laughter followed this, which had nearly killed me.

"Saracen's Head!" said one.

"Buckhurst!" cried another.

"I suppose," said a third, "he is gone to tell his mamma the history of his misfortunes."

"I believe she wrote the farce," said a fourth.

"Well, poor devil," exclaimed the first speaker, "let us leave him alone—his business is done—I flatter myself the shine was taken out of him last night, and there's an end; so, what's to be done till dinner-time—Patience in a punt, or a drive to Hampton Court?"

This speech, so surely indicative of a move, induced me suddenly to withdraw my head and make a retreat towards the front door, where I desired the waiter to bring my bill and order my servant to bring the horses to the door.

Here, however, I was foiled, for scarcely had I made two knights' moves over the chequered pavement of the hall, before I found myself surrounded by the gay party from the pavilion. Nothing could exceed their expressions of delight at finding me there; the poor devil hanging in his silk handkerchief, whom they had been abusing five minutes before, was suddenly converted into their dear friend and delightful Mr. Gurney. The groupe consisted of several of my theatrical friends, and, to my utter horror, they began condoling with me on the annihilation of my farce before the waiters and chambermaids, all of them declaring unanimously that it had been unfairly treated, and that it possessed the most unquestionable marks of great dramatic genius.

I then did not know the world quite so well as I afterwards did; and when I saw the smile of friendship upon the countenances of these ladies and gentlemen, and felt the kind pressure of their proffered hands, I also felt assured that I had not been the subject of their conversation in the next room, but that some other man and some other drama had been so generally anathematized; and, perhaps, my ignorance was bliss, for seeing how extremely happy they were to meet me, and hearing how earnestly they pressed me to join their party, I countermanded my horses till the evening; and passed what, in the sequel, turned out to be a very entertaining day.

It was agreed—and what would I not at that period of my life have agreed to?—that some of the party should fish, some walk, some row about, according to their several fancies, and that all should dine at the early hour of three; the reason for the adoption of a period so Gothic for such a meal being, that one or two of the party had to present themselves in the evening to the eyes of the admiring audience of the Haymarket Theatre.

Among the groupe was a man, whose name was Daly—who, of all the people accounted sane and permitted to range the world keeperless, I hold to be the most decidedly mad. His conversation was full of droll conceits, mixed with a considerable degree of superior talent, and the strongest evidence of general acquirements and accomplishments. He appeared to be on terms of most familiar intimacy with all the members of our little community, and, by his observations and anecdotes, equally well known to persons of much higher consideration; but his description of himself to me, shortly after our introduction, savoured so very strongly of insanity—peculiar in its character, I admit—that I almost repented having, previously to hearing his autobiography, consented to send on my horses to Teddington, in order to accompany him to that village after the departure of the rest of the party to London, in a boat which he proposed to row himself up to Hampton Court, where, it appeared, he resided.

"I hope," said he, "that we shall be better acquainted. I dare say

you think me an odd fish—I know I am one. My father, who is no more, was a most respectable man in his way—a sugar-baker in St. Mary Axe. I was destined to follow in his wake and succeed to the business; however, I cut the treacle tubs at an early age—I saw no fun in firkins, and could not manage conviviality in canvass sleeves. D'y ever read the 'London Gazette?'"

"Sometimes," said I.

"In that interesting paper," said Daly, "I used to look twice a week to see the price of Muscovados. One hapless Saturday I saw my father's name along with the crush: the affair was done—settled; dad went through the usual ceremony, and came out of Guildhall as white as his own superfine lumps. Refreshed by his ruin, my exemplary parent soon afterwards bought a house in Berkeley-square, stood a contest for a county, and died rather richer than he started.

"And you, I suppose, his heir?" said I.

"He had not much to leave," replied my new friend. "He ran it rather fine towards the close of his career. My two sisters got their fortunes paid, but I came off with what we technically called the scrapings—four hundred a year, Sir, is the whole of my income; all my personal property I carry under my hat. Timber I have none—save my walking-stick; and as to land, except the mould in three geranium pots which stand in my sitting-room window, I haven't an inch. Still, Mr. Gurney, although I have not a ducat in my purse,

'Yet I'm in love, and pleased with ruin.'"

"I envy your philosophy and spirit," said I.

"You are right," replied Daly; "fun is to me what ale was to Boniface; I sleep upon fun—I drink for fun—I talk for fun—I live upon fun; hence my addiction to our dear funny friends of to-day. They just suit me—they do nothing but laugh; they laugh *with* one when present, and *at* one when absent—but to me that is the fun."

I immediately thought of the "funny" observations upon myself, which I had overheard earlier in the day, pretty well assured that the voice of my new laughter-loving acquaintance had not been the least loud in the debate.

"I admit myself fond of practical joking," continued my friend. "I don't mean in one's own particular circle; there it is dangerous; people are not always in the same humour—what they think uncommonly good fun one day, they will seriously resent as an insult the next. There's no judging with certainty a man's temper of mind, and it is not easy to ascertain how much melted butter a gentleman would like to have poured into his coat-pocket without kicking; I avoid that sort of thing, but on the great scale I confess my addiction. Coming here yesterday evening, I stopped the chaise at the corner of Egham, to turn the finger-post at the corner half round—sent all the people bound for London to Chertsey, all the people destined for Egham to Windsor, and all the people destined for Windsor, to London—that's my way."

"Probably," said I, "but not theirs. And do you often indulge yourself in these freaks?"

"Perpetually," replied Daly; "I've whipped off every knocker in Sloane-street three nights running—a hundred and ninety-four, exclusive of shops; and if ever the project of lighting London with smoke

should be brought to bear, I flatter myself you will hear of my darkening the whole parish of Pancras, by grinding a gimlet through a gas-pipe."

"These frolics must cost something," said I.

"Occasionally," said my friend, "but what of that? Every man has his pursuits—I have mine."

"I should think," replied I, "if you perform such extraordinary feats often, your pursuits must be innumerable."

"What!" exclaimed Daly; "pursuits after me, you mean? I'm obliged to you for *that*—we shall be better acquainted—of that I am certain. One thing I must tell you of myself, because, although there is something equivocal in the outset of the adventure, I set it all to rights afterwards, and will prove to you that in fact all I did was done for fun—pure fun."

I foresaw an awkward discovery of some sort by the prefatory deprecation of criticism; however, I listened to my slight acquaintance with complacency and confidence.

"You must know," said Daly, "that I had a brother once,—long since dead,—and you must know that he was my elder brother, and he went abroad; I remained at home, and was my father's darling—he fancied nothing ever was like me on earth. I was the wittiest, if not the wisest fellow breathing, and I have seen my respectable parent shake his fat sides with laughing at my jokes till the tears ran down his rosy cheeks. I *had* a fault,—I cannot distinctly aver that I have yet overcome it,—I was extravagant—extravagant in everything—extravagant in my jokes—extravagant in love—extravagant in money-matters. After my respected parent's death I lodged at an upholsterer's—occupied his first floor—excellent man!—but paid him no rent; on the contrary, borrowed a good deal of money of him."

"Indeed!" said I, "I——"

"Don't frown, Mr. Gurney," interrupted Daly, "it will all come right in the end. I'm as honest as a Parsee—don't be alarmed—I was then much younger than I am now; and although the world unjustly and ungenerously judge of a man by the foibles of his youth, don't you be prejudiced, but hear me. I borrowed money of him—I consulted him upon all occasions—he was delighted with *me*, I with *him*—reciprocity of feeling, you know, and all that sort of thing. My upholsterer was my cabinet-minister—who better? who fitter to be consulted when any new measure was on the *tapis?* So things went, on for a year, at the end of which, I owed him fourteen hundred and seventy-two pounds thirteen shillings and ninepence halfpenny without the interest."

"That was no joke, Mr. Daly," said I.

"No, but what followed was," continued my equivocal friend. "My cabinet-minister applied for funds—I had none at hand. I therefore quitted London, and retired to the blest shades of Holyrood—not that this sort of constraint was at all necessary, for my friend, the sofa-maker, never inquired after me."

"Why then did you go?" said I.

"Why, I thought he might," replied Daly. "After I had hovered about Scotland, seen the sights, shot some grouse,—and a pretty job I made of that, umph!—I retired to Edinburgh, and began to be anxious to return to London. I therefore took the resolution of killing myself."

"Horrible!" said I.

"Most horrible!" replied he; "and I put that resolve into execution."

"How?" I inquired.

"By transmitting an account of my death to the metropolitan newspapers in these words—'Died, at Antigua, on the 15th of March, in the 28th year of his age, Robert Fergusson Daly, Esq., son of the late Thomas Fergusson Daly, Esq., of St. Mary Axe, London.'"

"What purpose could that have answered?" said I.

"You shall hear," said Daly. "About ten days after this announcement, having 'incurred' for a suit of mourning, I proceeded to my friend the upholsterer. Dear me, I recollect his little white, bald head peering over his desk in the counting-house as well as if it were but yesterday—in I went—made a bow—up jumped my creditor.

"'Ah, Mr. Daly,' cried he, 'then it is not true!—you are alive and merry.'

"Upon which I, looking as grave as a judge, said, with a long-drawn sigh, 'Sir, I see you have fallen into the common mistake.'

"'Mistake, Sir,' said he, 'no mistake in the world! Why, I read in the newspapers that you were dead. How those fellows do fib!'

"'In this instance,' I replied, 'they are as true as the tides to the moon—or the needle to the Pole.'

"'Why,' cried he, 'you are not dead, for here you are!'

"'So I am,' said I, 'but I am not the Mr. Daly who died in Antigua.'

"'That's very clear,' said old cabinet-maker, 'for, as I said before, here you are.'

"'Still,' said I, 'Sir,'—I thought the Sir good—'you do not understand;—I am the brother—the twin brother of poor Bob Daly who lived here with you, and who has died deep in your debt.'

"'What!' exclaimed the upholsterer, '*you* his brother! Impossible—ridiculous! Why, I should know you from a thousand by that little knob on your nose.'

'"That may be, Sir,' said I; 'but I was born with a knob on my nose as well as my brother. I assure you he is in his grave at Antigua.'

"This astounded him, and he was proceeding to ring the bell in order to call up the housemaid, who had made herself particularly familiar with my knob, in order to identify me, when I pacified him by fresh assurances that he was mistaken, and that I was come to settle the account due from my late brother to himself."

"This," said I, "was all very funny, no doubt; but *cui bono?*"

"*Nous verrons,*" said Daly. "The moment I talked of paying, all doubt ended; he felt convinced that it could not be me, for he was quite of opinion that at that time I had no notion of muddling away my income in paying bills. So he listened, looking all the while at my knob—you see the thing I mean, Mr. Gurney," said he, pointing to a pimple; "till at last I begged to see his account—he produced it—I sighed—so did he."

"'Sir,' said he, 'this is—dear me, is it possible two people should be so much alike?—your brother's last account before he went.'

"I could not help saying, 'He is gone to his last account now, Sir,'—if it had been to save my life—I never could check my fun.

"'Lord, how like him that is!' said the upholsterer.

"'What is the amount?' said I.

"'Fourteen hundred and seventy-two pounds, thirteen shillings, and ninepence halfpenny. As for interest, Mr. Daly, I don't want it.'

"'Sir,' said I, drawing out of my pocket a handkerchief whiter than unsunned snow, 'I honour and reverence you. I can now account for the high respect and veneration with which my poor brother Bob spoke of you and wrote about you. You shall judge what he has done;—he has died worth three thousand five hundred pounds; the claims upon him are numerous and heavy; in his letter—the last I ever received from him—he directs me to make an equitable division of his property.'

"'Poor fellow!' said the cabinet-maker.

"'A poor young creature, with three children,' said I, 'first claims his care.'

"'Dear me!' said the man. 'Ah! I won't interfere then. No, no. I gave him credit farther than he asked it. I won't visit his sins upon those who, perhaps, are helpless.'

"There was something so kind in this, I was near betraying myself; but I should have spoiled the joke.

"'After them,' continued I, 'you come next; and, having divided his assets fairly, he decided that he could, acting conscientiously towards others, afford to pay you five shillings in the pound; and accordingly I have brought you to-day a sum calculated at that rate—that is to say, three hundred and sixty-eight pounds, three shillings, and sixpence, for I don't descend to fractions.'

"'Well, now,' said the honest old man, 'I love and honour him for that. He needn't have paid me a farthing. I knew not where he was;—and to think of me on his death-bed!—that, Sir, shows good principle; and as you are so like him in everything else,—and how like you are, to be sure!—I hope and trust,—don't be angry, Sir,—that you will follow the example he set you in the last act of his life.'

"'Then,' said I, 'you accept the proposal.'

"'Most happily, Sir,' said he. 'I honour his feelings. I had given the whole thing up. I thought he was hard-hearted, and a practised taker in of innocent men——'

"'Sir,' said I, bowing, 'you little knew my poor brother Bob if you thought that. Here, Sir, is the money; all I ask, as a satisfaction to the interesting young creature who survives him, is a receipt in full of all demands as against him.'

"'In course, Mr. Daly,' said the upholsterer, taking the notes I proffered. 'Why, la!' exclaimed he, 'I declare you have got the very ring on that I have seen a hundred times, with a leetel patent key twisted into the inside, that he used to wear.'

"'Yes,' said I, rather taken aback at this; for with all my cunning I had forgotten to disring my finger for the occasion. 'Yes, it was the only thing he left me; I wear it for his sake.'

"'And how well it fits!' said the credulous cabinet-maker.

"'Often the case with twins,' said I. 'Two hundred, three hundred, fifty, ten, eight guineas, and five shillings and sixpence; count it yourself.'

"'And now,' said he, 'I am to give you a receipt in full; to be sure I will. I wish you would do me one favour, Sir,' continued he;

'I wish you would let my housemaid Becky see you; she was very fond of your poor brother, and very attentive to him, and I should—I know it is taking a great liberty—I should like her to see you.'

"'I should be too happy,' said I, trembling at the apprehension that the girl, who was more than usually civil to me while I lived in the lodgings, should make her appearance, convinced that she would not be deceived as to the identity, or believe in the story of two brothers having the same knobs to their noses; 'but don't you think it might shock the poor girl?'

"'No, no, Sir,' said he, looking over a long black leather book for a proper stamp; 'Becky isn't frightened at trifles; shall I ring?'

"I could not help myself, and Becky was summoned. Luckily, however, she had just stepped out to get something, and satisfied, by the way in which the other servant conveyed the intelligence to her master, that it was not very probable she would soon return, I screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and remained until he had written, signed, and delivered my entire acquittance from my whole debt, in consideration of the receipt of 368*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; having secured which, I made my bow and quitted my upholsterer, not ill pleased with the adventure of the day."

"Yes, Sir," said I, after I had heard this narrative, "but I see no joke in all this; it appears to me that a person less favourably disposed than myself would find a very different name for such a proceeding."

"So would anybody," said my valuable friend, "if it were not for the sequel. A short time after, I had the means to set all right, and I lost no time in doing so; I confessed my *ruse* to my worthy friend, made him laugh heartily at his own credulity, paid him the difference, and gave Becky a guinea or two."

I honestly confess, that although my new friend polished off the end of his story with a few retributive facts, the account of his adventure with the cabinet-maker did not very much elevate him in my opinion, and I began again to repent of having hastily engaged myself as passenger in his boat, so appropriately, as he himself said, called a "funny." The only consolation I could afford myself arose from the consideration that our connexion would not be of long duration—that it need never be renewed—that few people, if any, would see me in my way up the river—and that, from all I had heard of him from himself, he did not appear likely to die a watery death, so that my personal safety was rather guaranteed than not by my having placed myself under his command in our aquatic excursion.

I had never seen such a man before, nor have I ever seen such a one since: from the time he sat down to dinner till all was done, his tongue never ceased—he was *au fait* at everything—played billiards better than anybody I ever saw—jumped higher—imitated birds and beasts, including men, women, and children better—caught more fish in an hour than all the rest of the punters did in three—sang all sorts of songs—made speeches—and told stories of himself which would have made my poor mother's hair stand on end. One of his practical jokes, played off upon one of the ladies of our party, I must set down. She had never been at Richmond before, or if she had, knew none of the little peculiarities attached to it. He desired the waiter after dinner to bring some "maids of honour"—those cheesecakes for which the place has been time out of mind so celebrated. The lady stared and then laughed; Daly saw her

surprise, and elicited all he wanted—her innocent question of "What do you mean by maids of honour?" "Dear me," said he, "don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of state etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? What are called cheesecakes elsewhere, are here called maids of honour; a capon is called a lord chamberlain; a goose is a lord steward; a roast pig is a master of the horse; a pair of ducks, grooms of the bedchamber; and a gooseberry tart, a gentleman usher of the black rod; and so on."

The unsophisticated lady was taken in; and with all the confidence which Daly's gravity inspired, when she actually saw the maids of honour make their appearance in the shape of the cheesecakes, she convulsed the whole party, by turning to the waiter and desiring him, in a a sweet but decided tone, to bring her a gentleman usher of the black rod, if they had one in the house, quite cold.

These were the sort of *plaisantries (mauvaises*, if you will) in which this most extraordinary person indulged. In the sequel, I had occasion to see his versatile powers more profitably engaged, and which led me to reflect somewhat more seriously upon the adventure of the upholsterer and the receipt in full of all demands.

The dinner was rather inconveniently despatched, in order to suit the convenience of the engaged performer, and by seven o'clock my new friend and myself were left to commence our voyage up the river. His spirits appeared even higher than they had been before, and I felt myself, when consigned to his care, something in the same situation as the Irishman on the eagle's back: whither I was to be carried by his influence, or how to be dashed down when he got tired of me, I could not clearly comprehend; nor were my apprehensions of consequences in any satisfactory degree diminished when my perilous companion commenced a violent wordy attack upon a very respectable round-bodied gentleman who was sitting squeezed into the stern-sheets of a skiff, floating most agreeably to himself adown the stream, the gentle south-west breeze giving the sail of his boat a shape very similar to that of his equally well-filled white dimity waistcoat.

"Hallo," cried my friend Daly; "I say, you Sir, what are you doing in that boat?"

The suburban Josh maintained a dignified silence.

"I say, you Sir," continued the undaunted joker, "what are you doing there? you have no business in that boat, and you know it!"

A slight yaw of the skiff into the wind's eye was the only proof of the stout navigator's agitation.

Still Daly was inexorable, and he again called to the unhappy mariner to get out of the boat. "I tell you, my fat friend," cried he, "you have no business in that boat!"

Flesh and blood could not endure this reiterated declaration. The ire of the Cockney was roused. "No business in this boat, Sir!" cried he; "what d'ye mean?"

"I mean what I say," said Daly; "you have no business in it, and I'll prove it."

"I think, Sir, you will prove no such thing," said the navigator, whose progress through the water was none of the quickest; "perhaps you don't know, Sir, that this is my own pleasure-boat?"

"That's it," said Daly; "now you *have* hit it—no man can have any *business* in a *pleasure*-boat. Good day, Sir. That's all."

I confess I was a good deal shocked at this mode of terminating the colloquy. However, no ill consequences arose; the fat man went his way and so did we, and in a few minutes more, embarked in Daly's "pleasure"-boat, in which I felt, according to his dictum, I had no business whatever.

Richmond, which looks, every time one sees it, as if it were dressed to look lovely for that particular day, was smiling in all its radiance and gaiety; the velvet meadows of Twickenham, studded with noble trees, looked greener and cooler than ever; and my friend began to perform that incomprehensibly agreeable exercise of pulling up against the stream, when all at once a thought seemed to flash into his mind, and a look of regret sadden his countenance; the expression was too distinct to be mistaken or disregarded.

"What," said I, "what is the matter? have you left anything behind?"

"No," said he, laughing, "but if I had thought of it, we would not have come away so soon from Richmond; and I would have shown you some sport in Cockney-catching."

"What do you mean?" asked innocent I.

"A trick specially my own," replied Daly, "to be played with the greatest success between the grounds of Sion and Kew Gardens. Thus:—In the dusk of the evening—I prescribe scientifically—take a strong line, fix him to a peg on the bank of Sion, carry him across the river, and fix him to another peg in the bank at Kew; strain him tight, and then retire to watch the effect. Tide running down, presently comes a Cockney pair, the man flirting and pulling, the lady sitting and smiling; when they reach the chosen spot, the tight line catches the Cockney Corydon on the back of his head, and tumbles him forward at the feet of his Phyllis; in a twinkling, the same effect is produced on the lady; with this single simple difference, that the cord catches *her* under the chin, and tumbles her backward. In the confusion of the moment, tide ebbing fast, the happy couple are swept down the stream; and having, after a few minutes, set themselves to rights again, begin to wonder what has happened, and of course never think of trying back against tide to ascertain the cause; which, however, if they did, would assist them little, for the moment you have caught your couple you cast off the line from the peg, and the cause of the mischief disappears from the sight—*probatum est.*"

"That seems rather a serious joke," said I.

"Umph!" replied Daly; "perhaps you would prefer keeping the line, but for my part I am not particular."

This he certainly need not have mentioned. Every moment added fresh evidence to the fearful fact; I was yet unprepared for what was to come.

"I wish," said my friend, as he plied the oar, "that we had stayed a little longer at Richmond. I think one more bottle of claret, *tête-à-tête*, would have been vastly agreeable."

"I should not have disliked it myself," said I. "Is it impossible to repair the mischief?—is there no agreeable retreat on these shores, in which we may solace ourselves for our imprudence?"

"No," said my friend: "the Eel-pie House is a wretched hole—the

inns at Twickenham are all inland—there is nothing marine short of the Toy, and we are to part long before I reach that much-loved spot."

"Then," said I, "we must make up our minds to the evil, and bear it as well as we can."

At this moment we were under the bank of a beautiful garden, upon which opened a spacious bow-windowed dinner-room, flanked by an extensive conservatory. Within the circle of the window was placed a table, whereon stood bottles and decanters, rising, as it were, from amidst a *cornucopia* of the choicest fruits. Around this table were seated a highly respectable family; a portly gentleman whose "cheeks and chin gave ample evidence that such refections were his custom always in the afternoon," and near him a lady, evidently his better, if not his larger half—on either side bloomed two young creatures, evidently the daughters of the well-fed pair. Our appearance, although the lawn was some twenty or thirty yards wide, had caught their attention, as their respective forms and figures had attracted our notice.

"There," said I, "this scene is exhibited to us by our evil genius, to tantalize us with the prospect of what we may not enjoy."

"You are wrong," said Daly, "quite wrong—be quiet—beautiful girls, cool wine, and agreeable society, are worth making a dash for. These girls will we become acquainted with—that society we will join—those wines will we imbibe."

"Do you know them?" said I.

"Never saw them by any chance in my life," said Daly; "but here goes—the thing is settled—arranged—done. Have you a pocket-book and a pencil about you? if you have, lend them to *me;* say nothing, and I will manage the rest. Assent to all I say, and stay in the boat till we are invited to partake of the collation."

"But, my dear Sir," said I——

"Mum," said Daly, at the same moment pulling the head of his funny "chock block," as the sailors say, into the bank of the garden. I sat in amazement, doubting what he was about to do, and what I should do myself. The first thing I saw was my friend pacing in measured steps along the front of the terrace. He then affected to write down something in my book—then he stopped—raised his hand to his eyes, as if to make an horizon in order to obtain a level—then noted something more—and then began to pace the ground afresh.

"Bring the staff out of the boat," said he to me, with an air of command, which was so extremely well assumed, that I scarcely knew whether he were in joke or in earnest. I obeyed, and landed with the staff. Without any further ceremony, he stuck the pole into the lawn, a measure which, as he whispered to me, while in the act of taking it, he felt assured would bring things to a crisis.

Sure enough, after a certain ringing of the dinner-room bell, which we heard, and which conveyed to Daly's mind a conviction that he had created a sensation, a butler, *bien poudré*, in a blue coat, white waistcoat, and black *et ceteras*, followed at a properly-graduated distance by a strapping footman, in a blue and scarlet livery, were seen approaching. I thought the next step would be our sudden and unceremonious expulsion from the Eden we had trespassed upon—not so my friend, who continued pacing, and measuring, and "jotting down," until the minister for the home department was at his elbow.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the butler, "but—my master's

compliments, begs to know what your pleasure is here—it is not usual for strangers to land—and——"

"Like the man in the boat, Sir," said Daly, "only quite the reverse. I am not here for my pleasure—business calls me here—duty, Sir,—duty. Here, Mr. Higgins, carry the staff to that stump."

These words were addressed to me, and I, completely infatuated—fascinated, like the bird by the rattle-snake—did as I was told, not daring to rebel, lest a *denouement* might ensue, which would *eclater* in our being jointly and severally kicked into the river, in which case, from the very little, or rather the very great deal, which I had seen of my companion during our short acquaintance, I felt perfectly certain that I should sink, and he would swim, and that while I was floundering in all the agonies of ignominy and disgrace, he would be capering and flourishing with the two pretty girls in the dining-room, laying all the blame of the affair upon my most incompetent shoulders, and cracking his jokes upon the tyro who had so blunderingly botched the business.

The butler, who found that he made very little impression upon Daly, seemed inclined to come after me, which, as I had not the slightest idea of the game my companion was playing, nor the faintest notion what he expected to be the result, alarmed me considerably. Daly was too much on the alert to permit me to be cross-questioned.

"Sir," said he to the butler, "present my compliments to your master, and make my humble apologies for the liberty I am obliged to take. I am the surveyor of the Grand Junction Paddington Canal, and an Act of Parliament is just about to be applied for, to construct and cut a branch from the basin at Brentford, into the river Thames, near this point. A great deal depends upon my decision as to the line it will take, and I should not have ventured to land without apprizing your master of my business, but that no time is to be lost, as my plan for the cut must be ready for the committee to-morrow."

"Cut a canal through my master's grounds, Sir?" said the butler.

"Right through," said Daly, poking the fore-finger of his right hand very nearly into the butler's left eye; "and what I am now so particular about is, I am most anxious that the line should not take down the corner of the conservatory.

"Dear me, Sir," said the man, "my mistress would go mad at the idea. Will you just wait, Sir, while I speak to Sir Timothy?"

"Certainly," said he, "and assure him—assure Sir Timothy—that I will do all I can to preserve the elevation of his house; for, as it all depends upon my opinion, I shall of course be extremely scrupulous how I decide."

"I am sure, Sir," said the astounded and mollified butler, "Sir Timothy will be greatly obliged to you. I'll be back directly, Sir."

Saying which the butler returned to the house, and giving a significant look to the strapping footman, with the grenadier shoulders and balustrade legs, which seemed to imply that he need not kick us into the water till he had consulted his master, the fellow followed him, which afforded me an opportunity of asking my volatile friend what the deuce he was at.

"Leave me alone," said he—

'Women and wine compare so well,
They run in a perfect parallel.'

I am the Company's surveyor, and having surveyed this company, I

mean to be made a participator in those good things of which they seem to be in full possession. Yes, Mr. Gurney, as King Arthur says—

'It is our royal will and pleasure to be drunk,
And this, our friend, shall be as drunk as we.'

Who knows but we may make an agreeable and permanent acquaintance with this interesting family!"

"But," said I, "you don't even know their name."

"You are in error," replied Daly, "the man's name is known to me."

"Then perhaps you are known to *him*," said I.

"That is a *non sequitur*," said Daly; "I knew nothing of him before I landed here—now I am *au fait*—my friend in the powder and sticking plasters calls his master Sir Timothy. There are hundreds of Sir Timothys; but what do I do upon hearing this little distinctive appellation, but glance my eye to the livery button of the lacquey—and what do I see there? a serpent issuing from and piercing a garb or gerb. The crest is unique—*ergo*, my new acquaintance is neither more nor less than Sir Timothy Dod."

"Why," said I, "you are, like myself, a bit of a herald, too!"

"Exactly," replied Daly, "in my composition are

'Arts with *arms* contending.'

I am a bit of everything; but somehow or another my accomplishments are so jumbled, and each so minute in itself, that they are patched together in my mind like the squares of a harlequin's jacket, only to make their master ridiculous. Here, however, comes Sir Timothy himself. You are my clerk—keep the staff and the joke up; and you shall be repaid with some of Tim's very best chateau margot, or I'm an ass."

"Good day, Sir," said Sir Timothy, somewhat warmed with the intelligence given him by the butler and the exertion of trotting himself across his lawn. "My servant tells me that you are here for the purpose of deciding upon the line of some new branch of the Paddington Canal,—it is very extraordinary I never should have heard of it!"

"You ought, Sir Timothy," said Daly, "to have been apprized of it. Do you understand much of ground-plans, Sir Timothy?"

"No, Sir; very little indeed," replied the worthy Knight.

"So much the better," I heard Daly distinctly say, for he could not resist an impulse. "If you will just cast your eye over this paper, I will endeavour to explain, Sir. A, there you see;—A is your house, Sir Timothy; B is the conservatory; C is the river,—that perhaps you will think strange?"

"No, Sir," said Sir Timothy, "not at all."

"Then, Sir, D, E, F, and G are the points, you see, from which I take the direct line from the bridge at Brentford; and thus you perceive, that, drawing that line to the corner of Twickenham churchyard, where the *embouchure* is to be ——"

"The what, Sir?" said Sir Timothy.

"The mouth, Sir,—the entrance to the new branch. The canal will clip your conservatory of about eighteen feet diagonally, and leave it deprived of its original dimensions somewhat in the shape of a cocked-hat box. You see—so, Sir,—H, I, K."

"I give you my honour, Sir," said Sir Timothy, "such a thing would drive Lady Dod mad!"

"I admit it would be a dreadful cut," said Daly; "and then the

noise of the bargemen, and the barge-horses close under the bed-room windows,—clanking chains,—horrible oaths,—disgusting language——"

"My daughters' bed-rooms are at that end of the house," said Sir Timothy. "What am I to do, Sir? What interest can I make? Are the magistrates—are the——"

"No, Sir," said Daly, with a face of the most imperturbable gravity; "all that is unavailing. The decision as to the line rests with me; and, as I said to Mr. Higgins, my assistant,—Higgins," continued he, calling me to him, "let me present you to Sir Timothy Dod,—I said to Higgins, what a pity to disturb the Dods,—what a cut at their comforts;—it goes against my heart to send in the plan, but the line is so decidedly the shortest. 'Ah, Sir!' says Higgins to me, 'but do consider the conservatory.'"

"I'm sure, Sir," said Sir Timothy, extending his hand to me, "I feel very grateful for your kindness. It would be a sad thing; and must the decision be made so soon?"

"Immediately, Sir," said Daly: "but I am afraid we are keeping you out here in the open air without your hat. I am afraid you may catch cold."

"Oh, no, Sir," said Sir Timothy; "don't mind that. Perhaps, gentlemen, you would do me the kindness to walk in. The servant shall take care of your boat. I will introduce you to Lady Dod, she must try what *her* influence can effect, and I am sure you have the disposition to serve us. Here, Philip, James, George, some of you, come and make this boat fast, and stay down by her while the gentlemen stop. Let me show you the way, gentlemen."

I never shall forget the look which Daly gave me as we followed the respectable knight to his lady and family,—the triumphant chuckle of his countenance, the daring laugh in his eyes; while I, who only saw in the success of the design the beginning of a signal defeat, scarce knew whether I was walking on my head or my heels: resistance or remonstrance was equally vain under the circumstances, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the presence of Lady Dod and her daughters, breathing an atmosphere redolent with the fumes of the departed dinner, and the still remaining fruit and wine. I never was so abashed in my life. My friend, on the contrary, seemed perfectly at home; and, placing himself beside her Ladyship, made a sign for me to occupy a vacant seat between the young ladies. Never did I see two more lovely girls. It has frequently been a serious matter of deliberation with me, whether it is more advantageous to be next neighbour, or *vis-à-vis*, to an object of attraction, such as either of these girls was. I sat between them, like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, in the profane and theatrical monument which some superannuated or careless Dean of other days has permitted to disgrace and desecrate the walls of Westminster Abbey. Augusta Dod was a brunette, with countenance full of expression and intelligence. Fanny Dod a *blonde*, with melting blue eyes, and a pair of lips that, spite of my feigned occupation, I could not help gazing at in a manner of which I believe I ought to have been ashamed. The young witches very soon saw the effect of their fascination, and I could see, in the sparkle of Augusta's brilliant orbs, and the intellectual, but saucy expression of her mouth, that they triumphed in "astonishing the native," even in the shape of a surveyor's clerk.

The courtesy of Sir Timothy, the sweetness of my Lady, and the con-

strained fun of the girls, were, I admit, when I recovered my composure in some degree, a great treat. While Daly, "helping himself and passing the bottle" to me, kept up a fire of conversation, which, if the senior Dods had known anything of the world, would have convinced them in ten minutes that the part of measurer was an assumed one. It certainly was a sight to see the respectable lady of the house pleading the cause of her conservatory, and piling the choicest fruits upon the plate of the arbiter of her destinies, while Fanny's civilities to me were as zealously displayed. I would have given the world to own the truth; and I am sure, if we had done so, we should not have been the worse received; for, independently of the excellence of the joke and the impudence of the proceeding, the relief which would have been afforded to the minds of the whole Doddery would have ensured us their eternal favour and affection.

Daly having finished the claret, and taken a last "stopper over all," as the sailors say, of sherry, gave me the signal for departure. I, too, gladly took the hint, and drew back my chair. Fanny looked as if she thought we were in a hurry; however, it was getting late, and my master had some distance to pull. We accordingly rose and prepared to take leave. I bowed my adieu to the girls, and, I think, shook hands with Fanny, at which I saw Augusta toss back her head and throw up her eyes, as much as to say, "Well, Fanny!" meaning exactly the reverse. I bowed low to my Lady Dod, and Sir Timothy attended us to our boat. I stepped in; Daly was at the bow; Sir Timothy desired the man who had been left in charge of the funny to go away; and then I saw, with doubt and trepidation, the respectable dupe of Daly's consummate impudence shake him by the hand with a peculiarity of manner which particularly attracted my attention. I saw him in the execution of this manœuvre press upon his palm a bank-note, with a flourish in the corner like the top of a raspberry tartlet.

I never was more agitated. If Daly took this bribe for saving the corner of the conservatory it was an act of swindling. The strawberries, grapes, and claret, were fit matters of joke, although it was carrying the joke a little too far; but money,—if he took that, I was resolved to avow the whole affair to Sir Timothy, show up my companion, and leave him to the fate he deserved. Judge my mingled delight and horror when I heard him say,—

"Sir! what I have done in your house or in your society to induce you to believe me capable of taking a bribe to compromise my duty, I really don't know. Mr. Higgins, I call you to witness that this person has had the insolence to put a fifty-pound bank-note into my hand. Witness, too, the manner in which I throw it back to him." Here he suited the word to the action. "Learn, old gentleman," continued he, with an anger so well feigned that I almost believed him in earnest, "that neither fifty nor fifty thousand pounds will warp an honest man from the duty he owes to his employers; and so, Sir, good night, and rely upon it, your conservatory goes,—rely upon it, Sir Timothy;—it is the right line, and the short line,—and I feel it incumbent on me not only to tell the history of your petty bribe, but to prove my unimpeachable integrity by running the canal right under your dining-room windows; and so, Sir, good night."

Saying which he jumped into the boat, and pulling away manfully,

left his unfortunate victim in all the horrors of defeated corruption, and the certainty of the destruction of his most favourite object, for the preservation of which he had actually crammed his betrayers, and committed himself to a perfect stranger.

I confess I regretted the termination of this adventure as much as I had apprehended its consequence in the beginning; however, Daly swore that it was right to leave the old gentleman in an agony of suspense for having entertained so mean an idea of his honour and honesty.

The thing seemed all like a dream, but I found myself awake when Daly ran the narrow nose of his boat into the nook at Teddington Church; there I landed, and having shaken my extraordinary friend by the hand, proceeded to my mother's villa, while he continued his pull to Hampton Court.

RECORDS OF PASSING THOUGHT.

A SERIES OF SONNETS, BY MRS. HEMANS.

X.

A Remembrance of Grasmere.

O vale and lake, within your mountain-urn
  Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep,
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
  Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
  With light Elysian:—for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
  Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,
  Most loved by evening and the dewy star,
  Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed, jar
The perfect music of thy charm serene!
Still, still unchanged may *one* sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and prayer!

XI.

Thoughts connected with Trees.

Trees, gracious trees! how rich a gift ye are,
  Crown of the earth! to human hearts and eyes!
How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,
  Linked with your forms and kindly whisperings rise?
  How the whole picture of a childhood lies
Oft 'midst your boughs forgotten, buried deep,
  Till gazing through them up the summer skies,
As hushed we stand, a breeze perchance may creep,
  And old sweet leaf-sounds reach the inner world
  Where memory coils; and lo! at once unfurled
The past, a glowing scroll, before our sight
  Spreads clear! while gushing from their long-sealed urn
  Young thoughts, pure dreams, undoubting prayers return,
And a lost mother's eye gives back its holy light.

XII.

THE SAME

And ye are strong to shelter! all meek things,
All that need home and covert, love your shade:
Birds of shy song, and low-voiced quiet springs,
And stealthy violets, by the winds betrayed.
Childhood beneath your fresh green tents hath played
With his first primrose-wealth; there Love hath sought
A veiling gloom for his unuttered thought,
And silent grief, of day's keen glance afraid,
A refuge for his tears; and oft-times there
Hath lone devotion found a place of prayer,
A native temple, solemn, hushed, and dim;
For wheresoe'er your murmuring tremors thrill
The woody twilight, *there* man's heart hath still
Confessed a spirit's breath, and heard a ceaseless hymn.

XIII.

READING "PAUL AND VIRGINIA" IN CHILDHOOD.

O gentle story of the Indian Isle!
I loved thee in my lonely childhood well,
On the sea-shore, when day's last purple smile
Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell
And dying cadence lent a deeper spell
Unto thine ocean-pictures. 'Midst thy palms,
And strange bright birds, my fancy joyed to dwell,
And watch the Southern Cross through midnight calms,
And track the spicy woods. Yet more I blessed
Thy vision of sweet love, kind, trustful, true,
Lighting the citron groves—a heavenly guest—
With such pure smiles as Paradise once knew.
Even then my young heart wept o'er this world's power
To reach and blight that holiest Eden flower.

XIV.

A THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

Still that last look is solemn—though thy rays,
O Sun! to-morrow will give back, we know,
The joy to Nature's heart. Yet through the glow
Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze
Tracks thee with love half fearful: and in days
When Earth too much adored thee, what a swell
Of mournful passion, deepening mighty lays,
Told how the dying bade thy light farewell;
O Sun of Greece! O glorious festal sun!
Lost, lost! for them thy golden hours were done,
And darkness lay before them. Happier far
Are we, not *thus* to thy bright wheels enchained,
Not thus for thy last parting unsustained,
Heirs of a purer day, with its unsetting star.

XV.

IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE.

Calm scenes of patriarch life! how long a power
Your unworn pastoral images retain
O'er the true heart, which, in its childhood's hour,
Drank their pure freshness deep! The camel's train,

Winding in patience o'er the desert-plain,
The tent, the palm-tree, the reposing flock,
The gleaming fount, the shadow of the rock.
Oh! by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,
And in the influence of its touch how blest,
Are these things linked, for many a thoughtful breast,
With household memories, through all change endeared!
The matin-bird, the ripple of a stream,
Beside our native porch, the hearth-light's gleam,
The voices earliest by the soul revered!

XVI.

ATTRACTION OF THE EAST.

What secret current of man's nature turns
Unto the golden East, with ceaseless flow?
Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,
The pilgrim-spirit would adore and glow.
Rapt in high thought, though weary, faint, and slow,
Still doth the traveller through the deserts wind,
Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know
Where passed the shepherd-fathers of mankind.
Is it some quenchless instinct, which from far
Still points to where our alienated home
Lay in bright peace? O thou, true Eastern Star!
Saviour, atoning Lord! where'er we roam,
Draw still our *hearts* to thee; else, else how vain
Their hope the fair lost birthright to regain!

XVII.

TO AN AGED FRIEND.

Not long thy voice amongst us may be heard,
Servant of God! thy day is almost done;
The charm now lingering in thy look and word
Is that which hangs about the setting sun,
That which the meekness of decay hath won
Still from revering love.—Yet doth the sense
Of Life immortal—progress but begun—
Pervade thy mien with such clear eloquence,
That hope, not sadness breathes from thy decline;
And the loved flowers which round thee smile farewell
Of more than vernal glory seem to tell,
By thy pure spirit touched with light divine;
While we, to whom its parting gleams are given,
Forget the grave in trustful thoughts of Heaven.

XVIII.

A HAPPY HOUR.

Oh! what a joy to feel that in my breast
The founts of childhood's vernal fancies lay
Still pure, though heavily and long repress'd
By early-blighted leaves, which o'er their way
Dark summer-storms had heaped! But free, glad play
Once more was given them;—to the sunshine's glow,
And the sweet wood-song's penetrating flow,
And to the wandering primrose-breath of May,
And the rich hawthorn odours, forth they sprung,
Oh! not less freshly bright, that *now* a thought
Of spiritual presence o'er them hung,
And of immortal life!—a germ, unwrought
In childhood's soul to power, *now* strong, serene,
And full of love and light, colouring the whole blest scene!

A VISIT TO "THE BROADS."

"As the heart of the angler thus ran over with amiability, he was benignantly impaling a live frog upon a hook, to which he afterwards sewed its flesh, for the purpose of torturing a fish to death, without a single motive for either, but his own momentary gratification."

Description of Izaak Walton in "Brambletye House."

"*Scene.*—The banks of a sedgy stream—it rains in torrents—Popjoy angling. He sits upon the wet ground, eyeing his quill. Enter a friend, warmly wrapped in a comfortable great coat, and sheltered by a large umbrella.

"'Have you had a bite, Popjoy?'

"*Popjoy.*—'No.'"

Bell's Life in London.

It has been said a thousand and a thousand times, that only minds prone to reflection are susceptible of rural beauty. The truth, however, lies even deeper still. Whoever can feel with intense delight the glories of creation—a scene like that which is now slowly disclosing itself before my eyes from the mists of morning—a noble amphitheatre of wood, its gently undulating line of surface broken by a battlemented tower; the foreground, meadows intersected by a small serpentine stream lying in still and glassy smoothness; trees of all sorts of figures and dimensions, from the close dark-leaved alder, and the pale-green willow, to the tall and stately poplar intervening and marking the distances, with here and there the roof of a cottage and the smoke melting slow and unbroken into ether,

"While not a breath disturbs the deep serene;"—

whoever feels the uncalled, the intense delight which leads him through "Nature up to Nature's God," and impresses, profoundly impresses, him with the loving-kindness of his Maker at sight of such a scene,—his is the mind that truly loves the beauty of the country. The enjoyment is constitutional, and belongs to temperament. It is mine, and I own it, though fully aware that the good citizens of London, and particularly the West-enders, will vote me a dullard, and all like me a very stupid set. *N'importe*—happiness is only happiness, the way we wish it.

It was with such thoughts, or rather in such a way of thinking, that I set out on the evening of Sunday, July 20, to visit friends who reside within four miles of the eastern coast of Norfolk—if not the *ultima Thule* at least the *penitus divisos orbe* of England, and therefore because so seldom seen or spoken of by the residents of brighter regions, worth putting upon record with other memorabilia of the passing time. The richness of the coming harvest glowed like gold in the evening sun. To my mere faculty of vision, as well as in my boundless sense of Divine power and glory, there is no display of opulence that approaches the opulence of fields thus waving with the produce of the year. Were I to survey from its loftiest pinnacle the finest city of the earth, it would convey to me no such conception of wealth or splendour. It is not that I am incapable of estimating the labours of man, but it is that I can understand and value the universal bounty of nature. My soul is satiated through the single sense of sight; my eyes are enchanted with the affluence of colour, and the inimitable beauty of the substance; and an intuitive comprehension

of the mighty power which thus clothes the earth with the subsistence of all its children overwhelms me with rapture unspeakable.

There is no part of England where these thoughts are more likely to be generated in their fulness than in this district. The soil is fertile in the highest degree; the skill of the husbandman is nowhere more visible. The thick foliage of the hawthorn hedges invest the prospect, if not with the same magnificence, yet with almost as noble a diversity as the woods which adorn richer counties, while the habitations are so equally scattered—the few mansions of the gentry bespeak a character so sound—the houses of the farmers a tenantry so competent—the cottages wear an air of such neatness and comfort—the inclosures are so well stocked with herds and flocks—the exquisite perfection of the tillage, the excellence of the roads, and the very flatness of the surface, affording so much ease to the traveller,—all these things combine to fill the mind with that mixed sensation of liveliness and content which, for want of a better phrase, we must call pleasure. The eastern part of Norfolk is, perhaps, more than any other portion of England, divided amongst an opulent yeomanry—men occupying and farming their own estates. There are but few of the squirearchy, and none of the nobility amongst them, and even those few are by no means of the first class. Hence *the distribution* of the goods of life; and hence, too, the proofs of unceasing industry in the garden-cultivation of the soil, the careful appropriation of every inch of land, and the universal air of contentedness. Such a country in its mere aspect goes far to recommend the disannulling of primogeniture and entails.

Although these appearances cannot be said to end when the traveller (passing from west to east) arrives within ten miles of the sea-shore, a new prospect opens upon him. He enters upon the region of the marshes. Far as the sight can reach, one low, green, watery expanse stretches before him. Yet it is by no means the cheerless waste one might suppose. At this sultry season the green is refreshing, the water cool. A bold river sweeps along both to the right and the left. Its course is marked out by the lively motion of the vessels whose sails rise upon the view at intervals, by the mills for drainage, and by small distant villages and marsh-houses which dot the country. No place is more indebted to capital and industry than this. Fifty years ago the whole tract was little better than a morass; days and days have I traversed it when a boy after my sports of fishing and wild-fowl shooting. Oxen of forty stone are now ruminating at leisure, according to the old law-jargon "levant et couchant," where, at that time of day, the bittern boomed and the snipe bored.

We soon turned off the high road, and wound along through lanes closed in by the compact fences, multiplied in proportion to the smallness of the fields, till we arrived at a village where our short sojourn was to be made. M—— numbers about a thousand inhabitants, and retains that ancient and picturesque feature "a green," round which the houses are scattered, not arranged. The pride of this green appeared to be one of those nondescript residences between a cottage and a house—its white front, enriched with a profusion of ivy or some other creeper, so gay and so neat, that it assured the beholder of the taste and comfort of the owner. One or two brick dwellings, larger than such a site should seem to promise, standing prominently out from the humbler abodes of the labourers,

spoke also of that mediocrity of condition which ensures the "peace, health, and competence," that are the chief ingredients, if they do not bear out the belief of the superior happiness attributed to a middle condition. The irregular figure of this space, its verdure, the groups distributed over it, and even the animals proper to a scene which the bards of the town have represented to be the total of the visionary delights of rural existence—

"Where nought's to be seen
But an ass on a common—a goose on a green,"

these, even these, in our excess of civilization, being old and rare, were amongst the notabilia. Nor must we omit, for the very contrary reason, because now both new and common, a small congregation of Ranters; the dried-up area of what in wetter seasons is a pond, formed the place of assembly, wherein some two hundred auditors listened to the preaching of a young man dressed in black, whose attitudes seemed graceful and impressive—his words we could not hear in our short and not slow passing.

I shall not descant upon the heartiness of the welcome in the family of an English yeoman—a man of estate and substance—further than to say, that though the rooms were of no large dimensions, and though thatch covered our heads, there were wanting neither the solid comforts nor a sufficiency of the luxuries in furniture that are now almost become necessaries. There is indeed more of state, more of ease, more of grace in the manners of the affluent and great, but everything amongst them is matter of course and arrangement—feeling, if it be there, is never expressed—here it breaks out in everything, it extenuates everything, it endears everything. The amusement of our day was already planned. The peculiar feature of these solitudes is a succession of small lakes, locally known by the name of *Broads*, and an excursion to one or two of these, opening into each other, had been arranged. Our party included "the youth of both sexes," and fishing and sailing were to be our sports. It makes a part of the record that the Broads we visited were the property of Joseph Hume, Esq., whose name will survive in the annals of England, so long as the most, emphatically the most, persevering, laborious, and comprehensive research into the financial mysteries of the country with a view to public reforms, ever exercised by a Member of the British House of Commons, shall remain an object of historical record or popular gratitude. The bustle of preparation is in such cases no small part of the gratification, and our *set out* was by no means of an order visible in more polished communities. However shocking it may seem to civilized persons *, our purpose was to "eat, drink, and be merry," and we fulfilled the end. Carts loaded with nets, fishing tackle, and prog of various descriptions, a four-wheeled chaise and pony drag for the ladies of the party, while the men stoutly strutted their

* I beg pardon of my Norfolk friends for the use of this piece of affectation, but I could not avoid it; and this note is superadded only to mark my detestation of all such high-born slang. Nevertheless, be it known to all who would cultivate the language suited to ears polite, that "a civilized person" must be the designation used for any one of his Majesty's liege subjects whom it is intended to speak of between the degrees of "producible" and "agreeable," particularly if the said subject be not of "the order." The words "man" and "woman" have been long since expunged for their vulgarity from the slang dictionary of "civilized" society.

dames before, formed a cavalcade and escort, which (no disrespect to the habits or persons of the lads and lasses) might have passed for a colony, only one remove above a horde of gipsies, on the march to a new quarter in some of the "sheltered nooks and hollow ways," wherein the poets tell us such wanderers delight to dwell. We made many joyous though disparaging comparisons, which are amongst the humours of such a day and such a frolic,—the rule of contraries prevails in these quips and quiddities. It runs thus: *Not* happy is he who escapes them. The laughter which peals around keeps all in good temper; and mirth is contagious, as it is easily provoked. What a choice experiment it is to cast away care, and leave ceremony behind us!

We arrived duly, and were safely stowed aboard two vessels;—the one a cutter-rigged sailer, something less than twenty feet long; the other a small row-boat for fishing. Hurrah! Give way, lads! Up foresail and mainsail,—and now for the Broads!

The character of the surrounding country is peculiar,—an apparently trackless void of marshy ground, terminated on the one side by an horizon which mingles with the ocean, and bears almost its wavy, undulating outline, as well as its tint and reflection; the sails of some passing vessel, gleaming white in the radiance of the sun as she goes steadily on her course at not more than three or four miles distance, makes the gazer to feel the dreariness, though in a season so sultry it is not without the redeeming freshness which the cool green inspires. On the other, down to the water's edge, the magnificence of the abundant harvest glorifies the prospect; while the cattle, attracted by thirst, and goaded by swarms of insects, seek to allay the one and rid themselves of the other by laving in the shallow borders, sheltered by the tender reeds with which they are encompassed.

"Huc ipsi potum venient per prata juvenci,
Hic viridis tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas
Mincius."

To no scene, indeed, does this exquisitely-worded description of the Mantuan apply more perfectly. The reed is the "decus et tutamen" of the Broad; it adorns, refreshes, and, above all else, it *solitudinizes*, these little lagoons. Reed-bushes, about six feet in height, surround and inclose the dark blue waters on every side. They fan the air as they gracefully bend and bow before each stir of the breeze, and produce a gentle murmuring, only just sufficient to convince you feelingly of the otherwise unbroken silence;—they form the frame of the picture. The whole country from Yarmouth to Wroxham, for more than ten miles inland, is intersected with these Broads, their area varying from twenty to some hundreds of acres; and they not only give a wild and peculiar character to the scenery, but they affect also that of the people, who become, as it were, amphibious. The opportunities of fishing and fowling they afford,—the necessity of water transport for the rushes and other marsh crops,—the very facile means they supply of passing in direct lines from place to place,—all seem to confirm the use and love of the water. Hence the pleasures of this district are like the business —half nautical. On these broads, during the season, a hundred boats assemble from miles around, to enjoy what is called "a water frolic." That of Wroxham is perhaps the sovereign. There, multitudes of vessels, rigged in all shapes, from the picturesque latteener to the pettiest

canoe, course to and fro for the day to the sound of the lively music and the gay voices of the crews. Sailing-matches for prizes crown the pastime.

The broads upon which we were embarked were of irregular figure, approaching an oval, and might perhaps extend from seventy to one hundred and twenty acres; for water is exceedingly deceptive as to its superficial extent, and it is difficult to compute the dimensions. The slightest wind keeps the expanse in gentle agitation, and it sparkles like diamonds in the light of the sun. Here once flowed the German Ocean; it was even now, as the crow flies, within a couple of miles of us, fenced out by artificial mounds, through which, but a few years ago, its waves burst, and threatened the whole level with destruction*. Rising above this level, towards the south and west, were the dwellings of two scattered villages. These habitations, a church, and a mill or two, with a fore-ground of reed-bush, and the roof of a sequestered farm, made a sweet sketch, while they gave intimation of the thin inhabitation of the district. Corn-fields seen merging into the solitary waste of the marshes completed the circle of the view. But what is most impressive is the intense feeling of the solitude. "There came a thick darkness," saith the Scripture, "even a darkness that might be felt;" and never did I *feel* a sequestration so perfect as when moored in the midst of these waters. Nothing is seen, nothing heard, beyond the narrow confines: the stillness, in a day of calm and sunshine, is supreme. Ours was just such a one—brilliant as the blaze of summer could make it.

Our first employment was to heave out a trawl-net for bait (by which the uninitiated must understand small fish—roach and dace) for our supreme sport, *liggering* † for pike. This was undertaken by the row-boat, while we of the sailing-vessel scudded along, awaiting the success of the supply. An aquatic draughtsman would have enjoyed to sketch us all at our employments,—one of our active young friends and his sister in the boat at one end, and a youth wading above the knees of his trowsers as gradually inclining the other; while the finny drove fled towards the shore, beaming, rippling, and beading the surface of the water, in their vain efforts to escape the captivity that surrounded them. The draught of fish, though not miraculous, was ample; and to it we went in earnest. There was a small inlet at one end of the broad, famous as the haunt of the perch: there, on the bank, were deposited the anglers; while another division put out the liggers—small pieces of

* The reparation of these breaches afforded a singular demonstration of the fact that the strongest minds work by the simplest processes. Several engineers had surveyed them, and recommended piling and other expensive and probably inefficacious means, when William Smith, the geologist, and author of the "Map of the Strata," was applied to. He asked himself, after the example of Smeaton, how Nature operated in such cases? By making an inclined plane gently to break the force of the sea. He did the same thing, and the might of ocean was repelled.

† This is an East Anglian word. Walton says little of this species of fishing, which he calls ledger-bait. In many other counties the tackle is denominated *trimming*. By our praise of angling we do not intend to uphold the use of live bait, either as respects frogs, fish, or worms. The writer rarely indeed employs either. The most elegant and skilful practice is the fishing with artificial flies or paste—and to these, or trolling with a dead bait, he adheres. All the sports of the field must, however, be called cruel.

wood painted red or white, to be the more visible, furnished with lines and hooks baited with live roach and dace; and a third enjoyed the exhibition, passaging from end to end of the beautiful expanse in the lively little cutter. I was posted with the first brigade.

Of a truth, we poor anglers are a despised people, from the highest to the lowest, when the facetious Horace Smith can find it in his merry heart to describe the founder of the sect, and the no less sportive editor of "Life in London," one of the least of the order, in the manner our motto sets forth;—verily, we are a despised people. "There you are! a fool at one end and a worm at the other!" shouts a passer-by. All manner of scurvy jests are broken upon us.

> "Still have we borne it with a patient shrug;
> For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."

I, however, am disposed to bear it no longer in absolute silence, but to say a few words in defence of my recreation. Reader, I am not going to bore you with tedious narratives, but rather to allure you to do as angling hath taught me,—to find "books in the running brooks, and good in everything," which, after all, is the great pursuit no less than the great art of life. I rely, indeed, upon my old guardian and guide, Izaak Walton, to impart to you a secret worth knowing. When care or sorrow afflict us, the cure lies in substituting soothing thoughts for those which harass us, and, to this end, association is a great help. I have not escaped the common lot of humanity, but have suffered under many and severe privations, losses, and injuries: fortunately, I was not backward to discover that the evil passions of others have no power over us but through the instrumentality of our own; and in quelling these my worst enemies, I have ever found it safest, easiest, best, to bring back my mind by some summary process to its duties and their end. "In life's morning march, when my bosom was young," when thought was freedom and action ecstasy, I was almost upon instinct an angler, and many a long hour have I beguiled in wandering by the sides of rivers and brooks, or gliding over broad waters, such as—remember, we are still navigating—listening to the precepts of old Izaak, delivered by the then tutor of my humanities, an elderly clergyman, who lived on week-days only to teach Greek and Latin, to fish and mend his tackle. It was during this period that I first fell upon a passage I am about to quote, gentle reader, for thy instruction and future comfort,—a passage so full of nature, truth, beauty, and feeling, piety and consolation, that I may truly say it has brought me to a happy issue out of many and deep afflictions, and has never failed, though I have read it over a hundred and a hundred times, to charm to something like rest my agitated spirit. Take it then, reader, for thine own use, when it shall seem good to Providence to chasten thee with any similar visitation.

"That very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water side, and considered what you had told me—of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you left me,—that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had, at this time, many law-suits depending; and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that *I*, who pretended no title to

them, took in his fields: for I could sit there quietly, and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May. These, and many other field flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich-man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that *the meek possess the earth*, or rather *they enjoy* what the *others possess and enjoy not*; for anglers, and meek, quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life: and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily expressed it:—

Hail, blest estate of lowliness!
Happy enjoyments of such minds
As, rich in self-contentedness,
Can, like the reeds in roughest winds,
By yielding, make that blow but small,
At which proud oaks and cedars fall.

"There came, also, into my mind, at that time, certain verses in praise of a mean estate and humble mind: they were written by Phineas Fletcher, an excellent divine, and an excellent angler, and the author of excellent 'Piscatory Eclogues,' in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind; and I wish mine to be like it.

No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
No begging wants his middle fortune bite,
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.
His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content;
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shade, till noontide's heat be spent.
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas,
Or the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease;
Pleased and full blessed he lives when he his God can please.
His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps;
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place,
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lovely picture of his father's face.
His humble house or poor state ne'er torment him,
Less could he like, if less his God had lent him,
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content him."

My pardon for this digression (we are upon an excursion) will, I expect, be easily gained; and now then to our fishing. Like everything else, it is dull only when it is dull,—a truism of wider and deeper application than meets the eye. Ours was not dull; for, saith honest Izaak, mingling, according to his wont, a moral with his maxim, "bite the perch will, and that very boldly; and *as one has wittily observed*,

'If there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be, at one standing, all catched one after another; they being,' as he says, 'like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight:'" and perish they did by the fair hands of our lasses. Nothing interests females more than angling, especially the novices; the impatient eagerness they display from the first bob of the float till it disappears, the manful jerk with which they not unfrequently toss their captive high in air over their heads, or if he be too heavy or powerful to be so unceremoniously brought to land, the inveterate opponency they maintain against his struggles, their joy at his final captivation, are huge provocatives to mirth. And such were the details of this part of our excursion.

And now to our repast. In the midst of Somerton Broad is erected a spacious boat-house, adjoining an islet some twenty yards long and about half as wide. Here were landed all our homely viands, our pies of chicken, of beef, and of fruit; nor did our present port seem the less commodious, because it included also two of the best ports of old England,—red port and port-er. In half a minute a door was unshipped from its hinges, and a plank or two from the boats, by the supporting aid of a huge mass of flint (a geological adjunct of the chalky substratum of the country), and one of our boxes, according to Dr. Geddes's maccaroni—

"Cum mappis mundis coveratas ac china plattis,"

afforded us a table which the gods (provided they were as keen as the water had made us) might have envied. Spite of Mrs. Glasse, Dr. Kitchener, the Lady of Edinburgh, and even Ude himself, the Lacedæmonian sauce is the best that can grace an entertainment. Suffice it that we laughed and we quaffed amidst our little world of waters with the gaiety that none feel who cannot deliver themselves over to the *abandon* of such wild frolicking.

"Once more upon the waters," some moored in the row-boat to angle under the shelter of the reeds, while the others in the cutter scudded to and fro in every direction to take in the liggers and try our fortune. Nothing could be more animating than the way in which our little vessel was *handled* by our coxswain, a young farmer whose temper, manner, and appearance all declared the purpose of his life to be to laugh and grow fat. We had many a gibe both from him and his sails; the boat bounded and turned like a courser to the rein under his direction, whilst the musical voices of some of our party in song and duet added melody and harmony to our other pleasures. Thus passed the day, but we had still a novelty in store for its close. We left the Broads through a narrow channel scarcely wide enough for the passing of two boats, and yet this was the navigable river. Its course was perfectly invisible beyond the reeds by which its waters were fringed, nor was it possible to conjecture to what part or place it tended. A situation so singular, and scenery so unlike all we are accustomed to, originates thoughts and sensations we can neither recall nor describe further than that they seem to bear us to those remote settlements where the adventurers have left behind them every trace of human existence save their own. To me it was enchanting, for it brought me back to the long-passed hours and

delights of my boyhood. Another of the party thus gave permanency in verse to the feelings it inspired.

As the swallow is to the wild sea-mew,
  Whirling above the foaming tide—
Or the snowy wreath in the sky's clear blue
  To the thunder cloud in its dusky pride—
Such and so distant wouldst thou be,
My frolic-boat to the bark of the sea.

No crested wave lifts thy fragile form
  With sudden force from its silvery track;
The distant moan of the coming storm
  Puts not thy fluttering canvass aback:
Steadily, steadily, on we sail
O'er the inland waters calm and pale.

As the fan is furl'd by the maiden's hand,
  Or the bubble blown by the sportive boy,
So, aided by the breezes bland,
  Do I govern thee, my trim-built toy:
Like the fish in the water, the bird in the sky,
Now, now we glide—now, now we fly.

The moon is up; o'er the inland lakes
  The silence of night is stealing slow;
Not a sound through the still enchantment breaks,
  As the water parts lazily round thy prow;
And while by the rustling reeds we creep,
Thou and the flood seem lulling to sleep.

The water-lily around us floats,
  Or sparkles out from a sedgy port,
A fairy fleet of pleasure-boats,
  Returning like us from sylvan sport:
The Spirit that guides them we cannot see,
But they have a Spirit as well as we;—

The Spirit that keeps the waters calm,
  That brightens the green of the waving wood,
That fills the air with health and balm,
  And the world with life—the SPIRIT OF GOOD.
May it bear me onward through light and dark,
As thou bearest me home, my bonny bark.

"Our revels now are ended;" and if I have conducted the reader to a region unknown to him—if I have succeeded in conveying even a general outline of this singular district, bringing together the very confines of land and water, fertility and barrenness, this abode of mediocrity, comfort, and heartiness—if I have told of gratifications, simple but sweet, though tried but by few—if I shall have encouraged others to seek them at the same source, and taught how they are to be felt and understood, my purpose is fulfilled.

SEEING'S *NOT* BELIEVING!

I SAW her as I fancied fair,
Yes, fairest of earth's creatures;
I saw the purest red and white
O'erspread her lovely features;
She fainted, and I sprinkled her,
Her malady relieving;
I wash'd both rose and lily off!—
Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I look'd again, again I long'd
To breathe love's fond confession;
I saw her eyebrows form'd to give
Her face its *arch* expression;
But gum is very apt to crack,
And whilst my breast was heaving,
It so fell out that one fell off!—
Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I saw the tresses on her brow,
So beautifully braided;
I never saw, in all my life,
Locks look so well as they did.
She walk'd with me one windy day—
Ye zephyrs, *why* so thieving?
The lady lost her flaxen wig!—
Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I saw her form, by Nature's hand
So prodigally finished,
She were less perfect if *enlarged,*
Less perfect if *diminished;*
Her toilet I surprised,—the worst
Of wonders then achieving,—
None know *the bustle* I perceived!—
Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I saw, when costly gems I gave,
The smile with which she took them;
And if she *said* no tender things,
I've often seen her *look* them;
I saw her my affianced bride,—
And then, my mansion leaving,
She ran away with Colonel Jones!—
Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I saw another maiden soon,
And struggled to detain her;
I saw her plain enough—in fact,
Few women *could* be plainer;
'Twas said that at her father's death
A plum she'd be receiving—
I saw that father's house and grounds!—
Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I saw her mother—she was deck'd
With furbelows and feathers;
I saw distinctly that she wore
Silk stockings in all weathers;

I saw, beneath a load of gems,
  The matron's bosom heaving:
I saw a thousand signs of wealth!—
  Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I saw her father, and I spoke
  Of marriage in his study;
But *would* he let her marry *me*?
  Alas! alas! how *could* he!
I saw him smile a glad consent,
  My anxious heart relieving,
And then I saw the settlements—
  Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I saw the daughter, and I named
  My moderate finances;
She spurn'd me not, she gave me one
  Of her most tender glances:
I saw her father's bank—thought I,
  There cash is safe from thieving;
I saw my money safely lodged!—
  Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I saw the bank, the shutters up,
  I could not think what *they* meant!
The old infirmity of firms,
  The bank had just stopt payment!
I saw my future father then
  Was ruined past retrieving,
Like me, without a single sous!—
  Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I saw the banker's wife had got
  The fortune settled on her;
What cared he when the creditors
  Talk'd loudly of dishonour?
I saw his name in the "Gazette,"
  But soon I stared, perceiving
He bought another house and grounds!—
  Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I saw—yes, plain as plain could be—
  I saw the banker's daughter;
She saw *me* too, and call'd for sal-
  Volatile and water;
She said that she had just espoused
  A rich old man, conceiving
That I was dead or gone to jail!—
  Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

I saw a friend, and freely spoke
  My mind of the transaction;
Her brother heard it, and he call'd,
  Demanding satisfaction;
We met—I fell—that brother's ball
  In my left leg receiving;
I have *two* legs—true—*one is cork!*—
  Oh! seeing's *not* believing!

T. H. B.

THE INFERNAL MARRIAGE.

BY DISRAELI THE YOUNGER, AUTHOR OF "IXION IN HEAVEN."

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

Containing an account of Tiresias at his rubber.

TRAVELLERS who have left their homes generally grow mournful as the evening draws on; nor is there, perhaps, any time at which the pensive influence of twilight is more predominant than on the eve that follows a separation from those we love. Imagine, then, the feelings of the Queen of Hell, as her barque entered the very region of that mystic light, and the shadowy shores of the realm of Twilight opened before her. Her thoughts reverted to Pluto; and she mused over all his fondness, all his adoration, and all his indulgence, and the infinite solicitude of his affectionate heart, until the tears trickled down her beautiful cheeks, and she marvelled she ever could have quitted the arms of her lover.

"Your Majesty," observed Manto, who had been whispering to Tiresias, "feels, perhaps, a little wearied?"

"By no means, my kind Manto," replied Proserpine, starting from her reverie. "But the truth is, my spirits are very unequal; and though I really cannot well fix upon the cause of their present depression, I am apparently not free from the contagion of the surrounding gloom."

"It is the evening air," said Tiresias. "Your Majesty had perhaps better re-enter the pavilion of the yacht. As for myself, I never venture about after sunset. One grows romantic. Night was evidently made for in-door nature. I propose a rubber."

To this popular suggestion Proserpine was pleased to accede, and herself and Tiresias, Manto and the captain of the yacht, were soon engaged at the proposed amusement.

Tiresias loved a rubber. It was true he was blind, but then, being a prophet, that did not signify. Tiresias, I say, loved a rubber, and was a first-rate player, though, perhaps, given a little too much to *finesse*. Indeed, he so much enjoyed taking in his fellow-creatures, that he sometimes could not resist deceiving his own partner. Whist is a game which requires no ordinary combination of qualities; at the same time, memory and invention, a daring fancy, and a cool head. To a mind like that of Tiresias, a pack of cards was full of human nature. A rubber was a microcosm; and he ruffed his adversary's king, or brought in a long suit of his own with as much dexterity and as much enjoyment as, in the real business of existence, he dethroned a monarch, or introduced a dynasty.

"Will your Majesty be pleased to draw your card?" requested the sage. "If I might venture to offer your Majesty a hint, I would dare to recommend your Majesty not to play before your turn. My friends are fond of ascribing my success in my various missions to the possession of peculiar qualities. No such thing: I owe everything to the simple habit of always waiting till it is my turn to speak. And believe me, that he who plays before his turn at whist, commits as great a blunder as he who speaks before his turn during a negotiation."

"The trick, and two by honours," said Proserpine. "Pray, my dear

Tiresias, you who are such a fine player, how came you to trump my best card?"

"Because I wanted the lead. And those who want to lead, please your Majesty, must never hesitate about sacrificing their friends."

"I believe you speak truly. I was right in playing that thirteenth card?"

"Quite so. Above all things, I love a thirteenth card. I send it forth, like a mock project in a revolution, to try the strength of parties."

"You should not have forced me, Lady Manto," said the Captain of the yacht, in a grumbling tone, to his partner. "By weakening me, you prevented me bringing in my spades. We might have made the game."

"You should not have been forced," said Tiresias. "If she made a mistake, who was unacquainted with your plans, what a terrible blunder you committed to share her error without her ignorance!"

"What, then, was I to lose a trick?"

"Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity," replied Tiresias, "the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage."

"I have cut you an honour, Sir," said Manto.

"Which reminds me," replied Tiresias, "that, in the last hand, your Majesty unfortunately forgot to lead through your adversary's ace. I have often observed that nothing ever perplexes an adversary so much as an appeal to his honour."

"I will not forget to follow your advice," said the Captain of the yacht, playing accordingly.

"By which you have lost the game," quietly remarked Tiresias. "There are exceptions to all rules, but it seldom answers to follow the advice of an opponent."

"Confusion!" exclaimed the Captain of the yacht.

"Four by honours, and the trick, I declare," said Proserpine. "I was so glad to see you turn up the queen, Tiresias."

"I also, Madam. Without doubt there are few cards better than her royal consort, or, still more, the imperial ace. Nevertheless, I must confess, I am perfectly satisfied whenever I remember that I have the Queen on my side."

Proserpine bowed.

Chapter II.

Containing a Visit from a liberal Queen to a dethroned Monarch; and a Conversation between them respecting the "Spirit of the Age."

"I have a good mind to do it, Tiresias," said Queen Proserpine, as that worthy sage paid his compliments to her at her toilette, at an hour which should have been noon.

"It would be a great compliment," said Tiresias.

"And it is not much out of our way?"

"By no means," replied the seer. "'Tis an agreeable half-way house. He lives in very good style."

"And whence can a dethroned monarch gain a revenue?" inquired the Queen.

"Your Majesty, I see, is not at all learned in politics. A sovereign never knows what an easy income is till he has abdicated. He generally commences squabbling with his subjects about the supplies; he is then

expelled, and voted as compensation an amount about double the sum which was the cause of the original quarrel."

"What do you think, Manto?" said Proserpine, as that lady entered the cabin; "we propose paying a visit to Saturn. He has fixed his residence, you know, in these regions of twilight."

"I love a junket," replied Manto, "above all things. And, indeed, I was half frightened out of my wits at the bare idea of toiling over this desert. All is prepared, please your Majesty, for our landing. Your Majesty's litter is quite ready."

"'Tis well," said Proserpine; and leaning on the arm of Manto, the Queen came upon deck, and surveyed the surrounding country—a vast grey flat, with a cloudless sky of the same tint: in the distance some lowering shadows which seemed like clouds, but were in fact mountains.

"Some half-dozen hours," said Tiresias, "will bring us to the palace of Saturn. We shall arrive for dinner—the right hour. Let me recommend your Majesty to order the curtains of your litter to be drawn, and, if possible, to resume your dreams."

"They were not pleasant," said Proserpine, "I dreamt of my mother and the Parcæ. Manto, methinks I'll read. Hast thou some book?"

"Here is a poem, Madam, but I fear it may induce those very slumbers you dread."

"How call you it?"

"'The Pleasures of Oblivion.' The poet apparently is fond of his subject."

"And is, I have no doubt, equal to it. Hast any prose?"

"An historical novel or so."

"Oh! if you mean those things as full of costume as a fancy ball, and almost as devoid of sense, I'll have none of them. Close the curtains; even visions of the Furies are preferable to these insipidities."

The halt of the litter roused the Queen from her slumbers. "We have arrived," said Manto, as she assisted in withdrawing the curtains.

The train had halted before a vast propylon of rose-coloured granite. The gate was nearly two hundred feet in height, and the sides of the propylon, which rose like huge moles, were sculptured with colossal figures of a very threatening aspect. Passing through the propylon, the Queen of Hell and her attendants entered an avenue in length about three-quarters of a mile, formed of colossal figures of the same character and substance, alternately raising in their arms javelins or battle-axes, as if about to strike. At the end of this heroic avenue appeared the palace of Saturn. Ascending a hundred steps of black marble, you stood before a portico supported by twenty columns of the same material, and shading a single portal of bronze. Apparently the palace formed an immense quadrangle: a vast tower from each corner rising, and springing from the centre a huge and hooded dome. A crowd of attendants, in grey and sad-coloured raiment, issued from the portal of the palace at the approach of Proserpine, who remarked with strange surprise their singular countenances and demeanour—for rare in this silent assemblage was any visage resembling aught she had seen, human or divine. Some bore the heads of bats; of owls and beetles others—some fluttered moth-like wings, while the shoulders of other bipeds were surmounted, in spite of their human organization, with the heads of rats and weasels, of marten cats and of foxes. But they were all remark-

ably civil, and Proserpine, who was now used to wonders, did not shriek at all, and scarcely shuddered.

The Queen of Hell was ushered through a superb hall, and down a splendid gallery, to a suite of apartments where a body of damsels of a most distinguished appearance awaited her. Their heads resembled those of the most eagerly sought, highly prized, and oftenest stolen lap-dogs. Upon the shoulders of one was the visage of the smallest and most thorough-bred little Blenheim in the world. Upon her front was a white star, her nose was nearly flat, and her ears were tied under her chin, with the most jaunty air imaginable. She was an evident flirt, and a solemn prude of a spaniel, with a black and tan countenance, who seemed a sort of duenna, evidently watched her with no little distrust. The admirers of blonde beauties would, however, have fallen in love with a poodle, with the finest head of hair imaginable, and most voluptuous shoulders. This brilliant band began barking in the most insinuating tone on the appearance of the Queen; and Manto, who was almost as dexterous a linguist as Tiresias himself, informed her Majesty that these were the ladies of her bedchamber; upon which Proserpine, who, it will be remembered, had no passion for dogs, ordered them immediately out of her room.

"What a droll place!" exclaimed the Queen. "Do you know we are later than I imagined? A hasty toilette to-day—I long to see Saturn. It is droll, I am hungry. My purple velvet, I think—it may be considered a compliment. No diamonds, only jet—a pearl or two, perhaps. Didst ever see the King? They say he is gentlemanly, though a bigot. No! no rouge to-day—this paleness is quite *apropos*. Were I as radiant as usual, I should be taken for Aurora."

So leaning on Manto, and preceded by the ladies of her bed-chamber, whom, notwithstanding their repulse, she found in due attendance in the antechamber, Proserpine again continued her progress down the gallery, until they stopped at a door, which opening, she was ushered into the grand circular saloon, crowned by the dome, whose exterior the Queen had already observed. The interior of this apartment was entirely of black and grey marble, with the exception of the dome itself, which was of ebony, richly carved, and supported by more than a hundred columns. There depended from the centre of the arch a single chandelier of frosted silver, which was itself as big as an ordinary chamber, but of the most elegant form, and delicate and fantastic workmanship. As the Queen entered the saloon, a personage of very venerable appearance, dressed in a suit of black velvet, and leaning on an ivory cane, advanced to salute her. There was no mistaking this personage; his manners were at once so courteous and so dignified. He was clearly their host; and Proserpine, who was quite charmed with his grey locks and his black velvet cap, his truly paternal air, and the beneficence of his unstudied smile, could scarcely refrain from bending her knee, and pressing her lips to his extended hand.

"I am proud that your Majesty has remembered me in my retirement," said Saturn, as he led Proserpine to a seat.

Their mutual compliments were soon disturbed by the announcement of dinner, and Saturn offering his arm to the Queen with an air of politeness which belonged to the old school, but which the ladies admire in old men, handed Proserpine to the banqueting-room. They were fol-

lowed by some of the principal personages of her Majesty's suite, and a couple of young Titans, who enjoyed the posts of Aide-de-Camps to the ex-King, and whose duties consisted in carving at dinner.

It was a most agreeable dinner, and Proserpine was quite delighted with Saturn, who, of course, sat by her side, and paid her every possible attention. Saturn, whose manners, as has been observed, were of the old school, loved a good story, and told several. His anecdotes, especially of society previous to the Trojan war, were highly interesting. There ran through all his behaviour, too, a tone of high breeding and of consideration for others which was really charming; and Proserpine, who had expected to find in her host a gloomy bigot, was quite surprised at the truly liberal spirit with which he seemed to consider affairs in general. Indeed this unexpected tone made so great an impression upon her, that finding a good opportunity after dinner, when they were sipping their coffee apart from the rest of the company, she could not refrain from entering into some conversation with the ex-King upon the subject, and the conversation ran thus:—

"Do you know," said Proserpine, "that much as I have been pleased and surprised during my visit to the realms of twilight, nothing has pleased, and I am sure nothing has surprised me more, than to observe the remarkably liberal spirit in which your Majesty views the affairs of the day."

"You give me a title, beautiful Proserpine, to which I have no claim," replied Saturn. "You forget that I am now only Count Hesperus; I am no longer a king, and believe me I am very glad of it."

"What a pity, my dear Sir, that you would not condescend to conform to the spirit of the age. For myself, I am quite a reformer."

"So I have understood, beautiful Proserpine, which I confess has a little surprised me; for to tell you the truth, I do not consider that reform is exactly *our* trade."

"Affairs cannot go on as they used," observed Proserpine, oracularly; "we must bow to the Spirit of the age."

"And what is that?" inquired Saturn.

"I do not exactly know," replied Proserpine, "but one hears of it everywhere."

"I also heard of it a great deal," replied Saturn, "and was also recommended to conform to it. Before doing so, however, I thought it as well to ascertain its nature, and something also of its strength."

"It is terribly strong," observed Proserpine.

"But you think it will be stronger?" inquired the ex-King.

"Certainly; every day it is more powerful."

"Then if, on consideration, we were to deem resistance to it advisable, it is surely better to commence the contest at once than to postpone the struggle."

"It is useless to talk of resisting; one must conform."

"I certainly should consider resistance useless," replied Saturn, "for I tried it and failed; but at least one has a chance of success; and yet, having resisted this spirit and failed, I should not consider myself in a worse plight than you would voluntarily place yourself by conforming to it."

"You speak riddles," said Proserpine.

"To be plain, then," replied Saturn, "I think you may as well at once give up your throne, as conform to this Spirit."

"And why so?" inquired Proserpine, very ingenuously.

"Because," replied Saturn, shrugging up his shoulders, "I look upon the Spirit of the age as a spirit hostile to Kings and Gods."

Chap. III.

Containing the Titans; or a View of a subverted Faction.

The next morning Saturn himself attended his beautiful guest over his residence, which Proserpine greatly admired.

"'Tis the work of the Titans," replied the ex-King. "There never was a party so fond of building palaces."

"To speak the truth," said Proserpine, "I am a little disappointed that I have not had an opportunity, during my visit, of becoming acquainted with some of the chiefs of that celebrated party; for, although a Liberal, I am a female one, and I like to know every sort of person who is distinguished."

"The fact is," replied her host, "that the party has never recovered from the thunderbolt of that scheming knave Jupiter, and do not bear their defeat so philosophically as years, perhaps, permit me to do. If we have been vanquished by the Spirit of the age," continued Saturn, "you must confess that, in our case, the conqueror did not assume a material form very remarkable for its dignity. Had Creation resolved itself into its original elements,—had Chaos come again, or even old Cœlus,—the indignity might have been endured;—but to be baffled by an Olympian *juste milieu*, and to find, after all the clamour, that nothing has been changed save the places, is, you will own, somewhat mortifying."

"But how do you reconcile," inquired the ingenuous Proserpine, "the success of Jupiter with the character which you ascribed last night to the Spirit of the age?"

"Why, in truth," said Saturn, "had I not entirely freed myself from all party feeling, I might adduce the success of my perfidious and worthless relative as very good demonstration that the Spirit of the age is nothing better than an *ignis fatuus*. Nevertheless, we must discriminate. Even the success of Jupiter, although he now conducts himself in direct opposition to the emancipating principles he at first professed, is no less good evidence of their force; for by his professions he rose. And, for my part, I consider it a very great homage to public opinion to find every scoundrel now-a-days professing himself a Liberal."

"You are candid," said Proserpine. "I should like very much to see the Titans."

"My friends are at least consistent," observed Saturn; "though certainly at present I can say little more for them. Between the despair of one section of the party, and the over-sanguine expectations of the other, they are at present quite inactive, or move only to ensure fresh rebuffs."

"You see little of them, then?"

"They keep to themselves: they generally frequent a lonely vale in the neighbourhood."

"I should so like to see them!" exclaimed Proserpine.

"Say nothing to Tiresias," said old Saturn, who was half in love with his fair friend, "and we will steal upon them unperceived." So saying, the God struck the earth with his cane, and there instantly sprang forth a very convenient car, built of curiously-carved cedar, and borne by four enormous tawny-coloured owls. Seating himself by the

side of the delighted Proserpine, Saturn commanded the owls to bear them to the Valley of Lamentation.

'Twas an easy fly: the chariot soon descended upon the crest of a hill; and Saturn and Proserpine, leaving the car, commenced, by a winding path, the slight ascent of a superior elevation. Having arrived there, they looked down upon a valley, apparently land-locked by black and barren mountains of the most strange, although picturesque forms. In the centre of the valley was a black pool or tarn, bordered with dark purple flags of an immense size, twining and twisting among which might be observed the glancing and gliding folds of several white serpents; while crocodiles and alligators, and other horrible forms, poked their foul snouts with evident delight in a vast mass of black slime, which had, at various times, exuded from the lake. A single tree only was to be observed in this desolate place—an enormous and blasted cedar—with scarcely a patch of verdure, but extending its black and barren branches nearly across the valley. Seated on a loosened crag, but leaning against the trunk of the cedar, with his arms folded, his mighty eyes fixed on the ground, and his legs crossed with that air of complete repose which indicates that their owner is in no hurry again to move them, was

> "A form, some granite god we deemed,
> Or king of palmy Nile, colossal shapes
> Such as Syene's rosy quarries yield
> To Memphian art; Horus, Osiris called,
> Or Amenoph, who, on the Theban plain,
> With magic melody the sun salutes;
> Or he, far mightier, to whose conquering car
> Monarchs were yoked, Rameses: by the Greeks
> Sesostris styled. And yet no sculptor's art
> Moulded this shape, for form it seemed of flesh,
> Yet motionless; its dim unlustrous orbs
> Gazing in stilly vacancy, its cheek
> Grey as its hairs, which, thin as they might seem,
> No breath disturbed; a solemn countenance,
> Not sorrowful, though full of woe sublime,
> As if despair were now a distant dream
> Too dim for memory."
>
> *The Revolutionary Epick.*

"'Tis their great leader," said Saturn, as he pointed out the Titan to Proserpine, "the giant Enceladus. He got us into all our scrapes, but I must do him the justice to add, that he is the only one who can ever get us out of them. They say he has no heart; but I think his hook nose is rather fine."

"Superb!" said Proserpine. "And who is that radiant and golden-haired youth who is seated at his feet?"

"'Tis no less a personage than Hyperion himself," replied Saturn, "the favourite counsellor of Enceladus. He is a fine orator, and makes up by his round sentences and choice phrases for the rhetorical deficiencies of his chief, who, to speak the truth, is somewhat curt and husky. They have enough now to do to manage their comrades and keep a semblance of discipline in their routed ranks. Mark that ferocious Briareus there scowling in a corner! Didst ever see such a moustache! He glances, methinks, with an evil eye on the mighty Enceladus; and, let me tell you, Briareus has a great following among them; so they say

of him, you know, that he hath fifty heads and a hundred arms. See! how they gather around him."

"Who speaks now to Briareus?"

"The young and valiant Mimas. Be assured he is counselling war. We shall have a debate now."

"Yon venerable personage, who is seated by the margin of the pool, and weeping with the crocodiles——"

"Is old Oceanus"

"He is apparently much affected by his overthrow."

"It is his wont to weep. He used to cry when he fought, and yet he was a powerful warrior."

"Hark!" said Proserpine.

The awful voice of Briareus broke the silence. What a terrible personage was Briareus! His wild locks hung loose about his shoulders, and blended with his unshorn beard.

"Titans!" shouted the voice which made many a heart tremble, and the breathless Proserpine clasp the arm of Saturn. "Titans! Is that spirit dead that once heaped Ossa upon Pelion? Is it forgotten even by ourselves, that a younger born revels in our heritage? Are these forms that surround me indeed the shapes at whose dread sight the base Olympians fled to their fitting earth? Warriors, whose weapons were the rocks, whose firebrands were the burning woods—is the day forgotten when Jove himself turned craven, and skulked in Egypt? At least my memory is keen enough to support my courage, and whatever the dread Enceladus may counsel, my voice is still for war!"

There ensued, after this harangue of Briareus, a profound and thrilling silence, which was, however, broken in due time by the great leader of the Titans himself.

"You mouth it well, Briareus," replied Enceladus, very calmly. "And if great words would re-seat us in Olympus, doubtless, with your potent aid, we might succeed. It never should be forgotten, however, that had we combined at first, in the spirit now recommended, the Olympians would never have triumphed; and least of all our party should Briareus and his friends forget the reasons of our disunion."

"I take thy sneer, Enceladus," said the young and chivalric Mimas, "and throw it in thy teeth. This learn, then, from Briareus and his friends, that if we were lukewarm in the hour of peril, the fault lies not to our account, but with those who had previously so conducted themselves, that, when the danger arrived, it was impossible for us to distinguish between our friends and our foes. Enceladus apparently forgets that had the Olympians never been permitted to enter Heaven, it would have been unnecessary ever to have combined against their machinations."

"Recrimination is useless," said a Titan, interposing. "I was one of those who supported Enceladus in the admission of the Olympians above, and I regret it. But at the time, like others, I believed it to be the only mode of silencing the agitation of Jupiter."

"I separated from Enceladus on that question," said a huge Titan, lying his length on the ground and leaning one arm on a granite crag; "but I am willing to forget all our differences and support him with all my heart and strength in another effort to restore our glorious constitution."

"Titans," said Enceladus, "who is there among you who has found

me a laggard in the day of battle? When the Olympians, as Briareus thinks it necessary to remind you, ; ed, I was your leader. Remember, however, then, that there were no thunderbolts. As for myself, I candidly confess to you, that, since the invention of these weapons by Jove, I do not see how war can be carried on by us any longer with effect."

"By the memory of old Cœlus and these fast-flowing tears," murmured the venerable Oceanus, patting at the same time a crocodile on the back, "I call you all to witness that I have no interest to deceive you. Nevertheless, we should not forget that, in this affair of the thunderbolts, it is the universal opinion that there is a very considerable re-action. I have myself, only within these few days, received authentic information that several have fallen of late without any visible ill effects; and I am credibly assured that, during the late storm in Thessaly, a thunderbolt was precipitated into the centre of a vineyard, without affecting the flavour of a single grape."

Here several of the Titans, who had gathered round Enceladus, shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, and a long and desultory conversation ensued upon the copious and very controversial subject of Re-action. In the meantime Rhœtus, a very young Titan, whispered to one of his companions, that for his part he was convinced that the only way to beat the Olympians was to turn them into ridicule; and that he would accordingly commence at once with a pasquinade on the private life of Jupiter, and some peculiarly delicate criticisms on the characters of the Goddesses.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

XVIII.

Charade.

PRONE from our grasp an outstretched wing to burst,
Even while I speak my second is my first.
Use well that second; nourish self-control,
And in pursuing wisdom find my whole.

XIX.

St. John Long.

"Awake, my St. John," give thy genius scope;
Bold as thy namesake eulogized by Pope,
Prone to destroy, empirically great,
Go, quack the body as he quack'd the state,
And prove that "life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die."

XX.

The Richmond Taverns.

The Star and Garter'd Knight of old,
  When adverse Fate debarr'd him,
High on a rock contrived to hold,
  "A castle's" strength to guard him.
But here war's chief in vain would try
  To check a martial sally,—
The Star and Garter towers on high,
  The Castle's in the valley.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

THE MILLER OF CORBEIL.

In rural landscape, the French are generally apt to prefer the beautiful to the sublime. The scenes "by savage Rosa dashed" are not near so much to their fancy as those which "learned Poussin drew;" and the Lake-land valley, conceitedly described by Avison as "Beauty lying in the lap of Horror," would have filled their souls with consternation. They love a scene whose very surface bears the promise of corn, wine, and oil,—a land flowing with milk and honey,—a Canaan which borrows no enhancements from the picturesque. The very rocks of the royal forest of Fontainebleau,—described by Francis I. as *mes déserts*,—are regarded by the Parisians as terrific, rather than as constituting an element of beauty in a woodland landscape; and a "smiling scene,"—more especially the scenery of *ces rians côteaux de la Seine*,—affords the greatest attractions to the *badauds* or cockneys of the French metropolis.

For this reason, Corbeil is a favourite spot with them—Corbeil, with its fertile and vine-crowned banks, rising above the Seine, uncontaminated by the pollutions poured forth thereafter into its glassy waters by a filthy capital—Corbeil, which, as Boulogne is termed the Fat, might assuredly be called the Mealy—Corbeil, whose villas line the shore with their well-trimmed avenues of limes, and here and there a shrub dipping down into the stream to shelter the baths, constructed by the diverse proprietors, in the bed of the river. The prosperous little town is neither so ornate in its environs as Richmond, nor so stately in its domiciles as Hampton Court; but the wooded heights of St. Germain rise majestically above its suburbs;—and if a palace be lacking, it boasts an edifice still more unique, and almost as imposing—the celebrated Mill of Corbeil.

The antiquarian, too, finds ample employment for his researches. On the outskirts of the town, and sloping to the edge of the Seine, lies the Pleasaunce of the Tremblaye, the summer palace of Queen Blanche of happy memory,—still sending up its bubbling springs with as crystalline a grace as when the stone fonts in which they are still contained formed the bath of sovereign beauty, but devoting those lofty walls, once the precincts of a court, to the humbler but more useful purpose of ripening some hundred weight of *Chasselas* grapes for a market-gardener. Yet although thus strangely degraded in its destinations, and having its level lawns variegated with sundry patches of oats, wheat, barley, rye, Indian corn, lucerne, French beans, and vines, according to the agricultural propensities of the cultivator, whose fertile farm is bounded by those lofty walls and entered by the stately gateways that afforded access to royalty itself,—the Tremblaye retains many a scattered relique of former grandeur. Like a waiting gentlewoman, retired from service to live upon her means in her native village, and occasionally stealing to church in a suit of paduasoy, manufactured from the court-train of her former lady,—here and there, in the midst of a vineyard or a corn-ridge, we fall upon the ornamented basin of a fountain that plays no longer; or stumble

against a stone-bench, half-hidden among the shoots of the beech-tree, under whose shade it formerly afforded a resting-place to the noble saunterers of the palace. The very canal stil Ishelters among its flowering flags and water lilies a few overthrown golden carp, glittering among the more sober-suited fishes of its waters, like the last courtiers of the place. For Queen Blanche and her successors were in turn succeeded at her Pleasaunce of the Seine by nobles of high degree; nor was it until the last century that it fell into plebeian hands,—

"And laughing Ceres re-assumed the land!"

It happened, however, that at the period immediately preceding the frightful epoch of the French Revolution, the Tremblaye had brighter things to boast of than its golden carp,—purer things than even its crystal fountains. The little farm, concealed within its cozy nook, was tenanted by a worthy wight named Mathurin, whose two daughters enjoyed the envied appellation of the Roses of Corbeil. It is impossible to conceive two lovelier creatures, or two more closely resembling each other in person,—more thoroughly dissimilar in character and disposition. There was but a year's difference between them in age; there was a century's in sentiment! Manette, the elder sister, was a light, lively, gay-hearted creature, *riante* as the landscapes of Corbeil. Justine, the younger, with the same blue eyes, the same silken hair, the same trim ancle and well-formed figure, was sad and sober; and the neighbours, who noted among themselves her gravity of aspect, were apt to attribute it to the influence of the broken constitution of her mother, who died of a pulmonary disorder in giving her birth. Both sisters, however, by the discretion of their deportment, strengthened the high distinctions attained by their beauty; and Mathurin, although watchful over the two nymphs of the Tremblaye as a miser over his gold, was not afraid to let his daughters take their stand on market-days upon the Place de Notre Dame of Corbeil, with their fair faces shaded by the wide straw-hats in use among the peasants of the departments of Seine et Oise, to preside over the sale of the vegetable produce of his farm, and more especially over the stand of garden-flowers and exotics, the pride of the gay parterres surrounding the limpid bath of the Reine Blanche. Manette was a great adept in the art of persuasion to a customer. Recommended by her animated accent and laughing eyes, his stalest melons and greenest grapes were readily purchased by the Parisian cockneys, who came down to Corbeil to swallow a mouthful or two of country-air, and of whatever else Providence might send them; while Justine, an expert florist, had so much to say, and said it so gently and well, touching the culture of her clove-pinks and geraniums, that there appeared every probability of Mathurin's being enabled to add a second cow to his pastures, and another brood or two of ducks to the clear ponds of the Pleasaunce, in the course of the summer. Everything prospered with them. While the father busied himself with the cares of his farm, the daughters contrived to render it available. The barley-mow and the hay-rick diminished,—the beds of ranunculuses and tulips were bereft of their brilliant show; but Mathurin's long leathern purse grew heavier, his linen-press was stocked; and, at length, he took his pipe at even as well as morning tide, without much self-reproach on the score of economy. He even made the girls partakers of his gains, and Justine had the happiness to

secure from her earnings a weekly mass for the spiritual repose of her mother, at the altar of the Sacré Cœur in the church of St. Spire!

Manette, however, had other objects to which to devote her superfluous wealth. Manette was young and pretty enough to be curious in the lace of her pinners, and the lawn of her kerchief. It was observed one day, as she took her usual stand on the market-place, that she exhibited a pair of long gold ear-rings under her straw hat, and that a cross of gold was suspended to the black velvet which habitually encircled her slender throat; and one or two of the most censorious of the ladies of the Faubourg, who were accustomed to exchange a few civil words with the Roses of Corbeil, while they laid in their stock of mignonette seed, turned disdainfully away when they noticed this accession of finery. Mademoiselle Benoîte, indeed, the squint-eyed daughter of a retired notary at St. Germain, was heard to whisper that it was no wonder Manette of La Tremblaye grew so fine, now that she was rowed over the river so often by young Monsieur Clérivault of the Douze Moulins; and now that young Monsieur Clérivault, of the Douze Moulins, found the fountains of La Tremblaye so refreshing during the midsummer heats. The prudes and scandal-mongers were determined to espy mischief in the innocent coquetry of poor Manette!

One sultry summer afternoon, however, the young girl herself happened to overhear these insinuations of her customers, when she not only pettishly removed from her person the ornaments which had caused them to arise, but instantly took her way homewards, sobbing with indignation, and leaving to her sister the disposal of her merchandise, and the task of remonstrating with her detractors, in extenuation of Manette's proceedings.

"You well know, Mademoiselle Benoîte," said Justine, in her usual mild, conciliating tone, "that if Monsieur Clérivault finds his way to La Tremblaye, it is only in the way of business for his father's mill, and much against my sister's inclinations. You, who are a kinswoman of his family, cannot but be aware that Manette has more than once complained to the old gentleman of the importunities of his son."

"Is it in the way of business for the mill," retorted the provoked spinster, "that my cousin Clérivault escorts Mademoiselle Manette to all the *ducasses* of the neighbourhood? Charlet, the ferry-man, related to me only yesterday, that he had himself encountered the young people one evening after dusk."

But her accusations were cut short; the looks of Justine warned the evil speaker that some person of importance stood beside her; and, as Mademoiselle Benoîte turned hastily round, the large dark eyes of Félix Clérivault scowled her into silence. Manette, having met him lounging as usual upon her path homewards to the farm, had appealed to his justice against the insolence of his cousin. Nor did she hesitate to assail him with her usual epithets of feminine disdain; and the revenge of Félix was to wreak upon the ancient virago threefold the measure of ill-usage he had received from the object of his affections.

It was not every one, however, who would have adventured so boldly as Manette to vent reproaches on Félix Clérivault. Félix was a man whom, if few people loved, most people feared; although in every way extrinsically endowed to win affection, and only qualified to excite apprehension by a sort of taciturn reserve, inspiring involuntary mistrust of

his temper and disposition, he was chargeable with no act of violence, no act of injustice; he was charitable, generous, humane; yet his associates, one and all, refrained from making him their friend; and from the singular motive that they felt convinced he was capable of becoming a bitter enemy. And thus it was that few people loved Félix! He was the son of old Clérivault, the rich miller of Corbeil; but he was nothing more.

The mill—or, as it is called on the spot, the *Douze Moulins* of Corbeil, (although no less a number than twenty-eight are comprehended in the one huge building, resembling at a distance rather a strong fortress than a humble corn-mill,)—was then a recent erection;—one vast wing of the building being devoted to the government service of the public hospitals of Paris; the other to the private speculations of Clérivault. At a time when all other branches of commerce were declining, under the influence of the political dissensions already agitating the kingdom—when the rich silk-weavers and bronze-founders of Paris were beginning to foresee a turn to their prosperity,—the staff of life was not the less needed that its consumers were bent on establishing a general equalization of their rights. Bread was wanted at Paris, whether Girondin or Jacobin ruled the senate; and old Clérivault, profiting by the facilities afforded by the vicinity of the river Juine to the spreading corn-fields of La Brie, towards the provisionment of the capital, had invested a large portion of his fortune in the creation of an establishment likely to perpetuate his name, and multiply his means beyond all calculation.

His whole life had, in fact, been spent in the task of money-getting and money-sparing, and the pastime of deceiving the world as to the extent of his gains and his savings. No one, not even his only son, had the most remote idea of the amount of Clérivault's property; but when it was rumoured in Corbeil that he had made overtures for an alliance between Félix and Mademoiselle de Montigny, co-heiress of the Château de St. Port, the gossips of the town decided that he must be a bolder or a richer man than they had previously imagined; the aristocratic "De" prefixed to the name of the young lady, being equivalent to the value of at least thirty thousand crowns, in a marriage contract with the son of the Miller of Corbeil. Neither the distinction it imparted, however, nor any other attraction, sufficed to overcome the opposition of Félix to the match. While Mademoiselle Benoîte and her crew were busy in computing what amount of wealth could justify the Clérivaults in pretending to so grand a connexion, the young man explicitly declared to his father his determination to wed elsewhere!

This might have been held sufficient provocation; but when Félix came to particularize that the partner he had chosen was no other than pretty Manette, the twin Rose of Corbeil, the gardener's daughter of La Tremblaye, the wrath testified by old Clérivault against his son was easy to be accounted for. The cast-off prejudices of the great usually descend to the little; and at a time when even the peerage of France was beginning to republicanize,—when Versailles itself had declared in favour of the natural equality of the human species,—it was time for the Miller to disdain the inter-alliance of his family with that of a market-gardener; nor could an Emperor of Germany, insulted by the determination of his son, the King of the Romans, to espouse the

daughter of some petty baron of the empire, have shown himself more fiercely indignant than old Clérivault.

"I had already heard from our Cousin Benoîte," cried he, "that it was inferred in the town no good would come of your everlasting visits to the sty of a farm yonder, over the water: but, look you, Master Félix, if ever again you set foot upon the turf of the Tremblaye, I will assuredly put the width of my threshold between you and me for evermore;—ay! Sir, and marry again—(Mademoiselle de Montigny, perhaps,—why not the father as well as the son?)—and beget sons and daughters, who shall not thwart me in my old age, although they share my inheritance with my elder and more stubborn child."

"You cannot do better, Sir!" replied Félix, without moving a muscle of his handsome but impassive countenance. "Although you deny my choice, I am far from inclined to find fault with yours. Marry Mademoiselle de Montigny—disinherit me if you will. I have still two strong arms, and as strong a heart, to enable me to get my own living, and pursue my own inclinations."

And Clérivault, well aware of the obstinacy of his son's resolves, gave over the case for lost, and even made a solemn progress to the Château de St. Port, to offer his apologies to the family of Montigny, and tender the retractation of his proposals.

Yet in spite of this resignation and these formal measures, all hope of the alliance was not at an end. Old Clérivault had an abettor in his projects on whom he little calculated. He could not be more firmly determined that Félix should never become the husband of the gardener's daughter, than Manette, that she would never become the wife of the Miller's son! No! it was *not* for *him* that she had added the offending trinkets to her costume or folded the snowy lawn upon her bosom—it was not for him that she loitered by the way on the road from La Tremblaye to the market-place:—it was not for him that she ensconced her well-turned foot in slippers of Spanish morocco, to dance upon the greensward at the annual fête of St. Etienne at Essonne. There were other attractions at the Mill of Corbeil than the homage of Félix Clérivault; and Mathurin's daughter, so inaccessible to the addresses of one who wooed her with the stern gravity of a Spanish hidalgo, or rather with the jealous but impassioned tenderness of an Orosmanes, had given her heart, with very little asking, to young Valentin, the son of Charlet, the ferryman of Corbeil.

As it has been already observed, the prejudices of the great are eagerly adopted by the little; and the rich miller could not express himself more vehemently against his son's attachment to the daughter of the market-gardener, than did the market-gardener, in his turn, on hearing his daughter's engagement to the son of a poor ferryman of the Seine. Clérivault wished to marry Félix to the high-born Clarisse de Montigny: Mathurin, to marry Manette to the wealthy Félix. Clérivault threatened to disinherit his son—Mathurin threatened to horsewhip his daughter; and when, on the evening succeeding the general *éclaircissement*, Félix rowed over to La Tremblaye, and, having fastened his boat to the usual stump, made his way towards a stone-bench among the acacias, where often at the same hour he had found the two daughters of Mathurin sitting together—now talking, now listening,—sometimes

to each other, sometimes to the gurgling of the springs among the grass, or the whistling of the blackbirds in the groves of St. Germain,—he was bitterly taxed by Manette with the indignities he had been the means of drawing upon her endurance.

"It is a cruel thing of you, Monsieur Félix," said she, "to persist in persecuting me thus; after I have again and again told you that, were you Count of Corbeil, or the King of France himself, I would never be your wife! And now you have provoked my father to misuse me, (the first time he ever breathed a harsh word against either of his children!) I do but detest you the more!"

"Hate me, and welcome!" said Félix, in an unaltered voice. "I have heard you say as much before, Manette, and been nothing moved. But never till to-day—never till from your father's lips this morning, did I learn that you preferred another—that you stooped to bestow the love denied to me, upon yonder beggar, the son of a beggar—the hireling drudge of my father's mill! What in heaven—what on earth—do you see to move your affection, in such a fellow as Valentin? Answer me, Manette,—what do you see to like in Valentin?"

"That if he were rich, like yourself, Monsieur Félix Clérivault, he would not always be thinking of riches, and giving the name of beggar, as a word of reproach, to others less fortunate than himself; for Valentin has the heart of a prince!"

"Truly a ragged prince, and with a precious cabin for his palace!" retorted the Miller's son, at once justifying her accusation; "as you will find when you take your place yonder in Charlet's hovel, among the ten half-fed, half-clothed brats who call him father!"

"And who, even for that scanty food and scanty clothing, are indebted to the labour of Valentin!" added Manette, with firmness; "of Valentin who, when his work at the mill is over, comes back to his father's hut with a smile upon his face and a song upon his lips; and, instead of grumbling and murmuring that his limbs are aching with toil, sits down cheerfully to his osier-weaving or mat-work; or, during the summer season, rows off as stoutly as though his arms had not done a turn of work through the day, to cut reeds for the thatchers or the tile-makers. And for what does he labour? To lay up hoards for himself, or to purchase the means of selfish pleasure?—No, Monsieur Félix, no!—to get bread for his paralytic mother—raiment for his brothers and sisters—rent to requite your own purse-proud father for the use of the miserable hut you hold so cheap. Proud as you are of your fortune, your very means have been swelled by his industry."

"Manette," whispered the gentle Justine, laying her hand imploringly upon her sister's shoulder, "you know not how great an injury you may be doing Valentin by this violence!"

"I understand you!" replied Manette, aloud, "although you are afraid to speak out. You mean that Monsieur Félix will be a powerful and malicious enemy to him. Courage, courage, sister! Valentin, by the sweat of his brow and the labour of his hands, earns wages from the Miller of Corbeil; but he is not, therefore, the slave of either old Clérivault or his son. There is nothing to fear for Valentin; nor any reason why I should not acquaint the gentleman who is base enough to taunt him with beggary, that I would rather make one in the hovel by the river side—among its merry inmates and the warm hearts that

would welcome me so kindly—than play the lady in the cold narrow-minded family of Clérivault, where the only cheerful sound is the clack of their own mill!"

By this time, the soul of Félix was overflowing with rage. He made no allowance for the irritability of a quick-tempered girl, opposed for the first time in her inclinations; but attributed every word uttered by Manette to *malice prepense;* to preconceived bitterness, such as that engendered by the viper-nature of his kinswoman Mademoiselle Benoîte; and had no doubt that such injurious expressions as she had lavished upon him and his were in habitual use between herself and Valentin, his father's hireling. On her, indeed, he could avenge nothing; *but him!*—Félix ground his teeth for rage as he thought of Valentin! But he uttered not a syllable. His wrath was silent as it was deadly; and the stillness was only interrupted by the sobs of Manette, whose petulance as usual exhausted itself in tears.

"Father!" cried she, suddenly starting up from Justine's pacifying embraces, as the footsteps of Mathurin were heard approaching the bench on which they sat—"I beseech you, command Monsieur Félix Clérivault to quit this place. You explained to me this morning the wickedness of children presuming to disobey their parents: you will not surely encourage a son to rebel against his father? Old Clérivault has laid his injunctions on Félix to visit La Tremblaye no more. You have pride, too, father!—surely, surely, you will not stoop to have it said that you laid snares to seduce a raw inexperienced boy into marriage with your daughter?"

"And *who* will dare to say so?" ejaculated the young man, trembling with repressed rage at the epithets bestowed upon him.

"Your own kinswoman, Ma'mselle Benoîte, has said so a thousand times."

"Ma'mselle Benoîte is an accursed fool," cried old Mathurin; and young Clérivault saw no cause to dispute the assertion.

"But you cannot surely, my dear father, wish Monsieur Félix to get into trouble by his visits to La Tremblaye?" said Justine, mildly—a question to which the gardener-farmer found it so difficult to reply, that he leant down on pretext of caressing the shaggy-looking cur which was accustomed to lag at his heels, rather than venture on a direct answer.

"And how is my father to hear of them?" demanded Clérivault, haughtily bending his brow.

"Thus!" replied Justine, pointing through the dusk, now gathering round them, to the approaching figure of a man bending under the weight of a sack of meal; who, on putting down his burthen, and raising his head as he proceeded to wipe his streaming brows, presented to their view the homely features but prepossessing countenance of Valentin; while Charlet's son, startled to find his young master thus apparently domesticated with Mathurin and his daughters, yet in nowise daunted by his presence, cheerfully saluted the party.

"What are you doing here, Sir?" demanded Félix, in an angry voice.

"Obeying the orders of the overseer, Monsieur Félix," replied the young man; "who bade me bring over——"

"Is this a time for doing your mill-work?" interrupted Félix. "I shall represent to-morrow to my father that you defer the execution of

his business till after-hours, in order to suit your own whims and convenience."

"You will represent what you please, Sir," answered Valentin. "But one honest man's word is as good as another's; and Monsieur Bernardin the overseer has known me too well, from a boy upwards, as a truth-teller and fair dealer, not to credit my assurance that every minute of my morning's time was spent in my duty to my employer. If I have pushed the boat over to La Tremblaye to deliver Monsieur Mathurin his meal this evening, instead of to-morrow morning, as I was directed, it is only because I desired to offer him the *bonsoir* and my respects to the young ladies."

"Your respects and your salutations are not wanted here, my lad," growled Mathurin. "If you had brought me the couple of crowns I have had to score up against your father for milk and meal furnished to your family, you would have done something more to the purpose." And Mathurin, excited by the desire of saying a vexatious thing to the pauper who had presumed to lift his eyes to his pretty Manette, renounced the generous intention of his better nature to make a free gift to the needy family of the overflowings of his cruse of plenty.

"Do not fancy I am come empty-handed," said Valentin, mildly, but drawing up with conscious pride as he tendered the payment of the two crowns to the more prosperous farmer; and Manette's heart beat, till it was ready to burst her bosom, for joy that her lover was able to redeem himself from humiliation in his rival's presence. "If I have delayed thus long, Monsieur Mathurin, it is that grievous sickness has arisen in my family from the damps of the season—Monsieur Clérivault's workmen having neglected to repair the roof of our hut, according to his covenant. But remember that, although the cost of drugs and doctors may have kept us in your debt, it has not caused me to break my word. I promised you payment at Midsummer, and Saturday next is the eve of St. John."

"Good, Valentin; good," replied Mathurin, jerking the money into his pocket, and ashamed of the meanness into which he had been betrayed. "You are an honest lad; and I have nought to say against you in your way. But your way is not mine, and I do not intend to make it so. Henceforward, I shall beg Monsieur Bernardin to choose some other of his mill-lads to do what business may chance to stand between us; and charge my old friend Charlet to lay his injunctions on yourself not to be gadding about upon idle errands of evenings, or at least not upon premises of mine."

"You have said enough, Master Mathurin," answered Valentin, involuntarily glancing towards the two girls, who stood overcome with grief and embarrassment, leaning on each other, under the acacia trees; "I am well aware to whom I am indebted for this sudden change of welcome; and shall take an opportunity to thank the tale-bearer who, for some time past, has been base enough to play the spy upon my actions."

"*You lie!*" vociferated Félix, on whom the accusing looks of Valentin were now directed. "You lie like a dog!——"

"Coward that you are, in daring to use such words to *me!*" cried the young man, suddenly smiting a violent blow upon his own

breast; "when you know that I cannot raise my hand against you so long as the bread eaten by my family is provided by your father's wages."

"You have also their beggary to thank for screening your insolence from chastisement," said the contemptuous Félix. "And as you seem to be in no condition to play the hero, beware in future how you assume the braggart."

"Valentin—dear Valentin!" exclaimed Justine, throwing herself before young Clérivault, to intercept the spring which she perceived Valentin on the point of making upon his person, "remember your poor mother—remember your sick sisters."

"Let me go!" cried he, struggling with the silent embrace of Manette, which not even her father's presence sufficed to check when she saw her lover on the eve of rushing into violence—the inevitable source of ruin to himself and his family. "Let me go;—let me not live to have it said of me, that I dared not defend myself against the insults of a villain!" Then dashing forwards, and again as suddenly checking himself, he burst into tears and covered his face with his hands, while he exclaimed, "He is right!—I *dare* not strike him,—I dare not lay my hand on the son of the Miller of Corbeil! I was born too poor to indulge in the sense of justice and honour. The walls that shelter us are his father's walls,—the food we eat springs from *him*. Father—mother—brothers—sisters, this is the hardest thing I have had to bear for your sake!"

"Never mind him, Valentin! be of good cheer, dear, dear Valentin!" sobbed Manette; her sensitive nature excited to its utmost pitch of violence by his distresses. "Let him be as rich and audacious as he will, I hold him but a dastard and a beggar! From me he will obtain nothing, Valentin;—nothing but scorn and detestation. Poor as you are—so poor will I be! Despise you as they may—*I* honour you,—*I* revere you,—*I love* you! My father may drive me forth,—my friends disown me; but they have urged me on into defiance by their misdoings towards *you*. Valentin, dear Valentin, hear me,—hear your wife; and leave this man to the rebukes of his own conscience."

Sad was the scene that ensued upon this open violation of parental authority. But Valentin had not the affliction of seeing the woman he loved savagely entreated by her enraged father; for while Mathurin was engaged in driving back his daughter to the farm and locking her into her chamber, Félix and himself were entwined in a deadly struggle,—a struggle that left him for a few seconds breathless and senseless on the turf; for the athletic Clérivault was as much the superior of the ill-nourished, over-tasked Valentin, in personal strength, as in worldly endowments. Young Baptiéret, a hind employed upon the farm, attracted to the spot by the tumult of the scuffle, proceeded to raise him from the ground; while Félix hastily made off towards Corbeil. But when Valentin recovered the effect of his stunning fall sufficiently to comprehend what had passed, and to feel that he had been engaged in an altercation with his master's son, which would probably end in the ruin of his whole household, he wrung his hands for very bitterness.

"Would that I were dead!" he ejaculated, as he took his way back to his father's ferry-boat. "Mathurin has sworn to bestow his daughter upon another. Monsieur Clérivault will eject my mother from her

habitation when he learns what has occurred. My intemperance will seal the fate of my family, without obtaining me the hand of Manette. —Would, would that I were dead! Better be in my grave than thus a burthen to myself and all the world."

"Be of good cheer, Valentin!" cried the lad Baptiéret, who had followed, and was aiding him to unmoor his boat. "Ma'mselle Manette loves you in spite of them all. Ma'mselle Manette has promised that she will one day be your wife!"

"No!—no wife—no house—no hope—no rest! I was born with the curse of God upon my soul!" uttered the ferryman's son, looking up to the sky,—where the faint flashes of a summer storm were already streaming, as if in impious reproach to the Omnipotent who had created a wretch so miserable. "I was born to eat the bread of toil and bitterness; what matters it that such an outcast should cease to live!"

And it came to pass that every petulant word uttered by Valentin to the farm-lad Baptiéret during that brief colloquy was eventually inscribed in the judicial archives of the country, with the view of throwing light upon the incidents following the quarrel of that fatal night!—Old Charlet's son never again set foot upon the turf of La Tremblaye!

Valentin was mistaken, however, in supposing that his dispute with Félix would insure his dismissal from the Mill of Corbeil. Either old Clérivault saw no cause for displeasure in his conduct, or Félix had generously, or perhaps discreetly, forborne to prefer a complaint against him: when, at the ringing of the work-bell the following morning, he presented himself as usual among the men, not a word of remark was made on the subject by Bernardin, the overseer. Valentin had been cutting rushes on the river from earliest daylight, in order to repair, to the best of his own abilities, the dilapidated roof of the hovel, from whence he so much dreaded to witness the ejection of his family; and, heart-sick with labour and fasting, he was scarcely able to support the struggle of his feelings on ascertaining that his rashness had not been the means of immediate injury to his sick and feeble mother. In the course of the day he had still stronger evidence that no displeasure existed against him in the mind of the Clérivaults; for, a trustworthy messenger being needed to carry over to La Brie the copy of a contract of sale, for signature, to one of the most extensive corn-growers of the district, Valentin was chosen for the office, the usual factor being absent on pressing business at the market of Mélun. Having received his instructions, he accordingly departed; and, as it was held impossible for him to return to Corbeil till a late hour at night, it was settled that he should tender an account of his commission to Monsieur Bernardin the following morning, when he was to be at the mill half an hour previous to his usual time.

At that usual time, however, the work-bell rang, but no Valentin made his appearance; and the young men in Clérivault's employment began to joke among themselves, swearing that the sober Valentin must have been guilty of some excess, and detained on the road. At a late hour, Bernardin despatched one of the boys to Charlet's cottage to make inquiries, but still no Valentin had been heard of; and the old ferryman, uneasy in his turn, began to inquire on what sort of horse his son was mounted for his expedition? "A valuable one—a favourite with the master and Monsieur Félix," was the reply; but it was the

temper of the beast alone, and not its value, that interested Charlet. The poor old man, however, had soon ample opportunity of judging for himself; for, having returned to the mill with Bernardin's messenger, he found a crowd of workmen and all the idlers of the town assembled round the door of the *halle* adjoining Clérivault's mill, with the horse on which Valentin had set off the preceding day standing saddled and bridled in the midst of them.

"He is arrived, then?" hastily inquired Charlet of one of Clérivault's men, who was lounging on the outskirts of the crowd.

"No, there are no tidings of Valentin," replied the fellow carelessly, not noticing whom he addressed. "The horse has been brought back by a countryman, who found him ranging loose this morning in the Forest of Sénart, and having rode him as far as Essonne to make inquiries, found the beast recognized easily enough as the favourite bay of the Miller of Corbeil."

"But Valentin?" ejaculated the old man, striking his hands together, impatient that any one should talk of a horse, when he was asking of his son—"What can have become of Valentin?" and already from all parts of the crowd the same question was arising—"What *can* have become of Valentin?"

"You had better go home, Charlet," said Bernardin, when the same inquiry had been fruitlessly reiterated for two hours longer; "I will send word to you the first news that reaches us. Take another glass of wine, man, and do not tremble so, if you can help it. No harm can have befallen your son; he had no money in his pocket, either to lead him into intemperance or to tempt any evil-disposed person to attack him. The lad has got into some foolish scrape on the road—has lost the contract, perhaps, and is afraid to return: but Monsieur has sent out in every direction to seek information respecting him; and before evening, I wager my life we know all about the matter, and that it will prove to be a thing of no manner of moment."

But Bernardin was only half-justified in his anticipations. Before evening, they knew all; but the all was indeed no trivial matter. Before evening, the public authorities were summoned, and a *procès verbal* was drawn up, specifying the finding of the body of the unfortunate Valentin, suspended by his own handkerchief to a tree in the Forest of Sénart. *He had destroyed himself.* His imprecations of the preceding night were now remembered and recorded. It was recollected that he had declared himself weary of the world—that in his despair he had cursed his Maker as the origin of his woes. Nothing, alas! could be plainer. Valentin had blasphemed the Almighty, and straightway, like the recreant Apostle, gone and hanged himself! It was noticed with sympathy by all, that throughout the investigation of the case, young Clérivault, who could not but tax himself as the unintentional cause of the misfortune, was pale as death, and completely overpowered by his feelings.

But if Félix sorrowed for the departed, what was the affliction of her whom he had so dearly loved—of those who so dearly loved him? what the agony of Manette when she knew that he for whom she would have sacrificed all, had incurred the guilt of the suicide? *She* did not hold him guilty, except, indeed, in leaving her behind to struggle alone with the troubles of the world; and as soon as the daylight dawned, on the day succeeding that when the body of Valentin was discovered in the

forest, and, after the usual forms, deposited by the Maréchaussée of Corbeil in his father's hovel, previously to interment, she set out alone for Charlet's cottage, to comfort the living, to mourn over the dead!

It was a grievous sight,—that miserable hut standing alone in the midst of the green meadows on the borders of the Seine, like a thing abandoned to the mercy of nature—that miserable hut whose prop was now reft away—that refuge for those who had none left to succour them, none left to minister to their wants, or wipe away their tears! Mathurin's daughter lifted the latch as gently as though it were possible that any under Charlet's roof could at such a season be sleeping; and with the calmness of despair entered the house of mourning.

And mournful, indeed, was the spectacle! There, on the only pallet, lay the paralytic mother, hiding her face in the clothes, that she might not look upon the disfigured corpse of her first-born—the mattress affording the customary bed to the children having been already carried out and sold by the poor ferryman, to secure the means of a decent burial for his boy! And there the livid body of Valentin lay stretched upon the very rushes which his own hand had cut for so different a purpose; while his little brothers and sisters, deprived of their rest, and terrified, and hungry, were huddled together in a corner, staring with wonder at all that was passing. Charlet, usually so reckless amid his wants and misfortunes, sat with his head drooping on his breast, and scarcely raised his eyes on Manette's entrance; nor was it till she went close up to him, and kneeled at his feet, and called him "father," and reviled herself as the cause of the mischief which had happened, that the unhappy man seemed moved to consciousness.

"Had *he* lived, I should have been your daughter," said Manette, hiding her weeping face upon his knees, "and then, all I had would have been yours. Accept it *now*, Charlet, for his sake," she continued, placing in his hand a small bag containing the amount of hers and Justine's earnings. "Accept it now, when it can be useful; for to *me*, worldly goods are henceforward vain." And she wept long and bitterly, while the little children, who had been taught by Valentin to love her, crept forward and clung to her gown, and whispered to her to be comforted, for that their brother was surely with God!

"Yes, he *is* with God!" said the broken-hearted old man, in a hoarse voice. "He whose loss renders these little ones worse than fatherless, and gives so bitter a pang to the poor grey-headed parents to whom he never, never gave pain before, *must* be with God. My boy may appear at the tribunal of Grace with the stain of self-murder on his soul. He, who never injured mortal man, may have been moved to lift his hand against his own precious life. But Heaven judges us not as we judge each other; Heaven witnessed the cares, the trials, the struggles of my blessed Valentin, and noted the maddening brain and breaking heart of the proud pauper—the tender son—the good brother—the good Christian; and Heaven will forgive him!"

"Why, why did he forsake us?" ejaculated Mathurin's daughter, rising from her knees and tottering towards the body. "Oh, Valentin! Valentin! why did you forsake me?" and lifting up the cloth with which the pious care of the father had covered the face of the dead, she imprinted a fervent kiss upon the blue lips of him who should have been her husband, unterrified by the starting eyes—the distended nostrils—and all the ghastly evidence of his mode of death.

At that moment her father and sister, having missed her from the farm, and readily conjecturing her route, entered the cottage in search of Manette; but Mathurin's displeasure against the deceased was over now, and instead of expressing dissatisfaction at his daughter's proceedings, he not only advanced with tearful eyes to sprinkle holy water on the body of her ill-starred lover, but asked permission of Charlet to follow it to the grave. The worthy Bernardin had already expressed his intention to be present at the burial ceremony; and when the remains of the "warm and true" Valentin were deposited in the pauper's trench of the churchyard of St. Germain, they were transported thither on the shoulders of his comrades, and followed by so vast a concourse of his fellow-workmen and friends, that the incense of their affliction was as that of a burnt-offering, calculated to propitiate the mercy of God towards the suicide.

It is probable that a catastrophe so lamentable would have produced a greater sensation and elicited a closer scrutiny in a little town so uneventful in its history as Corbeil, but that the still fiercer disasters of the French Revolution had already begun in the capital; and even the tongue of Mademoiselle Benoîte found a nobler topic in the misfortunes of Marie Antoinette of France than in those of the Roses of Corbeil. There was no time for sympathy in the sorrows of individuals!

Clérivault, perplexed by apprehensions lest the vast granaries of his *halle* should attract the rapacity of the populace, whose excesses were now every hour on the increase, gratified without hesitation—almost mechanically—the request of his son that he would assign the gratuitous use of one of his wholesome cottages to Charlet's afflicted family; nor was it needful for Félix to covenant in return that he would seek no further intercourse with the beauty of La Tremblaye; the old man having already ascertained, that from the period of Valentin's untimely end, his rival had made a sacrifice of the ill-omened connexion. Even Mademoiselle Benoîte was ready to avow that Monsieur Félix had altogether renounced his intention of a marriage with Manette.

Meanwhile, not only Mademoiselle Benoîte, but every gossip of the united community, was secretly marvelling over the extraordinary change that had taken place in the deportment of young Clérivault; and one and all inferred, from the haggard aspect of his face, and the gradual emaciation of his person, that his attachment to Mathurin's daughter had been deeper-seated than they had imagined possible. The sacrifice of his passion was evidently preying upon his constitution; he grew languid—tremulous—his strength was failing—his temper softened—his audacious deportment had given place to mild depression; instead of sharing the political enthusiasm of the *tiers état* of which he formed a part—instead of exulting in the degradation of an order which he had been accustomed to revile as his natural enemy—Félix appeared to regard with utter indifference the alarms of his father and the triumphs of the republican party.

The young man was not, however, altogether so careless as he appeared. Félix nourished in his heart an important project. Although he had done his part towards the resistance of the foreign alliance created for the suppression of civil and religious liberty in France, by supplying an active substitute to the conscription, he now determined to devote his personal services to his country; and, fully aware of the oppo-

sition he was likely to experience from a parent who reverenced him as his heir fully as much as he loved him as a son, departed in secret from Corbeil to volunteer in the ranks of the republican army.

"Resolved to accomplish my part as a citizen, by defending the rights of the nation against the insults of the minions of Pitt and Coburg," said the letter which he subsequently addressed to his father in explanation of his intentions, "I have spared you the pain of opposing my immoveable resolve; and to evade your pursuit, my dear father, have entered the army of the republic under an assumed name; nor, till I have proved myself worthy to be classed among the most faithful of her sons, shall I revisit Corbeil. My last entreaty is that you give all your confidence to Bernardin, your true and diligent servant; and that you do not neglect the destitute family of Charlet the Ferryman."

"I knew it would be thus," murmured the gentle Justine, as she sauntered along the river-walk of her father's garden looking towards the mill of Corbeil, when intelligence of young Clérivault's departure transpired in the town. "I was sure he could not remain here, haunting the same spots and communing with the same associates *as before*. He is right to fly. Félix has nothing more to do at Corbeil; his penance must be accomplished elsewhere. Miserable, miserable Félix! What thoughts, what recollections accompany him in his flight;—what griefs, what terrors have been undermining his health! Yet Manette, who so dearly loved Valentin, has seen and suspected nothing of all this;—while I, *I* so long, so hopelessly devoted to Félix, discerned his conscience-struck affliction from the first moment I saw him gazing yonder from the shore on Charlet's hovel! The Forest of Sénart,—the Forest of Sénart! Oh! that I could free myself from the imagination of that scene,—that fatal, fatal night! No sooner am I left alone than involuntarily the whole black business rises before me. I fancy their encounter,—I seem to hear their quarrel,—I seem to see the struggle in which Valentin must have fallen a victim, ere the dreadful idea presented itself to Félix of making him pass for a self-murderer! Appearances avouched the imputation,—appearances deceived the officers of justice,—deceived his comrades, his master, his father, his friends, his affianced wife,—but they did not deceive me; for it was not on Valentin's life, but on the well-doing of Félix Clérivault that my happiness was pledged. And, oh! how have I watched over his repentance, his despair! Had he triumphed in his wickedness, I should have learned to hate him: but to see him self-convicted,—penitent,—wretched,—although thrice secure from discovery! Miserable, miserable Félix! Driven from his home by the clinging curse of reminiscences henceforward to be attached to his birthplace—Oh! when will he venture to return to Corbeil?"

Meanwhile the tumults of revolutionary violence were raging; and this question, at first universally reiterated in the little town, soon came to be repeated only by old Clérivault and Justine. The old man had already resigned the presidency of the mill to Bernardin, the overseer; and the fine domain of St. Germain having become national property by the emigration of the noble family with whom it was hereditary, the Château was readily appropriated by the assignats of the Miller of Corbeil. Thither, with a scanty household, he retired; and there, uncared for and alone, falling gradually into a state of imbecility, it

was a gratification to him, when tottering round the lawns whose beauty he was incapable of appreciating, to be accosted by the younger daughter of his neighbour Mathurin, with inquiries whether tidings had reached him from his son, and how it fared with the armies of France. But the old man's answer was ever the same:—"The armies of France were triumphant,—but no tidings from his son!" Great names were beginning to arise from obscurity in the annals of the country,—Lannes, Victor, Bernadotte, Murat, Duroc, Berthier, Suchet, Soult. A great soldier had conquered to its banners the eagle-plumed ensign of victory; but no conjecture enabled Clérivault to discover under what designation Félix had either fallen on the field of honour, or was struggling onwards in the career of fame. It was rumoured in the town that once, when a brigade, on its march to join the army of the Sambre and Meuse, halted at Essonne, a superior officer was seen galloping back to the high road in the dusk of the evening from the portal of the church of St. Spire, where, in the *tronc des pauvres*, adjoining the mausoleum of Count Haymon, of Corbeil, a bank-bill of considerable amount was found on the succeeding morning. But none could say that the stranger was Félix Clérivault; and if indeed he, the suns of Egypt and Italy had "written strange defeature in his face."

At length (it was at the triumphant epoch of the recognition of *le soldat heureux* as first Emperor of France) the Miller of Corbeil, long sickly and doting, was finally gathered to his rest; when a public advertisement having been legally circulated by the authorities of the department, and the sale of the property subsequently announced,—the heir,—the long-absent, the half-forgotten Félix,—appeared on the spot in the person of one of those eminent generals whose names had long been rife in the mouths of the inhabitants of Corbeil, and their destinies commended to heaven by the prayers of their fellow-countrymen. But when, shortly afterwards, the equipage of General Le —— was seen one fine summer evening entering the iron gates of the park of St. Germain, the notion of the presence of one of the heroes of Marengo, of the Pyramids, of Austerlitz, seemed to have superseded all recollection of Félix Clérivault. The villagers gazed on the noble person of the handsome, grave, middle-aged soldier, whose head was more than slightly silvered by the toils of war, and saw no trace of the petulant youth they had been accustomed to watch, eighteen years before, crossing the river to La Tremblaye to laugh and jest with the Roses of Corbeil.

To *his* eyes, meanwhile, the season and the scene were much as when he quitted them. *He* had become a hero,—a statesman;—Europe was familiar with his name, and his voice had obtained weight in the councils of France. His port was now erect and stately,—his step firm and measured,—his voice stern and commanding; he had learned to control the desires and passions of others,—*he* had learned to control his own. Nothing in *him* but was altered. But *there* rolled the same blue Seine,—there smiled the same vineyards,—there stood the Mill of Corbeil,—there rose the woods of St. Germain,—there the chimneys of the farm of La Tremblaye,—there, far below in the meadows, crumbled the ruins of a hovel, the hut of the ferryman,—and there—*there*, in the distant horizon, *gloomed the Forest of Sénart.* And, lo! unsilenceably resounded in his ears the mandate, "Thou shalt do no murder!"

It was some comfort to him to learn that Mathurin was no more, and

the family of Charlet the ferryman dispersed and forgotten. "And the Roses of Corbeil?" inquired General Le ——, in a low voice, as, accompanied by the gamekeeper of St. Germain, on the evening of his arrival, he pursued his way along the terrace, gazing through the grey evening light upon the open country.

"Mathurin's elder daughter, mon Général, she who married the young farmer named Baptiéret, is the mother of ten fine children, and still living at the Tremblaye," said the *garde-de-chasse*. "Her sister, Justine, poor soul! has become a Sister of Charity."

Hastily proceeding in their walk, the opening of the upper avenue of the château towards the vineyards brought them in sight of a fine, comely-looking countrywoman driving two cows, and accompanied by a lout of a farming-boy and two healthy little girls, with untrimmed heads and dirty faces.

"Tiens, voilà justement Ma'ame Baptiéret et ses enfans!" continued the gamekeeper. "Ma'ame Baptiéret! Holà, Ma'ame Baptiéret! voici Monsieur le Général, qui s'informe de vous et de votre famille!"

And General Le —— found himself perforce required to stand and receive the awkward courtesies of the great fat countrywoman before him, and listen to her history of her father's dying of an asthma, and her own happy match with Baptiéret, the cowboy! "Brave garçon si jamais y en fût, et bien-aimé de ce pauvre Valentin. Monsieur le Général se rappelle, sans doute, ce pauvre Valentin?"

Alas! what else but the remembrance of Valentin had kept him so long an alien from his father's hearth,—so long an exile from home? And it was for the woman before him that he had borne so much,—incurred so much,—sinned so greatly, so irreparably! Poor feeble human nature! Poor murdered Valentin!

But the trial thus voluntarily encountered proved too much for Félix; and, after remaining a few hours longer at St. Germain, General Le —— quitted for the last time a spot abounding in soul-harrowing reminiscences—reminiscences rendering vain his toils of honour, his career of glory.

For the brief remainder of his life, the fine mansion of St. Germain remained uninhabited. But the grave of General Le —— is now at Ehrenbreitstein, his monument in the Panthéon, and his property, having been bequeathed to the foundation of a military hospital, otherwise invested. Strangers abide at the château,—a company of speculators have assumed the direction of the Mill of Corbeil;—and nothing remains to commemorate the past, but the clear fountains of La Tremblaye, and a deserted grave in the churchyard of the village of St. Germain,—a grave whose accusing voice will be heard by the guilty soul even through the fearful stillness of eternity!

C. F. G.

[Ed.—It may be necessary to state that the foregoing tale bears no reference to the respectable family by whom the fine mills of Corbeil were established, and who are now proprietors of the domain of St. Germain.]

COLERIDGE.

"Νῦν δὲ θανὼν λάμπεις Ἕσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις."—PLATO.

AMONG the most eminent of the illustrious band of those whose intellect and imagination have conferred imperishable fame upon themselves, and done honour to English literature in the present century, stands, in the highest rank, the name of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. That surpassing spirit has passed away to his own high place, and the mourners—the mourners of the heart—go about the streets; but yet it is not quite without a sense of comfort, a feeling like that of remembered happiness, pleasant though mournful to the soul, that an ardent admirer of his worth and genius seeks, in this brief, imperfect memoir of his life and writings, to hang, as it were, a garland on his honoured tomb, and with glistening eye to record that

"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

Mr. Coleridge was born at the vicarage of Ottery Saint Mary, a town of Devonshire, about ten miles from Exeter, in the year 1773. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, vicar of the parish, had been previously a schoolmaster at South Molton. He was a ripe and able scholar: he assisted Dr. Kennicot in the famous collation of so many hundred manuscripts for his edition of the Hebrew Bible; wrote a theological dissertation on the Λογος, and published a Latin grammar. He died about the year 1782, at an advanced age, leaving a numerous family, of which the subject of this memoir was the youngest son.

Owing to the straitened circumstances of his father, and the being left an orphan at so early an age, the poet, like many distinguished men of his time, was educated at the school of Christ's Hospital, London. The account which he gives of his progress in learning, and his feelings while a student at that excellent seminary, is highly characteristic of the bent of his mind, and proves the aphorism of Wordsworth, that "the child is father of the man." Although, at a very premature age, even before his fifteenth year, he had bewildered himself in the mazes of metaphysical and theological controversy, his early poetry,—and he had barely passed the verge of manhood when he first published,—is particularly distinguished in many passages, though not throughout, by an exquisite simpleness both of thought and expression. He himself says—

"During several years of my youth and early manhood, I reverenced those who re-introduced the manly simplicity of the Grecian and of our own elder poets, with such enthusiasm as made the hope seem presumptuous of writing successfully in the same style. Perhaps a similar process has happened to others; but my earliest poems were marked by an ease and simplicity which I have studied, perhaps with inferior success, to impress upon my later compositions.

"At school, I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master*. He early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius,

* The Rev. James Bowyer, many years head-master of the grammar-school, Christ's Hospital.

Terence, and above all the chaste poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the so-called silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era; and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons, too, which required most time and labour to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest and seemingly that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle and complex, and dependent on more numerous and more fugitive causes. In our English compositions, (at least for the last three years of our school education,) he showed no mercy to phrase, image, or metaphor, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre—muse, muses, and inspirations—Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene,—were all an abomination to him. In fancy, I can almost hear him now exclaiming—'Harp! harp! lyre! pen and ink, boy, you mean. Muse, boy, muse! your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring! O ay, the cloister pump, I suppose!' Nay, certain introductions, similes, and examples, were placed by name on a list of interdiction. Among the similes there was, I remember, that of the Manchineel fruit, as suiting equally well with too many subjects; in which, however, it yielded the palm at once to the example of Alexander and Clytus, which was equally good and apt whatever might be the theme. Was it ambition?—Alexander and Clytus! Flattery?—Alexander and Clytus! Anger? drunkenness? pride? friendship? ingratitude? late repentance?—still, still Alexander and Clytus! At length the praises of agriculture having been exemplified in the sagacious observation that had Alexander been holding the plough, he could not have run his friend Clytus through with a spear, this tried and serviceable old friend was banished by public edict *in secula seculorum*."

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"In my friendless wanderings on our *leave-days*; (for I was an orphan and had scarce any connexions in London,) highly indeed was I delighted if any passenger, especially if he were dressed in black, would enter into conversation with me. For I soon found the means of directing it to my favourite subjects,—

Of Providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

This preposterous pursuit was beyond doubt injurious both to my natural powers and to the progress of my education. It would perhaps have proved destructive had it been continued, but from this I was auspiciously withdrawn."

It was owing to a present made him by a beloved schoolfellow (Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and author of a treatise on the Greek article which contains one of the best vindications of the Christian Scriptures from the glosses of Unitarian commentators extant) of a copy of Bowles's Sonnets, then just published, that Coleridge, in his seventeenth year, was again attracted to the charms of poetry, and drawn away from theological controversy and wild metaphysics. "Nothing else," said he, "at this time, pleased me: history and particular facts lost all interest in my mind." Even fiction had become insipid; all his thoughts were directed to his favourite metaphysical and theological mysticisms, until Bowles's Sonnets, and an intimacy with a very

agreeable family, recalled him to less thorny paths, and to more rational, or at least more practical, pursuits. In consequence of the low state of his finances, he transcribed these sonnets no fewer than forty times in the course of a few months, in order to make presents of them to his companions; and his admiration of them led to the acquaintance and lasting friendship of their excellent author.

At eighteen, he was entered, from Christ's Hospital, of Jesus College, Cambridge. He did not obtain, and apparently never sought for, academic honours. He assisted a friend in composing an essay on English poetry while at the University, or at least in one of the vacations, and occasionally indulged his fancy in poetical composition, which he seems to have commenced with a view to the permanent cultivation of the "faculty divine," soon after his first perusal of the before-mentioned sonnets of Bowles.

At this period of his life he was remarkable for excess of animal spirits, and for some of the noisy follies to which in boyhood they are apt to give rise, but, like most persons of similar temperament, he was also subject to fits of corresponding depression. In the autumn of 1793, while labouring under one of these visitations of despondency, aggravated by the combined effects of pecuniary embarrassment and hopeless love of a young lady, sister of a schoolfellow with whose family he had become intimate, he set off for London with a party of fellow-collegians, and after spending a short time in Bacchanalian conviviality with his companions, left them to wander by himself about the streets, in a state of destitution similar to that endured by Johnson and Savage, and in a frame of mind approaching to the frenzy of despair. This is touchingly alluded to in his monody on the death of Chatterton. He finished by enlisting in the 15th Dragoons, under the name of Clumberbacht, but he could not be taught to ride. He continued for some time, however, a subject of mystery and wonder to his comrades, and of curiosity even to his officers, until the surgeon of the regiment happening by chance to light upon a complaint of the unhappy trooper over the misery of his condition, couched in the most classical Latinity, an inquiry was instituted, the result of which was, that his friends were written to, and his discharge procured.

At the age of twenty-one, he first published a small volume of poems, which, though occasionally clouded with obscurities, and abounding in double epithets, and other faults of a turgid and inflated style, almost inseparable from the unpruned luxuriance of a very youthful composer, afforded sure indication of a golden harvest to come, and were very favourably received as buds of hope which gave promise of "bright consummate flowers" in due season. In the same year, while residing at Bristol, he published, in conjunction with Southey, "The Fall of Robespierre, an Historic Drama." The extraordinary rapidity with which this dramatic poem was composed renders the vigour, talent, and ability it displays still more remarkable. The two friends commenced one evening after tea; by noon, next day, the manuscript was finished; it was in type by sunset, and was published the following morning. In the ensuing winter (1794-5) Coleridge delivered, at Bristol, a course of lectures on the French Revolution. That great flame had by this time kindled all Europe, and if the smell of fire had passed upon Coleridge, he could at least point to many, or most, of the choicest and best of the spirits of the age, as men who were with him in the furnace.

Southey and Robert Lovell were his ardent coadjutors in an enthusiastic scheme of American Pantisocracy. In the midst, however, of the harmless, but Utopian dream of the youthful triumvirate, their "simple plan" was broken up by the three philanthropic philosophers falling all at once up to the heart in love with three sisters named Fricker, resident at Bristol. It appears that none of the fair sisterhood, nor any of their fellow-parishioners, saw "cause or just impediment wherefore these couples should not respectively be joined together in holy matrimony;" and, instead of the cause of political regeneration in the wilds of Susquehanna, Mr. Coleridge espoused Miss Sarah Fricker in the autumn of 1795.

Thus began the business of life, and Coleridge became a breeder of sinners, and added to the Adam-tainted population of the old world instead of giving birth to a purer era than the realities of our fallen nature admit of in the new. Hartley, Berkley, and Derwent Coleridge were born of this marriage. With that inconsequence, however, which so often marked his conduct in worldly matters, Mr. Coleridge had married before he possessed the means of supporting a family. During his residence at Nether Stowey, a village near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, he depended chiefly, or altogether, for the maintenance of himself, and of those far dearer to him than himself, upon the scanty and uncertain remuneration of his literary labours. In the Preface to his first publication, the juvenile poems before alluded to, he had written—

"I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward:' it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me *the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful* in all that meets and that surrounds me."

Soon after this, however, he had commenced a weekly paper called the "Watchman," and his journeyings to and fro, and the rebuffs he met with in search of subscribers to this periodical, as well as the history of its subsequent fate, are graphically and most amusingly related by himself.

From his memorable tour Coleridge returned mortified, and convinced, indeed, that prudence dictated the abandonment of the scheme; but partly for this very reason he seems to have persevered in it, for he confesses that he was then so completely hag-ridden by the fear of being influenced by selfish motives, that to know any given mode of conduct to be the dictate of *prudence* was a sort of proof presumptive to his feelings that the contrary was the dictate of *duty*. In the very first few numbers of his periodical, he made enemies of all his Jacobin and democratic patrons; for, utterly disgusted by their infidelity and profaneness, and by their adoption of French morals with what he scornfully designates the French *psilosophy*, instead of abusing the government and aristocracy, as had been expected of him, he levelled his powerful pen at "modern patriotism;" defended the sedition, or *gagging*, bills, as they were called; and proclaimed open war upon the demagogues who declaimed *to* the needy and ignorant, instead of pleading *for* them. At the same time he avowed his conviction that national education and a concurring spread of the Gospel were the indispensable conditions of any true political amelioration.

At the ninth number the work was dropped for want of sale; and,

but for the assistance of a dear and faithful friend, Coleridge must have been thrown into gaol at the suit of his Bristol printer, to whom he owed between eighty and ninety pounds. He then, as has been before intimated, retired to a cottage at the foot of Quantock, devoted his studies to the foundations of religion and morals, and provided for his scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London morning paper. Here, also, and about the year 1797, he wrote, at the desire of Sheridan, a tragedy originally named "Osorio," but which was not brought out until the year 1813, and under the title of "Remorse." It was generally felt by Coleridge's friends, though not, as far as the writer is aware, complained of by the poet himself, that Mr. Sheridan had not behaved well about this tragedy. From some cause or other, whether the press of other affairs and difficulties of his own, or ceasing to have the potential voice in theatrical matters he had been wont to exercise, or, as was sometimes thought, from the mere waywardness and caprice of genius, certain it is that he never realised to Coleridge the reasonable hope which he had excited of friendship and patronage in bringing forward his play under the most favourable auspices.

During his residence at Stowey, Coleridge was in the habit of preaching every Sunday at the Unitarian chapel at Taunton, but was greatly respected by even the better class of his neighbours. He enjoyed the intimate friendship of Wordsworth, who lived at Allfoxden, about two miles from Stowey, and was visited by Charles Lamb, the late John Thelwall the lecturer, and other men of cultivated minds and fertile imagination. Here, also, he planned "The Brook," a poem, which, like "Christabel," he never felt himself "i' the vein" to bring to a successful completion. The following year (1798) he was enabled by the liberality of the late Thomas Wedgewood, who settled on him a pension of 100*l.* a-year, to visit Germany. He proceeded thither in company with Wordsworth, studied the language at Ratzeburg, and afterwards went on to Göttingen. He there attended the lectures of Blumenbach on natural history and physiology, studied a fellow-student's notes of Eichhorn's prelections on the New Testament, and took lessons of Professor Tychssen in the Gothic grammar. He read also the Minnesingers (or Swabian troubadours), and the verses of Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg cobbler; devoting the principal part of his time, however, to general literature and to philosophy. Whilst here, also, our author was introduced to Klopstock, and he gives a curious account in the "Biographia Literaria," of his disappointment in the heavy, dull, unexpressive appearance of the author of the "Messiah." But the whole of his residence in Germany is full of interest, and may, perhaps, justify some further notice of it in a future paper.

On his return from that country he went to reside at Keswick. He had now made great and most important additions to his former stock of knowledge, and he seems to have spared no time or pains to store up what was useful, whether as practical or speculative. He had become thoroughly master of most of the early German writers, and familiar with the state of early German literature. He drank deeply of the wells of the Teutonic mystical philosophy, and in this the predilections of his earlier years naturally came upon him in aid of his researches into a labyrinth which no human ingenuity ever did, or probably ever will, explore successfully. But here, also, the most important of all possible

changes that can take place in the heart of man occurred to him. He tells us, indeed, that, even before this, in England, while meditating, his heart had long been with the blessed Paul, and the beloved disciple, (John,) though his head was with Spinoza. He now became convinced, both head and heart, of the doctrine of St. Paul, and a firm believer in the Divine Trinity in Unity, or, to use his own expression, found a re-conversion.

Not very long after his return from Germany, Coleridge was solicited to undertake the literary and political department of the "Morning Post" newspaper, and consented, on condition that the paper should thenceforward be conducted on fixed and announced principles, and that he should not be obliged, nor requested, to deviate from those principles in favour of any party or any event. In consequence, that journal became, and for many years continued, as he tells us, "anti-ministerial indeed, yet with a very qualified approbation of the opposition, and with greater earnestness and zeal both anti-Jacobin and anti-Gallican." In the whole of our conflict with revolutionized France, subsequent to the first war, Mr. Coleridge considered that *we fought from heaven*—that the stars in their courses fought against Sisera; and he looked upon Edmund Burke as the greatest, most far-sighted, and most *scientific* statesman who ever lived, because, he said, that he alone referred always and everywhere to fixed principles, and regarded all things—all actions—all events—in relation to the *laws* that determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He used, curiously enough, to instance, in proof of this, the speeches and writings of Burke at the commencement of the American war, and compare them with his speeches and writings at the commencement of the French Revolution. The *principles*, he affirmed, were the same, and the deductions the same; though the practical inferences drawn in the one case and the other were almost directly opposite.

When Mr. Fox made, by a somewhat violent hyperbole of debate, the memorable assertion, that "the late war was a war produced by the 'Morning Post,'" Mr. Coleridge declared that if he could but flatter himself that the statement was true, he would *be proud to have the words inscribed upon his tomb.*

It is well known that Coleridge, while in Italy, was warned, both by Baron von Humboldt, and indirectly by Cardinal Fesch himself, that Buonaparte entertained a personal resentment against him for his newspaper essays during the peace of Amiens. Yet this was the man who, in 1796, had written that extraordinary "war-eclogue," entitled "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," consigning, in a strange mixture of fun and fury, the "heaven-born minister," Pitt, to the flames of everlasting perdition, as the instigator of the first revolutionary war with France. To this poem, when republished long afterwards, an apologetic preface was prefixed, full of the vigour, clearness, and introspective energy which so eminently characterise the genius of the man. It appears that at a dinner party of some of the most distinguished men of the time, Coleridge being present, the poem, which had appeared anonymously in a newspaper, was arraigned, as betraying, on the part of the writer, the most atrocious sentiments and the deepest malignity of heart. Coleridge took up the cudgels in its defence, not as his own, but on the merits of the case. He admitted that if it could for a moment be supposed that

the writer seriously wished what, in his verses, he had wildly imagined, any attempt even to palliate inhumanity so monstrous would be an insult to every reasonable being; but that, in fact, the very fury of the ebullition marked it as only a sportive effusion of the fancy. He observed that really deep feelings of anger or revenge are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically mild and tame. The mind, under so direful and fiendlike an influence, seems to take a morbid pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its wishes and feelings with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted. A rooted hatred—an inveterate thirst of revenge—is a sort of madness, and exercises, as it were, a perpetual tautology of mind, in thoughts and words which admit of no adequate substitutes. Like a fish in a globe of glass, it moves restlessly round and round the scanty circumference which it cannot leave without losing its vital element.

After pouring out a rapid succession of thoughts such as these, illustrated, as he expressed it of another, "by his fervent and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language," he electrified the company by faltering out to the amiable host, "I must now confess, Sir, that *I* am the author of that poem. It was written some years ago. I do not attempt to justify my past self, young as I then was; but as little as I would now write a similar poem, so far was I, even then, from imagining that the lines could be taken as more or less than a sport of fancy. At all events, if I know my own heart, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's person been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and defend his life at the risk of my own."

From the commencement of the Addington administration, whatever Coleridge wrote in the "Morning Post," or (after that paper was transferred to other proprietors) in the "Courier," was in defence or furtherance of the measures of Government.

About two years after leaving the "Morning Post," Coleridge set off for Malta, where he arrived, rather unexpectedly, on a visit to his friend Dr. Stoddart, then King's Advocate in the island; by him he was introduced to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, who appointed him his secretary. He did not remain long, however, in Malta, and in his way home visited Italy. Of his residence at Rome he has given many entertaining as well as very interesting anecdotes. On one occasion, when visiting St. Peter's with a Prussian gentleman whom he had known in Germany, they were engaged in a deep discussion on the merits of Michael Angelo's famous statue of Moses, and rearing theories and quoting history and classic lore in elucidation of the horns and the beard as emblems of power and majesty. The entrance of two French officers of rank gave occasion to the remark that a Frenchman was "the only animal in human shape that by no possibility can lift up itself to religion or poetry." The Pruss-Goth offered to stake a principality that the first thing "these fellows" would notice in that sublime statue they were then admiring, would be the horns and the beard; and that the associations the Frenchmen would connect with them would be those of a he-goat and a cuckold. Never was a prediction more lucky in its fulfilment. Before the smile that it occasioned had passed from the features of Coleridge and his companion, the two officers had begun to criticise the figure, and had actually given utterance to the precise

joke, and in the very terms, he anticipated from them. Coleridge always entertained a rooted dislike to France and Frenchmen, arising solely from his belief in their being completely destitute of moral or poetical feeling. Some almost ludicrous instances of this aversion occurred in the bursts of eloquent indignation in which he has been known occasionally to indulge, not only in his private discoursings, but sometimes also in public lectures, of which there was a notable example in his course on Poetry at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, in the spring of 1808.

His subsequent prose works were the "Statesman's Manual; or, the Bible the best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight: a Lay Sermon, with Comments and Essays connected with the Study of the Inspired Writings." A second "Lay Sermon" to the higher and middle classes, on the existing distresses, followed in 1817. In the year 1825 was published "Aids to Reflection in the Formation of a Manly Character, on the several grounds of Prudence, Morality, and Religion: illustrated by Select Passages from our elder Divines, especially from Archbishop Leighton."

This was followed, in 1830, by an essay "On the Constitution of the Church and State, with aids toward a right judgment on the late Catholic Bill;" in this work he addresses the Liberalists and Utilitarians of the time in the language of grave but earnest admonition.

And in the latest recorded conversation of Mr. Coleridge, in the year before last, speaking of the state of the different classes in England, he remarked—

"We are in a dreadful state; care, like a foul hag, sits upon us all! one class presses with iron foot upon the wounded heads beneath, and all struggle for a worthless supremacy, and all to rise to it more shackled by their expenses. Sir! things have come to a dreadful pass with us; we need most deeply a reform; but, I fear, not the horrid reform we shall have. Things must alter; the upper classes of England have made the lower persons *things;* the people, in breaking from this unnatural state, will break from their duties also."

From the same authority we shall subjoin the latest testimony we possess respecting the condition and the feelings of Coleridge during the latter part of his residence at Highgate, where he died, on July 25th:—

"He remarked that he had for some time past suffered much bodily anguish; for thirteen months he had walked up and down his chamber seventeen hours each day. I inquired whether his mental powers were affected by such intense suffering? 'Not at all,' he answered; 'my body and head appear to hold no connexion; the pain of my body, blessed be God, never reaches my mind.' Of all the men whom I have ever met, the most wonderful in conversational powers is Coleridge. With all his talent and poetry, he is an humble and devout follower of the blessed Jesus, even as 'Christ crucified.' When I bade him a last farewell, he was in bed, in great bodily suffering; but with no less mental vigour, and feeling an humble resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father. He will not live long, I fear; but his name and his memory will be dearer to ages to come than to the present."

Who would not exclaim, on reading this touching record, "Oh let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his!" His hope was indeed "full of immortality," and his memory is embalmed in the hearts of those whose love he valued far above all popular and

ephemeral reputation. Of his poems, the most secure and lasting monument of his fame, a complete edition was published precisely at the time of his decease. To these we may recur hereafter, and endeavour to do some faint justice to their genius and transcendent beauty. We have purposely abstained from any mention of their merits in this hurried biographical notice, both from the impossibility of entering upon so wide a subject within any reasonable limits, and in the hope of correcting the seemingly very general impression that Coleridge was *nothing more* than a poet, and an idle, if not an indolent one. Besides his newspaper essays—to which he himself attributed, and we think with justice, as much importance, from their practical influence over the minds of men, as to any other part of his political or philosophical writings—his prose works occupy nine goodly volumes, every page of which teems with profound thought and felicitous expression. The intellectual wealth even of his conversations did not perish, but will be found, after many days, in the thoughts and writings of those whom he informed and delighted by the eloquent outpourings of his well-stored and meditative mind, and through whom it may be truly said that even on earth his spirit is not dead, but sleepeth; and his immortal part has awakened from the troubled dream of life: he has outsoared the shadow of our night, and is himself a portion of that spiritual loveliness which once he made more lovely!

"Heartless things
Are done and said i' the world, and many worms
And beasts and men live on, and mighty earth
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,
In vesper low or joyous orison
Lifts still its solemn voice:—but Thou art fled!
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes
Of this phantasmal scene, who have to Thee
Been purest ministers, who are, alas!
Now thou art not. Upon those pallid lips
So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes
That image sleep in death, upon that form
Yet safe from the worm's outrage, let no tear
Be shed—not even in thought.
* * * * * * *
Let not high verse, mourning the memory
Of that which is no more, or painting's woe,
Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery
Their own cold powers. Art and eloquence,
And all the shows o' the world, are frail and vain
To weep a loss that turns their light to shade.
It is a woe 'too deep for tears' when all
Is reft at once, when some surpassing spirit—
Whose light adorn'd the world around it—leaves
Those who remain behind—not sobs nor groans—
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,—
But pale despair and cold tranquillity:
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were!"

J.

A SECOND MISS-DIRECTED LETTER.

London, August 7.

My dear Henriette,—A thousand thanks for your kind letter—and how beautifully written! I am afraid I shall be quite beaten dead, in my study of English, by you; however, perhaps you have had more time to devote to it than I have during this extraordinary winter season of the English summer. All our gaieties are, however, over; and I start to-morrow, like the champions of old, to make war upon the Moors. I have never before been in this country at the proper season for this sport, and am not quite sure I shall very much admire it. The dandies here, who seem fit to faint at the exertion of walking across a boudoir, appear to obtain new strength and vigour in the Highlands, and labour the whole day long in the noble pursuit of grouse and black-cocks.

In reply to your question about British art, and what the people call native talent, I own I am a little prejudiced in favour of France. As I told you in my last, the theatres are below contempt—speaking of the entertainments: not so the buildings. The winter theatres, as they call those which continue open all the summer, are very splendid; but a new one has just been opened for the exclusive performance of English operas, which, to my taste, far exceeds them in beauty of design and decoration. It has a balcony, and an orchestra with seats for spectators, like our own. Its size is admirably adapted for seeing and hearing; and, in short, it does infinite credit to the architect, although he is an English-man.

Their National Gallery is a complete burlesque upon its name. The pictures are huddled up in a small private-house in the Pall-mall, and a few people now and then step in and look at them, most usually to get out of a shower of rain. I heard one lady, with two daughters and a double chin—a regular Mrs. Bull—burst out into an exclamation of delight at a large painting of Paul Veronese, (whom, by the way, I think she called Poll Free-and-Easy,) in which her daughters joined,—"I do think it quite beautiful. Dear me, how it shines!"

The English have neither taste nor judgment of their own. Two or three charlatans in the shape of picture-dealers, and half-a-dozen professors of dictation in the shape of newspaper writers, tell this English public what to admire and what to despise; and when one party has succeeded in persuading the Committee of Taste into buying a picture at an exorbitant price, the other faction proceed to pronounce it perfect. It is then put into a deep case, besides the frame, and placed upon an easel in the middle of the room. Round this, all the visiters—the all being, as I have already said, a very select number—flock, and are generally aided, in the tone and character of their remarks, by the observations made by one of the charlatans to whom I have before alluded, and who is generally at his post to support his own judgment, upon which the picture has been added to this "National Gallery," which might be doubled up into any one tolerably-sized room in the Tuileries, or serve as a lodge at one end of the gallery of the Louvre.

In one branch of art the English do excel—I mean in water-colour drawing. I am convinced of their pre-eminence here, not only from my own judgment, but because I know the Court of France thinks so too. Turner, full of genius and eccentricity, plays tricks on his tight rope without fear of falling: Paganini's one string is the only thing I can compare with Turner's pencil. I confess I prefer the four, and should admire the talented Royal Academician, if his views were a little more like nature, and his figures somewhat more resembling humanity. However, it is treason to murmur against his vagaries; and so popular is he in this country, that you see "Try Turner" chalked on every dead wall where there is space to write it.

Prout, for boldness of outline, correctness of transcript, and power of execution, stands highest and first of all painters of ancient towns and cities: I have bought his first sketch-book for you; the views, which are admirably done, will recall to your mind the agreeable tour we made in 1820. Copley Fielding is another delightful artist; I scarcely think it possible to put him second to any one. A grotesque yet faithful copyist of nature in low life is Hunt; some of his works are perfect. A pair of drawings of a boy before and after he has eaten a pie, which were exhibited last year, are incomparable: they were bought by Mr. Bernal, a friend of mine, who is Chairman of the Committee "de Chemins et Moyens"—I do not know how else to translate it—"Ways and Means." Stanfield, who is a most extraordinary genius, wastes his great talent in painting scenes for the melo-drames which the wits of England buy at a man's in the Burlington Arcade,—the condemned of the Variétés, the Vaudeville, or the Gymnase,—which, as English authors, they translate as they fancy. But he is rising to fame of the highest character. His drawings are beautiful—his paintings admirable.

You will find that our Tomie Duncombe is Member of the Commons House for Finsbury. He is capital fun to me. He is very favoured by the ladies, but I believe does not care more for politics than our excellent friend De Lacy Evans, who is married to a charming and rich widow; both of them are glad to be before the town as Deputies, or, as they are here called, Members; they both make great noises about liberty and all that, but in what I have observed (being, as I told you, honorary member of a club to which some of these people belong), I do not believe that they care much about it, and that is what I wrote to *our friend*.

You will see by the newspapers what has happened in public about Lord Grey. There has been what they call here foul play going on for a long time, and our yellow friend I believe to be at the bottom of it. Mr. Ellice, who is a friend and uncle-in-law to D., is a very agreeable man. I have had many conversations with him on the subject of what they call "free trade:" I hate to bore you with politics, but it is curious to see that this long-headed man, who represents Coventry, which is a town all made of manufacturers of ribands and such things, to be the advocate of letting into England all our works of industry. He has much consulted me, and of course I am too glad to encourage him to let in our manufactures, because my papa does much in ribands, and your aunt's son-in-law is good in gloves; but to me it is droll how this

Ellice should, in his character of champion of the English riband-makers, go to speak in favour of importing French goods.

I write so in rambling manner, that perhaps you cannot make tail or head of me, but the truth is, that just as I am to go to some place, some one comes in and speaks much to me of affairs, when I, who have some fish to fry in another place, cannot stop to give him audience: and I go about like what they call here a "bizzybe," and cull Honi wherever I can find him, glad not to catch only wax. There is something odd to me in this one circumstance, that I fall off in my facility to talk or write English every day I stop here. I fancy when we studied together I was bound to follow your beautiful example of patience and study; but now I think I can do without anything but some confidence to write and talk, and I find myself sometimes to be laughed at. The other day I was riding in the Park of Richmond with one of the most beautiful of English beauties—don't be alarmed, dear Henriette—and she was going fast for me, for I could not catch her to ride by her side; and I called out to her to stop her horse, for I could not get my horse into a decanter; upon which this bright-eyed rosy-cheek Venus burst into a fit of great laughter. You see I should have said canter, but as in Frenchified names the *De* gives a sort of nobility, I fancied it would be civil to dignify her horse's pace by the distinctive syllable. I never got over that, for these barbarians laugh out at the mistakes of what they call "foreigners."

I remember hearing that the late King, George the Fourth, who was the most perfect gentleman in the world, did upon one occasion—being extremely anxious for that opportunity—receive Mademoiselle Burgoin, an admirable actress, at Carlton House. The party was small, somewhat odd, but very agreeable; and it was an understood compact on the part of the Prince that while a French lady was at table—merely an actress too—nothing but our beautiful language should be spoken; of course no other tongue was heard. When Mademoiselle Burgoin went home to the Adelphi, a street which she was fond to, she was asked what she thought of the Prince Regent? "Oh! he was delightful—most charming." "But what," said a Lord whose name I now forget, "what did you think of his speaking French—was it good?" "What," said the actress, "does he ever speak anything else?"

This is a proof that King George the Fourth must have been a much cleverer man in the tongues than many of those who were his constant associates, for I declare to you, I met the other day with one of his courtiers, who sat next to me, and conversed, very good-naturedly, in a tongue which I did not the least comprehend, until at last I said to him, "Mi Lor, do you ever speak French?" He stared at me like a sticken pig; so I said, "Does your Lordship ever speak English?" which I to him said in proper idiom, in his own tongue. "To be sure I do," said he, "but I thought you liked French best;" by the which I found he had been speaking to me in my own tongue, as he fancied. Nothing is to me so ridiculous as to perceive one trying to make comprehend another one with some tongue of which he shall not be perceived to be intelligent.

I have been to a strange sight here which they call a "musick-miting;" it was in the Abbey Church of Westminster. The King, the Queen,

and some other highly respectable people were there: some thousands put about in seats to hear very strange sounds of great crashes from Handel. You remember a print of him which your uncle had with a long wig: he ate himself blind, and made the choruses, which we heard, and which, I suppose, everybody within three miles heard as well. I liked it for one hour, then I grew hungry, and then I went to sleep. The King went to his luncheon, and I went away. I cannot make myself conceive what Handel's Water-piece is, but it is something, a very old gentleman with a pinching nose and besicles told me, was very beautiful. I could not help to go, for the exhibition was not fine, and the noise was all whisper and whirlwind; the solos were—I try to make a pun—"so low" nobody could hear them, and the choruses was so loud and cracking, that I could not bear them in my ear-drums.

I have given Miss Martineau a letter to you. Although she may perhaps go to America instead of France, I quite know that you will not like her proposals. She is what they call here a Malthusian,—what that is I don't know, unless it is derived from the English malt-house, so that she is a saint in grain. I heard at a place one night Lord Alvanley say that, so I putted him down. She is very ugly lady, and will not have no ladies have any families. They had a good joke in town the other day:—There was an address to Parliament got up in a place called Kingsinton,—because the King's palace at that end of the town stands there,—and this address was about the poors'-rates, or some such thing, which Miss Martineau took great interest in, but she had not sufficient confidence in herself to get up without consulting the Bishop of London. She therefore imparted her difficulty to Dr. Blomfield, who helped her out; and when this precious thing came before the public, it was called Miss Martineau's first child by the Bishop of London. Thus, you see, the jestibility of the thing, as a queez upon the Malt-housian faction, made much mirth amongst the right-minded part of the population.

They have odd notions here, as I told you before the way in which they reconcile themselves to the washings of elephants and the flirtings of monkies on Sundays, when, I verily believe, they themselves would flirt from week to week. Marvellous! . . . . . And now there is the Duke of Buckingham has produced a bill in the House of Commons to prevent all gentlemen from drinking anything but water. It is a curious thing, to be sure, that, in a very free country, a man shall not be able to do what he shall like with his own mouth and his own money. Oh, Henriette! this is the land of liberty; and yet Committees of Parliament meet and decide what a man may, and what he may not do, to a tenfold degree more arbitrarily than even our own dear good Louis Philippe dare do, who has, *entre nous*, done more tyrannical acts since he has been in the chair (*ci-devant* throne) which he has usurped, than any of his discarded relations ever attempted. Oh! how I envy my monarch the cool and intrepid impudence which could denounce the barricade-makers, and drive them to desperation and death three years after he had been made a king by blood and barricades. I love him with all my heart, and shall continue to do so, until he is knocked over. I love him the more as I think he is safe; and Palmerston's valet, I am told, is still favourable to his schemes. It sounds odd, but, Henriette, you know something about statesmen, and will believe it,—I am told that Lord Palmerston—the elderly man with the whiskers who used to be

dancing after that pretty woman with the *nez retroussé* (I forget her name,)—is entirely governed by an old valet,—(these elderly people always console themselves by having servants older than themselves,)—who loves our old poodle, and who completely manages Cupidon.

When I come back from Scotland, if I get away safe from a ravenous lady of high rank, who is extremely formidable, I shall, I think, cross directly from Dover to Calais; but at present so much is offered to one in the north, that it is impossible to say what I can do. *My object you know*, so no jealousy. I completely turn these muddy-headed islanders inside-out: they fancy they are "doing the thing," and making the *aimable* to the foreigner. God bless their noses! they are the game I want, to lay open their own hollownesses and littlenesses. If I dare tell you all the intrigues, and plots, and counterplots that are going on, I should astonish you: however, you can see them when printed, for while I shoot their grouse, drink their ginger-beer champagne, flirt with their daughters, and live upon their sons, I still keep an eye to the great point, and continue to contribute such *traits* of character and facts illustrative of their manners and customs to our friend, that I feel I am doing more good to my country than I am to myself; and, considering how I am *fêted*, that is not saying a little.

Adieu, dear Henriette! Remember me to all around you,—not forgetting the dear bird; I hope he has got over his moulting well. What thousands of recollections that word excites! Light-blue riband. Henriette! adieu! adieu! adieu! You shall hear from me soon from the Moors and the Boors. Adieu!

Pkle Muskau

TOM FANE AND I.

"Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever."—SHELLEY.

TOM FANE's four Canadian ponies were whizzing his light phaeton through the sand at a rate that would have put spirits into anything but a lover absent from his mistress. The "heaven-kissing" pines towered on every side like the thousand and one columns of the Cistern of the Palæologi at Constantinople; their flat and spreading tops shutting out the light of heaven almost as effectually as the world of Mussulmen, mosques, kiosks, bazaars, and Giaours sustained on those innumerable capitals, darkens the subterranean wonder of Stamboul. An American pine forest is as like a temple, and a sublime one, as any dream that ever entered into the architectural brain of the slumbering Martin. The Yankee methodists, in their camp-meetings, have but followed an irresistible instinct to worship God in the religious dimness of these interminable aisles of the wilderness.

Tom Fane and I had stoned the storks together in the palace of Crœsus at Sardis. We had read Anastasius on a mufti's tomb in the *Nekro-*

polis of Scutari. We had burned with fig fevers in the same caravanserai at Smyrna. We had cooled our hot foreheads and cursed the Greeks in emulous Romaic in the dim tomb of Agamemnon at Argos. We had been grave at Paris, and merry at Rome; and we had pic-nic'd with the beauties of the Fanar in the valley of Sweet Waters in pleasant Roumelia; and when, after parting in France, he had returned to England and his regiment, and I to New England and law, whom should I meet in a summer's trip to the St. Lawrence but Captain Tom Fane of the ————th, quartered at the cliff-perched and doughty garrison of Quebec, and ready for any "lark" that would vary the monotony of duty!

Having eaten seven mess dinners, driven to the Falls of Montmorenci, and paid my respects to Lord Dalhousie, the hospitable and able Governor of the Canadas, Quebec had no longer a temptation, and obeying a magnet, of which more anon, I announced to Fane that my traps were packed, and my heart sent on *a l'avant courier*, to Saratoga.

"Is she pretty?" said Tom.

"As the starry-eyed Circassian we gazed at through the grill in the slave-market at Constantinople!" (Heaven and my mistress forgive me for the comparison!—but it conveyed more to Tom Fane than a folio of more respectful similitudes.)

"Have you any objection to be drawn to your lady-love by four cattle that would buy the soul of Osbaldiston?"

"'Objection!' quotha?"

The next morning four double-jointed and well-groomed ponies were munching their corn in the bow of a steamer, upon the St. Lawrence, wondering possibly what, in the name of Bucephalus, had set the hills and churches flying at such a rate down the river. The hills and churches came to a stand-still with the steamer opposite Montreal, and the ponies were landed and put to their mettle for some twenty miles, where they were destined to be astonished by a similar flying phenomenon in the mountains girding the lengthening waters of Lake Champlain. Landed at Ticonderoga, a few miles' trot brought them to Lake George and a third steamer, and, with a winding passage among green islands and overhanging precipices loaded like a harvest waggon with vegetation, we made our last landing on the edge of the pine-forest, where our story opens.

"Well, I must object," says Tom, setting his whip in the socket and edging round upon his driving-box,—"I must object to this republican gravity of yours. I should take it for melancholy, did I not know it was the 'complexion' of your never-smiling countrymen."

"Spare me, Tom! 'I see a hand you cannot see.' Talk to your ponies, and let me be miserable if you love me."

"For what, in the name of common sense? Are you not within five hours of your mistress? Is not this cursed sand your natal soil? Do not

'The pine-boughs sing
Old songs with new gladness?'

and in the years that we have dangled about, 'here-and-there-ians' together, were you ever before grave, sad, or sulky? and will you without a precedent, and you a lawyer, inflict your stupidity upon me for the first time in this waste and being-less solitude? Half an hour more of the dread silence of this forest, and it will not need the horn of Astolpho to set me irremediably mad!"

"If employment will save your wits, you may invent a scheme for marrying the son of a poor gentleman to the ward of a rich trader in rice and molasses."

"The programme of our approaching campaign, I presume?"

"Simply."

"Is the lady willing?"

"I would fain believe so."

"Is Mr. Popkins unwilling?"

"As the most romantic lover could desire."

"And the state of the campaign?"

"Why thus. Mr. George Washington Jefferson Frump, whom you have irreverently called Mr. Popkins, is sole guardian to the daughter of a dead West India Planter, of whom he was once the agent. I fell in love with Kate Lorimer from description, when she was at school with my sister, saw her by favour of a garden wall, and after the usual vows—

"Too romantic for a Yankee, by half!"

"—Proposed by letter to Mr. Frump."

"Oh, bathos!"

"He refused me."

"Because———"

"*Imprimis*, I was not myself in the 'Sugar line,' and *in secundis*, my father wore gloves and 'did nothing for a living,'—two blots in the eyes of Mr. Frump, which all the waters of Niagara would never wash from my escutcheon."

"And what the devil hindered you from running off with her?"

"Fifty shares in the Manhattan Insurance Company, a gold mine in Florida, heaven knows how many hogsheads of treacle, and a million of acres on the banks of the Missouri."

"'Pluto's flame-coloured daughter' defend us! what a living El Dorado!"

"All of which she forfeits if she marries without old Frump's consent."

"I see—I see! And this Iö and her Argus are now drinking the waters at Saratoga?"

"Even so."

"I'll bet you my four-in-hand to a sonnet, that I get her for you before the season is over."

"Money and all?"

"Mines, molasses, and Missouri acres!"

"And if you do, Tom, I'll give you a team of Virginian bloods that would astonish Ascot, and throw you into the bargain a forgiveness for riding over me with your camel on the banks of the Hermus."

"Santa Maria! do you remember that spongy foot stepping over your frontispiece? I had already cast my eyes up to Mont Sypilus to choose a clean niche for you out of the rock-hewn tombs of the kings of Lydia. I thought you would sleep with Alyattis, Fred!"

We dashed on through dark forest and open clearing, through glens of tangled cedar and wild vine, over log bridges, corduroy marshes and sand-hills, till, towards evening, a scattering shanty or two, and an occasional sound of a woodman's axe, betokened our vicinity to Saratoga. A turn around a clump of tall pines brought us immediately into the broad street of the village, and the flaunting shops, the overgrown,

unsightly hotels, riddled with windows like honeycombs, the fashionable idlers out for their evening lounge to the waters, the indolent smokers on the colonnades, and the dusty and loaded coaches driving from door to door in search of lodgings, formed the usual evening picture of the Bath of America.

As it was necessary to Tom's plan that my arrival at Saratoga should not be known, he pulled up at a small tavern at the entrance of the street, and dropping me and my baggage, drove on to Congress Hall, with my best prayers, and a letter of introduction to my sister, whom I had left on her way to the Springs with a party at my departure for Montreal. Unwilling to remain in such a tantalizing vicinity, I hired a chaise the next morning, and despatching a note to Tom, drove to seek a retreat at Barhydt's—a spot that cannot well be described in the tail of a paragraph.

Herr Barhydt is an old Dutch settler, who, till the mineral springs of Saratoga were discovered some five miles from his door, was buried in the depth of a forest solitude, unknown to all but the prowling Indian. The sky is supported above him (or looks to be) by a wilderness of straight, columnar pine-shafts, gigantic in girth, and with no foliage except at the top, where they branch out like round tables spread for a banquet in the clouds. A small ear-shaped lake, sunk as deep into the earth as the firs shoot above it, black as Erebus in the dim shadow of its hilly shore and the obstructed light of the trees that nearly meet over it, and clear and unbroken as a mirror, save the pearl-spots of the thousand lotuses holding up their cups to the blue eye of heaven that peers through the leafy vault, sleeps beneath his window; and, around him in the forest lies, still unbroken, the elastic and brown carpet of the faded pine tassels, deposited in yearly layers since the continent rose from the flood, and rotted a foot beneath the surface to a rich mould that would fatten the Symplegades to a flower-garden. With his black tarn well stocked with trout, his bit of a farm in the clearing near by, and an old Dutch bible, Herr Barhydt lived a life of Dutch musing, talked Dutch to his geese and chickens, sung Dutch psalms to the echoes of the mighty forest, and, except on his far-between visits to Albany, which grew rarer and rarer as the old Dutch inhabitants dropped faster away, saw never a white human face from one maple-blossoming to another.

A roving mineralogist tasted the waters of Saratoga, and, like the work of a lath-and-plaster Aladdin, up sprung a thriving village around the fountain's lip, and hotels, tin tumblers and apothecaries multiplied in the usual proportion to each other, but out of all precedent with every thing else for rapidity. Libraries, newspapers, churches, livery-stables, and lawyers, followed in their train, and it was soon established, from the Plains of Abraham to the Savannahs of Alabama, that no person of fashionable tastes or broken constitution could exist through the months of July and August without a visit to the chalybeate springs and populous village of Saratoga. It contained seven thousand inhabitants before Herr Barhydt, living in his wooded seclusion only five miles off, became aware of its existence. A pair of lovers, philandering about the forest on horseback, popped in upon him one June morning, and thenceforth there was no rest for the soul of the Dutchman. Every body rode down to eat his trout and make love in the dark shades of his mirrored lagoon, and at last, in self-defence, he added a room or two

to his shanty, enclosed his cabbage-garden, and put a price upon his trout-dinners. The traveller now-a-days who has not dined at Barhydt's with his own champagne cold from the tarn, and the white-headed old settler "gargling" Dutch about the house, in his manifold vocation of cook, ostler, and waiter, may as well not have seen Niagara.

Installed in the back-chamber of the old man's last addition to his house, with Barry Cornwall and Elia (old fellow-travellers of mine), a rude chair, a ruder, but clean bed, and a troop of thoughts so perpetually from home, that it mattered very little what was the complexion of anything about me, I waited Tom's operations with a lover's usual patience. Barhydt's visiters seldom arrived before two or three o'clock, and the long, soft mornings, quiet as a shadowy Elysium on the rim of that ebon lake, were as solitary as a melancholy man could desire. Didst thou but know, oh! gentle Barry Cornwall, how gratefully thou hast been read and mused upon in those dim and whispering aisles of the forest, three thousand and more miles from thy smoky whereabout, methinks it would warm up the flush of pleasure around thine eyelids, though the "golden-tressed Adelaide" were waiting her good-night kisses at thy knee!

I could stand it no longer. On the second evening of my seclusion, I made bold to borrow old Barhydt's superannuated roadster, and getting up the steam with infinite difficulty in his rickety engine, higgled away with a pace to which I could not venture to affix a name, to the gay scenes of Saratoga.

It was ten o'clock when I dismounted at the stable in Congress Hall, and, giving *der Teufel*, as the old man ambitiously styled his steed, to the hands of the ostler, stole round through the garden to the eastern colonnade.

I feel called upon to describe "Congress Hall." Some fourteen or fifteen millions of white gentlemen and ladies consider that wooden and windowed Babylon as the proper Palace of Delight—a sojourn to be sighed for, and sacrificed for, and economised for—the birth-place of Love, the haunt of Hymen, the arena of fashion—a place without which a new lease of life were valueless—for which, if the conjuring cap of King Erricus itself could not furnish a season ticket, it might lie on a lady's toilet as unnoticed as a bride's night-cap a twelvemonth after marriage. I say to myself, sometimes, as I pass the window of White's, and see a world-sick nobleman with the curl of satiety and disgust on his lip, wondering how the next hour will come to its death, "If you but knew, my Lord, what a campaign of pleasure you are losing in America—what belles than the blue-bell slighter and fairer—what hearts than the dew-drops fresher and clearer, are living their pretty hour, like gems undived for in the ocean—what loads of foliage—what Titans of trees—what glorious wildernesses of rocks and waters, are lavishing their splendours on the clouds that sail over them, and all within the magic circle of which Congress Hall is the centre, and which a circling dove would measure to get an appetite for his breakfast—if you but knew this, my Lord, as I know it, you would not be gazing so vacantly on the steps of Crockford's, nor consider 'the greybeard' such a laggard in his hours!"

Congress Hall is a wooden building, of which the size and capacity could never be definitely ascertained. It is built on a slight elevation, just above the strongly impregnated spring whose name it bears, with

little attempt at architecture, save a spacious and vine-covered colonnade, serving as a promenade on either side, and two wings, the extremities of which are lost in the distance. A relic or two of the still-astonished forest towers above the chimneys, in the shape of a melancholy group of firs; and five minutes' walk from the door, the dim old wilderness stands looking down on the village in its primeval grandeur, like the spirits of the wronged Indians, whose tracks are scarce vanished from the sand. In the strength of the summer solstice, from five hundred to a thousand people dine together at Congress Hall, and, after absorbing as many bottles of the best wines of the world, a sunset promenade plays the valve to the sentiment thus generated, and, with a cup of tea, the crowd separates to dress for the nightly ball. There are several other hotels in the village, equally crowded and equally spacious, and the ball is given alternately at each. Congress Hall is the "crack" place, however, and I expect that Mr. Westcott, the obliging proprietor, will give me the preference of rooms, on my next annual visit, for this just and honourable mention.

The dinner-tables were piled into an orchestra, and draped with green baize and green wreaths, the floor of the immense hall was chalked with American flags and the initials of all the heroes of the Revolution, and the band were playing a waltz in a style that made the candles quiver, and the pines tremble audibly in their tassels. The ball-room was on the ground floor, and the colonnade upon the garden side was crowded with spectators, a row of grinning black fellows edging the cluster of heads at every window, and keeping time with their hands and feet in the irresistible sympathy of their music-loving natures. Drawing my hat over my eyes, I stood at the least-thronged window, and concealing my face in the curtain, waited impatiently for the appearance of the dancers.

The bevy in the drawing-room was sufficiently strong at last, and the lady patronesses, handed in by a state Governor or two, and here and there a Member of Congress, achieved the entrée with their usual intrepidity. Followed beaux, and followed belles. *Such* belles! Slight, delicate, fragile-looking creatures, elegant as Retzch's angels, warm-eyed as Mahomedan houris, yet timid as the antelope whose hazel orbs they eclipse, limbed like nothing earthly except an American woman—I would rather not go on! When I speak of the beauty of my country-women my heart swells. I do believe the new world has a newer mould for its mothers and daughters. I *think* I am not prejudiced. I have been years away. I have sighed in France; I have loved in Italy; I have bargained for Circassians in an Eastern bezestein, and I have lounged at Howell and James's on a sunny day in the season; and my eye is trained and my perceptions quickened—but I *do* think (honour bright! and Heath's Book of Beauty forgiving me) that there is no such beautiful work of God under the arch of the sky as an American girl in her belle-hood.

Enter Tom Fane in a Stultz coat and Sparding tights, looking as a man who had been the mirror of Bond-street might be supposed to look, a thousand leagues from his club-house. *She* leaned on his arm. I had never seen her half so lovely. Fresh and calm from the seclusion of her chamber, her transparent cheek was just tinged with the first mounting blood from the excitement of lights and music. Her lips were slightly parted, her fine-lined eyebrows were arched with a

girlish surprise, and her ungloved arm lay carelessly and confidingly within his, as white, round, and slender as if Canova had wrought it in Parian for his Psyche. If you have never seen a beauty of northern blood nurtured in a southern clime, the cold fairness of her race warmed up as if it had been steeped in some golden sunset, and her deep blue eye darkened and filled with a fire as unnaturally resplendent as the fusion of crysoprase into a diamond—and if you have never known the corresponding contrast in the character, the intelligence and constancy of the north kindling with the enthusiasm and impulse, the passionateness and the *abandon* of a more burning latitude, you have seen nothing, let me insinuate, though you "have been i' the Indies twice," that could give you an idea of Kate Lorimer.

She waltzed, and then Tom danced with my sister, and then, resigning her to another partner, he offered his arm again to Miss Lorimer, and left the ball-room with several other couples for a turn in the fresh air of the colonnade. I was not jealous, but I felt unpleasantly at his returning to her so immediately. He was the handsomest man, out of all comparison, in the room, and he had dimmed my star too often in our rambles in Europe and Asia, not to suggest a thought, at least, that the same pleasant eclipse might occur in our American astronomy. I stepped off the colonnade, and took a turn in the garden.

Those "children of eternity," as Walter Savage Landor poetically calls "the breezes," performed their soothing ministry upon my temples, and I replaced Tom in my confidence with an heroic effort, and turned back. A swing hung between two gigantic pines, just under the balustrade, and flinging myself into the cushioned seat, I abandoned myself to the musings natural to a person "in my situation." The sentimentalizing promenaders lounged backwards and forwards above me, and not hearing Tom's drawl among them, I presumed he had returned to the ball-room. A lady and gentleman, walking in silence, stopped presently, and leaned upon the railing opposite the swing. They stood a moment, looking into the dim shadow of the pine-grove, and then a voice, that I knew better than my own, remarked in a low and silvery tone upon the beauty of the night.

She was not answered, and after a moment's pause, as if resuming a conversation that had been interrupted, she turned very earnestly to her companion, and asked, "Are you sure, quite *sure*, that you could venture to marry without a fortune?"

"Quite, dear Miss Lorimer!"

I started from the swing, but before the words of execration that rushed choking from my heart could struggle to my lips, they had mingled with the crowd and vanished.

I strode down the garden-walk in a frenzy of passion. Should I call him immediately to account? Should I rush into the ball-room and accuse him of his treachery to her face? Should I drown myself in old Barhydt's tarn, or join an Indian tribe and make war upon the whites?—or should I—*could* I—be magnanimous—and write him a note immediately, offering to be his groomsman at the wedding?

I stepped into the punch-room, asked for pen, ink, and paper, and indited the following note:—

"Dear Tom,—If your approaching nuptials are to be sufficiently public to admit of a groomsman, you will make me the happiest of friends by selecting me for that office. Yours ever truly,—Fred."

Having despatched it to his room, I flew to the stable, roused *der Teufel*, who had gathered up his legs in the straw for the night, flogged him furiously out of the village, and giving him the rein as he entered the forest, enjoyed the scenery in the humour of mad old Hieronymo in the Spanish tragedy :—" the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve ! "

Early the next day Tom's " tiger " dismounted at Barhydt's door with an answer to my note as follows :—

" Dear Fred,—The devil must have informed you of a secret I supposed safe from all the world. Be assured I should have chosen no one but yourself to support me on the occasion, and however you have discovered my design upon your treasure, a thousand thanks for your generous consent. I expected no less from your noble nature. Yours devotedly,—Tom.

" P.S.—I shall endeavour to be at Barhydt's, with materials for the fifth act of our comedy, to-morrow morning."

" Comedy ! " call you this, Mr. Fane ! I felt my heart turn black as I threw down the letter. After a thousand plans of revenge formed and abandoned, borrowing old Barhydt's rifles, loading them deliberately, and discharging them again into the air, I flung myself exhausted on the bed, and reasoned myself back to my magnanimity. I *would* be his groomsman !

It was a morning like the burst of a millennium on the world. I felt as if I should never forgive the birds for their mocking enjoyment of it. The wild heron swung up from the reeds, the lotuses shook out their dew into the lake as the breeze stirred them, and the senseless old Dutchman sat fishing in his canoe, singing one of his unintelligible psalms to a quick measure that half maddened me. I threw myself upon the yielding floor of pine-tassels on the edge of the lake, and with the wretched school philosophy, " *Si gravis est, brevis est*," endeavoured to put down the tempest of my feelings.

A carriage rattled over the little bridge, mounted the ascent rapidly, and brought up at Barhydt's door.

" Fred ! " shouted Tom, " Fred ! "

I gulped down a choking sensation in my throat, and rushed up the bank to him. A stranger was dismounting from his horse.

" Quick ! " said Tom, shaking my hand hurriedly, " there is no time to lose. Out with your inkhorn, Mr. Poppletree, and have your papers signed while I tie up my ponies."

" What is this, Sir ?" said I, starting back as the stranger deliberately presented me with a paper, in which my own name was written in conspicuous letters.

The magistrate gazed at me with a look of astonishment. " A contract of marriage, I think, between Mr. Frederick ——— and Miss Katherine Lorimer, spinster. Are you the gentleman named in that instrument, Sir ? "

At this moment my sister, leading the blushing girl by the hand, came and threw her arms about my neck, and drawing her within my reach, ran off and left us together.

There are some pure moments in this life that description would only profane.

We were married by the village magistrate in that magnificent sanctuary of the forest, old Barhydt and his lotuses the only indifferent witnesses of vows as passionate as ever trembled upon human lips.

I had scarce pressed her to my heart and dashed the tears from my eyes, when Fane, who had looked more at my sister than at the bride during the ceremony, left her suddenly, and thrusting a roll of parchment into my pocket, ran off to bring up his ponies. I was on the way to Saratoga, a married man, and my bride on the seat beside me, before I had recovered from my astonishment.

"Pray," said Tom, "if it be not an impertinent question, and you can find breath in your ecstacies, how did you find out that your sister had done me the honour to accept the offer of my hand."

The resounding woods rung with his unmerciful laughter at the explanation.

"And pray," said I, in my turn, "if it is not an impertinent question, and you can find a spare breath in *your* ecstacies, by what magic did you persuade old Frump to trust his ward and her title-deeds to your treacherous keeping?"

"It is a long story, my dear Fred, and I will give you the particulars when you pay me the 'Virginia bloods' you wot of. Suffice it for the present, that Mr. Frump believes Mr. Tom Fane (alias Jacob Phipps, Esq., sleeping partner of a banking-house at Liverpool) to be the accepted suitor of his fair ward. In his extreme delight at seeing her in so fair a way to marry into a bank, he generously made her a present of her own fortune, signed over his right to control it by a document in your possession, and will undergo as agreeable a surprise in about five minutes as the greatest lover of excitement could desire."

The ponies dashed on. The sandy ascent by the Pavilion Spring was surmounted, and in another minute we were at the door of Congress Hall. The last stragglers from the breakfast-table were lounging down the colonnade, and old Frump sat reading his newspaper under the portico.

"Aha! Mr. Phipps," said he, as Tom drove up, "back so soon, eh? Why, I thought you and Kitty would be billing it till dinner-time!"

"Sir!" said Tom, very gravely, "you have the honour of addressing Captain Thomas Fane, of his Majesty's —th Fusileers, and whenever you have a moment's leisure I shall be happy to submit to your perusal a certificate of the marriage of Miss Katherine Lorimer to the gentleman I have the pleasure to present to you. Mr. Frump, Mr. ———!"

At the mention of my name, the blood in Mr. Frump's ruddy countenance turned suddenly to the colour of the Tiber. Poetry alone can express the feeling pictured in his countenance:—

> "If every atom of a dead man's flesh
> Should creep each one with a particular life,
> Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so.
> Or had it drizzled needle-points of frost,
> Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald."

George Washington Jefferson Frump, Esq., left Congress Hall the same evening, and has since ungraciously refused an invitation to Captain Fane's wedding—possibly from his having neglected to invite him on a similar occasion at Saratoga. This last, however, I am free to say, is a gratuitous supposition of my own.

SLINGSBY.

TWO SONNETS.

BY MRS. MARDYN, FORMERLY OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

To the Morning Star.

Meek Hermit of the Sphere! whose watch-fire bright
Is kindled late and lofty in the skies,
When sink such weary stars as wait on night,
In lonely loveliness I mark thee rise.

So fair, like rains of silver, falls thy sheen—
So sighing-soft the airs which steal around,
I muse enamoured of the peaceful scene,
Nor ask a gaudier light, a bolder sound.
Nay, when meridian suns their glory shed,
Planet of milder beam! for *thee* I mourn!

So the wild maid in sylvan cabin bred,
If thence to courtly crowds and splendour borne,
Amidst the blaze will oft invoke, with tears,
The calm simplicity of earlier years.

The Wanderer.

Written at Genoa, in November, 1822.

The roving merchant, whom a froward fate
Long years divorces from his native land,
May cheerly trace Magellan's ice-girt strait,
Or patient traverse Barca's burning sand;—

For Hope, whene'er his vent'rous spirit faints,
Sheds her rich colours o'er the present bourne,
And in the far perspective gaily paints
A *home of loves* to greet his fond return.

But ah! for *her* whose home lies fallen low—
Whose social ties with life are rent in twain—
Nor kin—nor friend—a hermit in her woe—
What charm may *that* faint wanderer's heart sustain?
E'en Hope no more the rainbow dares illume,
But veils her brow and muses o'er a *tomb!*

LOS PUELCHES; OR, THE PAMPA INDIANS.

"THERE is something," says Washington Irving, "in the character and habits of the North American Indian, taken in connexion with the scenery over which he is accustomed to range, its vast lakes, boundless forests, majestic rivers, and trackless plains, that is to my mind wonderfully striking and sublime." I know not if the observation of the elegant writer I have just quoted does not still more forcibly apply to the aboriginal inhabitants of the southern portion of the American continent, many of whose tribes have to this day maintained that proud independence, the main pillar of savage virtue, and whose lofty spirits have never yet been humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, or corrupted by the withering breath of civilization. And yet, notwithstanding that the man of savage life presents to the philosopher so interesting a field for study and research, it is really singular how few and barren are the facts we are in possession of concerning him. The early conquerors of America, and even the missionaries, have never given us a true and faithful description of these people; and, with the view of magnifying their own exploits, have grossly exaggerated the number of Indian nations, and disfigured their character by ridiculous stories of barbarism and cannibalism, which, even to this day, are accredited by the ignorant vulgar. At the period of the conquest, the territory at present constituting a part of the Argentine republic, that of the Cisplatina republic, or the Banda Oriental, and the southern portion of the dominions of the Dictator Francia, were inhabited by the following nations:—The Charnas, Yaros, Bohanes, Chanos, Minurnes, and the Pampas. Although the most perfect physical resemblance existed between all these tribes, they were strongly contradistinguished both in manners and language. The Pampas—the subject of the present paper, and who have cost the Spaniards more blood than all the armies of the Peruvian Incas, or those of the Mexican Montezuma—led a wandering life between the thirty-sixth and thirty-ninth degrees of latitude; they were first known by the name of Querandis or Puelches, because every division of the nation has its own distinctive appellation, and which in consequence led to the erroneous supposition that they were so many distinct tribes. This nation opposed the invaders with such obstinate pertinacity, that, after experiencing a considerable loss, they obliged them to abandon their newly-founded city of Buenos Ayres. But, struck with the importance of the position, the Spaniards came a second time, and being strong in cavalry, at that period an arm as terrible to the Indians as they have since made it to their Spanish oppressors, the Pampas were unable to resist, and retired to the territory they have since inhabited, where they exist by hunting the yatoo, the hare, and the ostrich, which on these boundless plains are found in great abundance*. But in a very short time after the arrival of the Spaniards,

* Before the revolution, it was computed that there existed in the province of Buenos Ayres twelve million oxen, and three to four million horses, without comprising the innumerable herds of wild cattle without proprietors. At that period, and even at the present day, an ox was frequently killed for its tongue and hide, and the carcass left for the vultures of the plains.

the wild horses had multiplied to such an astonishing degree, that the Pampas began to catch them; and their flesh, being found palatable, has since constituted their ordinary food. The Spaniards, on the other hand, deriving an immense commerce from the hides and tallow of these wild animals, soon thinned the numerous herds that extended on the west to the Cordillera, and on the south to the very confines of Patagonia. Thus the Pampas, deprived of their ordinary means of subsistence, began to make incursions into the Spanish territory—*inde bellum;* hence the origin of those bloody wars that have ever since almost continually raged between the Pampas and the descendants of Spaniards; in the course of which whole provinces have been laid waste by their devastating fury, the communication between Buenos and Chile frequently interrupted, and the safety of that city itself more than once endangered. And yet the number of these warriors, who have so long set at defiance the Spanish power, never exceeded a thousand. Living constantly in the open air, naked, and subsisting on horse-flesh, prizing beyond everything else their savage independence, these children of Nature present a singular and interesting contrast to the condition of their fellow men in civilized society, whose numerous trammels and complicated misery so justify the observation of Lucan, that—

"Paucis humanum vivit genus."

In person the Pampa is about six feet high, strongly limbed, with a broad flat countenance, wearing an habitual expression of melancholy and sternness. Neither the men nor the women ever cut or comb their hair; the former bring it up to a point, and tie it with a thong round their head; the latter part it on the forehead *à la Vierge*, making with the ends two thick tails, which fall back over the neck and the arms. When in the Pampas both sexes go nearly naked; but those who, during the moments of truce that sometimes prevail, come down to Buenos Ayres, adopt the poncho, which they ornament in a rude fashion with bones and feathers. Every chief inhabits a separate district, which they change as soon as forage becomes scarce, for they are unacquainted with even the simplest elements of agriculture. Laws they have none; and their religion is of so complicated a nature, as to render it doubtful if they possess any exact notions of a Supreme Being; but that they believe in a future state is evident by their funeral rites, and their ideas of the pleasures of Paradise; these they make consist in hunting the gama and the ostrich during the day, and in carousing through the night. Thus, on the death of an Indian, his bolas and his favourite steeds are slaughtered and buried with him, and also a large portion of the strong fermented liquor distilled from the cactus, of which they are so passionately fond. Polygamy, so common among the other Indian nations, is rarely found among the Pampas, so that the social condition of their women is infinitely superior to that of those of the other tribes.

But it is in their system of warfare that these hardy children of Nature will excite our liveliest admiration, by a display of daring intrepidity, a lofty contempt of death, unsurpassed by any people who have ever existed*. Strange as it may appear, with the use of the bow they

* Azara relates the following anecdote of the courage of these Indians:—Five of them, who had been made prisoners, were put on board a line-of-battle ship, and

are perfectly unacquainted. At the period of the conquest they made use of the javelin, which they either hurled, or used hand to hand in close combat; but on becoming a nation of horsemen, they have converted this weapon into a formidable lance, eighteen to twenty feet in length, which they use with singular dexterity. The peculiar arm of the Pampas is the bolas* and the lasso; with the former he can, when at full gallop, strike an object at 150 paces distance; or again, when the object is nearer, they strike it without letting go the thong to which the ball is attached. It was with this singular arm that they captured and put to death Don Diego de Mendoza (the brother of the founder of Buenos Ayres) and the whole of his staff; and, by attaching bundles of burning straw to these missiles, they once succeeded in setting fire to several houses at Buenos Ayres, and even burnt some ships in the harbour.

When they have determined on a warlike expedition, they immediately hide their women, and then set forward with the speed of the Pampero wind of their native plains, driving before them herds of wild horses, which enable them to execute marches which, for rapidity and length, will appear incredible in Europe. On approaching the enemy's territory, they detach some scouts on their front and flanks to reconnoitre. These men then advance with the greatest precaution, crouching down beneath their horses' bellies, and stopping every now and then to allow them to graze, the better to deceive the enemy; for this reason the Indian horses are never bitted. Sometimes they will advance crawling on their hands and knees, and, having completed their reconnoissance of the hut, the object of attack, they gallop back to the main body, taking care, if discovered, to take an opposite direction. When all is ready for the attack, they dash forward with the fury of demons, striking their mouths with their bridle hands, and, setting up a wild scream that strikes terror into the stoutest heart, set fire to the hut, and murder all without discrimination, reserving only the young and beautiful females, whom they carry off in triumph to their inhospitable deserts.

Yet, in spite of all, there must be either some charm unknown to us children of civilization in the wandering life of the desert, or, on the other hand, there must be more soil in the heart of the Pampa Indian for the growth of the all-generous sympathies and affections of our nature than is usually ascribed to him; for there exist numerous instances of women thus carried off by the Indians, who have refused, after some years' experience, to return to the civilized habits of their infancy. There is also another feature in the mode of life of these Indians which appears to have escaped the attention of the philosopher, and this is the revolution produced in their manners by the introduction of the horse among them. Although at present ignorant of the simplest rudiments of agriculture, the peculiar nature of the country they inhabit would, without the use of this useful quadruped, have rendered an existence by

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sent to sea. On clearing the mouth of the Plate, the captain allowed them to come on deck, when one of them, approaching a corporal of marines, and, observing him off his guard, seized his arms and immediately killed two pilots and fourteen sailors. The four others attempted also to seize some arms, but, failing in the attempt, they threw themselves into the sea, and perished.

* Both these arms have been so often described, that it is unnecessary to recur to them here. The lasso, however, is not of American origin like the bolas. Mention of it will be found in Herodotus, in his catalogue of the invading army of Greece under Xerxes.

the chase so very precarious, as to convince us of the impossibility of its being their only means of subsistence. Again, the paucity of the lactiferous animals, and the consequent absence of pastoral nations in the New World, offers a powerful argument against the theory which would people America from Eastern Asia, for it is hardly to be supposed that any of the pastoral hordes of Tartary would emigrate across the Strait of Behring, without carrying with them a supply of those cattle on which their whole subsistence depended. That America was admirably suited for the propagation of them is proved by the extraordinary herds of wild cattle and horses which have overrun the plains from the few originally carried over by the Spaniards. Be this as it may, certain it is that the introduction of the horse has completely revolutionized the mode of life of the Pampa Indian. So identified is he become with this animal, that almost every occupation of his life is performed on horseback, to such an extent, that on foot he is literally the most useless animal in existence.

For the defence of their frontiers against the incursions of these savages, the Buenos Ayrean Government had established a chain of posts along the Indian frontier, but they proved ineffectual in checking the depredations of the Indian, which were more frequent in ratio as the immense herds of cattle became thinned, a circumstance which the late revolutionary war had greatly increased. About eighteen months ago, they accordingly despatched an army under the command of Manoel Rozas, for the purpose of ridding themselves of the scourge that had so long been the terror of their frontier line. The result was crowned by the most signal success; the once formidable Puelches have been nearly exterminated, and their scattered remnants driven into the inaccessible fastnesses of the Andes.

Once, on my return from an excursion to a large Estancia, situated in the very heart of the Pampas, our party, while pushing on at a rapid pace, to gain the next station before night-fall, observed, as the sun was casting its lengthening shadows across the plain, a single horseman spurring towards us at a furious rate, from a hut which we had left about half a league on our right. From the signs which the man kept making, and his furious exertions to come up with us, we deemed that he might have something important to communicate; we accordingly drew bridle until he had joined us. "*Viva Dios*," exclaimed the Gaucho, courteously doffing his *montero*—"*Viva Dios, cavalleros*; fortunate for you is it that you passed within sight of my hut, or, by our Lady del Carmen, not one of you would see to-morrow's sun; for know ye that the Indians are scouring the neighbourhood; they have already burnt several huts, murdered their inmates, and driven off the cattle. Return, therefore, to my hut, if you wish to see again the mothers who bore you; and there you will find a party of *dragones a cavallo*, (dragons on horseback,) on their march to one of the frontier posts, whose Commander has deemed it prudent to halt till the *barbaros* have retired into the desert." The latter part of this unexpected communication convinced us that it would be madness to proceed; we therefore galloped towards the hut.

The hut proved more spacious than the generality of the Gauchos' habitations, and was surrounded by a ditch. Before its principal entrance a party of troopers and Gauchos were lounging about, smoking their cigars; and the corral, about a hundred paces off, was literally

crowded with cattle. On alighting, the two officers commanding the cavalry detachment came out, and, corroborating the intelligence of our guide, politely invited us to enter the hut. On entering the principal apartment of this rude habitation, the scene that presented itself was singularly wild and picturesque. The red glare of a charcoal fire threw out in fearful relievo the groups of savage-looking figures that occupied it. In one corner was a party of troopers busily engaged in cleaning and examining the locks of their carbines; in another, a group of women and children, the latter of whom were playing with two large and fierce dogs of the blood-hound breed; and in the centre, a party of Gauchos, stretched upon the ground, were playing at *monté*; while around the walls were arranged the different implements of war and the chase. In this hut I passed nearly a week, and, anxious as I was to reach the city, I did not regret a delay that afforded me so fine an opportunity of studying the manners of the Gauchos—to an European, a race, from their wild, predatory existence, almost as interesting as the Indians themselves.

Although personally brave, and among the finest horsemen in the universe, the Gauchos frankly own their inferiority to their Indian foes, and quail before their whirlwind charge on the open plain. Yet under cover of their huts, and by the aid of a few fire-arms, a mere handful of these men have, over and over again, repulsed a host of Indians. On the present occasion, these fiery spirits sought, by the attraction of play, to dispel the *ennui* of their confinement (for, while the Indians were in the neighbourhood, none dared stir beyond the precincts of the hut); and the gama, the lion, and the ostrich ranged their boundless plains, unpursued by the flying bolas or the fatal lasso. Seated on the skeletons of horses' heads, these singular beings would literally pass the whole day at their favourite game of *monté*: each man had his naked knife beside him, as an *ultima ratio*, in case of dispute; and it was both curious and interesting to remark how accurately you could read the alternate turns of good and ill luck, by the varying hues of their dark, handsome countenances. On the approach of night, the whole party withdrew within the hut—the evenings were passed in listening to stories of the War of Independence—two of the troopers having served in every action from Maipo down to the decisive victory of Ayacucho, which sealed the independence of Spanish America. On the conclusion of the recital of some brilliant exploit, the whole party would sing, *con amore*, a stanza of the patriot hymn—

"Con libertad protestamos vivir,
O con gloria juramos morir!"

Sometimes a Gaucho would, to a guitar accompaniment, sing one of the wild and beautiful ditties of the Pampas;—the melodies of which airs are simple and plaintive, and, when accompanied by the national dance, the clashing of their huge, ponderous spurs, and the fiery, animated looks of the dancers, impart to the whole scene a singularly wild and picturesque effect. But the chief attraction of these reunions was the tales of Indian warfare, which were listened to with intense and profound attention. Many that I heard were so singular in their details, so heart-rending in their catastrophes, that if only slightly embellished by the aid of fiction, the popular tales of the Pampas would be read in this country with profound interest; as it was, the effect produced upon the assembled party by these tales of blood was electric—the women and children

would draw closely together as if the Indian yell was already pealing in their ear; while the men,—their dark countenances glowing like copper exposed to the action of a furnace,—would draw their long knife across their gnashed teeth, and utter fearful exclamations of revenge.

On one occasion I ventured to hint that there might be some exaggeration in these stories of Indian cruelty.

"Come here, Manuella," said our host, turning towards the group of females that occupied one corner of the apartment—"Come here, and tell this foreign cavallero thine own bloody tale—how the fierce Puelches murdered all thy kindred, and how, by the *misericordia di Dios*, thou escaped'st the dreadful fate that awaited thee."

The person thus addressed was a female,—tall beyond the usual standard of the South American women,—her age might have been forty; and her countenance, though bronzed by the winds and burning sun of her native plains, was marked by a Grecian regularity of outline; her eyes were dark and lustrous, and a profusion of raven hair fell back wildly on her neck and shoulders, reminding me strongly of one of the dark creations of Velasquez or his pupil Murillo's pencil.

Manuella arose, and came and seated herself beside me.

"And is it then true," said I, addressing myself to her, "that you have been an eye-witness of one of those bloody scenes such as this night I have heard related?"

"*Si, Cavallero*; and with the permission of those present will I relate my tale."

"*Prosique con Dios, Manuella*," exclaimed several of the party; "it is a story we never tire of hearing."

Thus encouraged, Manuella spoke as follows:—

"Come next St. John's eve, it will be just four and twenty years since the occurrence of the horrible catastrophe which robbed me of all that endeared existence. I was at that time residing with my family in a hut, on the western extremity of the clover ground, not far from the post-road to Mendoza. Confiding in the long truce which had existed with the Indians, my husband and father had neglected those precautions of defence usually adopted on the Pampas. In this state of fatal security we were one night awakened by the well-known Indian war-cry —*Dios mio! Dios mio!* Cavallero, those yells, to which the cries of the damned must be joyous seguidillas—those cries which tolled the knell of my whole family, will for ever ring in my ears, were I to live for centuries. Before we could recover from our surprise, the enemy had forced the door of the hut, and commenced the work of extermination."

"And did they give no quarter?" said I, interrupting her.

"Quarter, indeed, Cavallero—*Si mataron a todos, hasta a los chequitos*—they murdered all, even the very infants. Yes, Cavallero, with these eyes," and as she spoke she drew down her cheeks with both hands till her eye-balls appeared starting from her head—"with these eyes I saw my aged mother dragged at a horse-tail round her burning dwelling —I saw my father and husband, after a brave defence, expire under the most excruciating torments. But this was not all—the worst still remains to be told—by the light of the moon, which grew pale at the scene of blood, I saw the murdered body of my first born, *mi querida Manuelita* (my darling Manuella) borne high in the air, on the point of an Indian lance, amid the frightful yells of the fiends, till, tired with

the sport, they tossed it as fuel into the flames! *Santa Madre di Dios!*" exclaimed this poor creature, in a tone of heart-rending anguish, and burying her face in her hands—"what had thy poor servant done to draw down upon her head such signal vengeance?"

"And yet, Manuella," said I, after a short pause, "you alone escaped, to tell this dreadful tale?"

"*Si, Señor, sola*—alone I escaped. Look upon this face on which time and grief have made such fearful ravages—*por mis peccados*—it was then as young and beautiful as it is now old and ugly. *Si, Cavallero*, that fatal gift of beauty of which I was then so proud and vain, that heaven in its wrath designed it an instrument of punishment—that fatal gift reserved me for a fate, to a *buena Christiana*, worse than a million deaths—to be the bride of one of those murderous dogs—to drag on the remainder of my wretched existence amid a race of *descomulgados Indios*, who have *ni fe, ni ley, ni rey!*"

"Dreadful, indeed, Manuella, would have been thy fate!" I rejoined; "but by what miracle did you escape?"

"*Senor, Dios es grande*," she replied, crossing herself. "Although the maidens of the Pampas, probably from the scenes of bloodshed to which they are inured almost from their cradles, possess not the keen and tender sensibilities of the *damas* of the city, still they can feel—aye, and acutely, too. When I saw the body of my murdered innocent tossed into the flames that were consuming its father's feet, a sickening feeling came over me that rendered me insensible to all around. I have some indistinct recollection of being placed on a horse, and of sweeping away across the Pampa, as if borne on the wings of a Pampero wind—but beyond this I know nothing. When I came to my senses, I found myself in a Gaucho hut, whose inmates found me lying on the plain, abandoned by the Indians, who doubtless thought I had expired. Thus, Señor, by the mercy of Our Lady did I escape."

"And yet, Manuella," said I, breaking the pause which followed the conclusion of the narrative, "you still continue to live on the Pampas; bereaved as you now are of kindred, why not seek the quiet and protection of the city?"

Manuella smiled bitterly. "What, Cavallero! exchange the pure breezes of the Pampas, for the close, sickly atmosphere of that human charnel-house, the city? Forego the cravings of revenge for the dull stagnant quietude of its walls? How little you know of our Gaucho feelings! Behold this knife," she continued with terrible energy, drawing from her boot one of those long sharp weapons, while her whole frame quivered with emotion—"behold this cuchillo! thrice has its thirsty point drunk deeply of Indian blood, and, *con la gracia di Dios*, it shall drink a long draught ere Manuella sleeps with her fathers!"

I shuddered as she spoke, and soon after found that she had indeed outlived every feeling but that of revenge.

I arose early on the following morning, and walked forth, eager to exchange the close, confined atmosphere of the hut for the pure breezes of the Pampas. The sun was just rising through the thick mists that still hung over the Pampas like a pall; the solemn stillness that prevailed—the boundless expanse of plain—the numerous bones and skeletons that surrounded the hut and corral, gave to the whole scene an air of savage desolation. As I stood gazing upon the solemn scene, I was joined by

the commander of the cavalry detachment, to whom I took the liberty of suggesting the propriety of erecting a *chevaux-de-frise* in the ditch, and likewise a rude stockade at each angle of the hut, which, in case of an attack, would enable us to enfilade the assailants.

"Such precautions I would not neglect," he replied, "had we a skilful enemy in our front; but with the Indians they are unnecessary. With your party we muster forty carbines, a single discharge of which will send them back to their deserts, and open to you the road to the capital, and to me my future quarters."

This officer told me that if they fell in with the Puelches on the open plain, their only chance of safety would be to disperse and act *en tirailleur*. "The deepest formation," he added, "would be broken by their furious charge; on the other hand, so terrified are the Indian horses at the report of fire-arms, that a well-sustained fire will soon disperse them." He related to me many curious anecdotes of this singular race.

The day passed as before, but not so the night. As I stood watching the moon that was slowly sinking in the west, I observed on the extremity of the horizon a dark spot; suddenly it expanded, and swept towards us with the speed of the whirlwind. To me, this appeared but some natural phenomenon of these regions—but not so to Manuella, who stood beside me—she saw in this advancing cloud a body of hostile Indians, and immediately gave the alarm. In an instant the door was barricaded and every man at his post. Manuella, too, had hers, and with a carbine I had lent her, appeared absolutely mad with revenge. Suddenly a cry burst upon our ears, accompanied with a peculiar hollow sound, which was produced by the Indians striking their bridle-hands against their mouths, and which literally made the earth tremble. With the fury of the tempest, they pushed their wild steeds to the edge of the trench. But here, a well-directed fire, which brought down several, checked their furious onslaught. With the rapidity of lightning, they wheeled, re-formed, and returned to the charge; but their second advance was to carry off the bodies of their disabled comrades, which they did by throwing their lassos over their bodies and dragging them after them till out of the range of our fire. Never shall I forget the Indian war-cry, or the horrid scene that followed their repulse. On issuing from the hut, we discovered the bodies of two Indians which had been left behind: both were quite dead; but in an instant every Gaucho's knife was buried in their bodies; while Manuella, with hers reeking in their blood, danced with fiendish joy upon their bodies, uttering wild exclamations of delight too dreadful to relate.

On the following morning I resumed my journey, and reached Buenos Ayres without accident. The success which has attended the late expedition of Manuel Rozas will have put an end to the barbarous warfare that has so long desolated these regions, and rooted up every germ of civilization almost as soon as planted. The spear of the Puelche is broken; in a few years he will exist but as an old tradition or a nurse's tale. Or, if he should still be found, it will be with the mighty condor, in the higher regions of the Cordilleras, where alone he can escape from the persecutions of civilized man.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Close of the Session—The Display in Dublin—Miss Martineau's Departure—Remarkable Deaths—Eton School—Negro Emancipation—The Big Balloon—The Moors and the Fields—Bill to promote Immorality—Cobbett's Consistency—New York in London—Wealth and Mortality—Our Monthly Salute.

Close of the Session.—A great variety of events—some highly important—have occurred during the past month; and however disinclined we may be, upon a general principle, to touch upon politics, it would be highly unfair and unjust to our readers not to refer cursorily at least to the proceedings in Parliament towards the latter end of the session.

The Bill for the Admission of Dissenters was thrown out of the House of Lords by a majority of 102, the numbers being 187 to 85. The coincidence of the relative numbers in this division is very curious: the Peers present, who voted for the Bill, were 38; and the proxies, 47; making *together* exactly the same number as there were Peers *present* who voted against it. The majority against the Bill consisted of 85 present and 102 proxies, so that the actual majority against it was precisely the same in amount as the proxies against it. The enemies of proxies would perhaps adduce this as a reason—inconclusive enough, we must admit—for the reformation of the proxy system; but in reply to such an argument, we have to observe that the majority of 85 to 38 peers present, is equally decisive in proportion.

The Lords passed the *Poor Laws Amendment Bill* after several clauses had been added by the Duke of Wellington, which entirely altered the spirit of the measure, as well as many of its most important details. Under the operation of this Act, Mr. Frankland Lewis, Member for Radnorshire (who vacates in consequence), has been appointed Senior Commissioner for the management of the poor, together with Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Mr. Nicholls. Mr. Frankland Lewis gets 2000*l*. per annum, with the patronage of appointing nine Deputy Commissioners at 500*l*. per annum and their travelling expenses. If the Bill should not work well, (and it is generally considered impracticable,) all these gentlemen will be entitled to retiring allowances.

The Lords threw out the Irish Tithe Bill, and at the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor, rejected the Warwick Election Bill, which had passed the Commons by a large majority. His Lordship, in so doing, took occasion to eulogize Lord Warwick; to declare his opinion that the evidence before the House did not bear out the allegations contained in the Bill; and moreover, that there was nothing illegal, dishonourable, or unusual in the interference of Peers in elections: nevertheless, the House of Commons subsequently, on the motion of Lord John Russell, decided that no writ should issue to Warwick till next Session.

The King prorogued Parliament on the 15th, with a speech in which there was about the usual number of words, but which was remarkable for nothing but having produced one of the cleverest parodies in the "Times" newspaper we ever read. It is so good that we are tempted to submit it to our readers, some of whom may not have seen it:—

MODEL OF A KING'S SPEECH.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—It is with a deep sense of the exertion and labour which you have bestowed in the prosecution of your pleasures that

I at length close this protracted session, and release you from attendance. I am fully sensible of the application you have given to the business at Crockford's, and of the ardent support you have afforded to the whist table at the Traveller's, as well as to the more important parties at Graham's. I rely with entire confidence on your judgment and zeal in maintaining the cookery of our excellent kitchens according to the established principles of Ude.

I continue to receive most favourable accounts of the white-bait dinners at Greenwich and Blackwall, and it is with great satisfaction that I have observed the two great parties in my Parliament encouraging those entertainments so peculiarly national, and showing agreement in a matter of taste so important to the fisheries.

I continue to receive from all my neighbours assurances that they are my most obedient humble servants at command, and it is with sincere pleasure that I find myself held by many in high consideration.

As the autumn advances, there is reason to apprehend that the days will shorten and the leaves will fall, but I am not without confident hopes that the return of spring will bless us with length of days and restore vegetation.

The Thames continues to run through London, and the Monument stands on Fish-street-hill. The prospects of the Regent's-park are improved, and my people will be partially admitted to the privilege of taking the air without swallowing the dust of the road; but to guard the sudden privilege of walking on the grass from licentiousness will be the anxious object of my Government.

The insanity of the dogs during the summer solstice has long been a subject to me of the profoundest grief and concern, but I trust that the Committee which has devoted itself to the prevention of drunkenness will discover a method of removing the prejudice or delusion of my faithful dogs, and reconcile them to water.

I have seen with a just indignation the racing of omnibuses, by which hundreds of my faithful subjects are pulverized, so that not even their names are left behind them. Persons living and well one instant are run down, ground to a powder, and flying in dust the next moment. These horrors are not unknown nor undeplored by me, and your attention will naturally be directed, early in the next session, to the adoption of some plan by which all my subjects will be enabled to ride in their own carriages.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I thank you for your supplies. More money and less need of it is the anxious wish of my heart; and be assured that whatever you grant is well laid out, and that the profusest expenditure of which circumstances will permit is the wisest economy. The same course of frugality which has been proposed in my speeches and those of my predecessors for the last fifty years will be steadily pursued; but while it is pursued, it is not in the nature of things that it should be possessed, and my people must consequently be satisfied with the pleasures of the chase.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—It gives me great satisfaction to believe, that in returning to your several counties you will find all at home well, and I rely with confidence on your setting a pretty example.

The Display in Dublin.—A most extraordinary display of Protestant feeling has been made during the month in Dublin on the visit of Lord Winchilsea to that city. A meeting was held, which was attended by five thousand persons, in the Mansion-house. The Earl of Roden took the chair, and a great number of the Irish nobility were present. The speeches which were made were both bold and eloquent, and the enthusiastic applause with which the strongest avowals of attachment to the

Established Church were received must prove to the Government that the national feeling has only slumbered until a fitting opportunity should present itself for starting again into life.

A dinner was given the next day to Lord Winchilsea, when the same expression of sentiment took place, and when the enthusiasm, if possible, was greater. On the third day, the Conservative Society of Ireland held a meeting, at which Lord Winchilsea was elected a member, and subscribed 500*l.* towards the objects of that body. The Corporation of Dublin subsequently voted an address to his Lordship, and the week terminated, in which a bolder declaration has been made, and a more formidable array against the agitators exhibited, than either they or the Government, which they govern, anticipated.

Mr. O'Connell has returned to Ireland, and began, the moment he landed, his old system,—avowing himself as firm a repealer as ever; and stating his determination, with the blessing of God and *the assistance of the people*, to procure, at all events, abolition of tithes, and a "grab" at the fat corporations.

It is understood that Lord Wellesley has been recalled. The newspapers say that Mr. Littleton is to make way for Sir John Hobhouse,—the which, for divers and sundry reasons, we seriously doubt. One thing appears certain,—that Lord Wellesley and Mr. Littleton cannot continue officially together. Lord Duncannon is gone to Ireland; which—he being, as Secretary for the Home Department, the Lord Lieutenant's immediate superior—has caused a gentle fluttering amongst the *quidnuncs*. For our own parts, we know little, and care less, about such matters; but this we do know, that Mr. O'Connell has openly declared that he will clear the Castle of its present inhabitants—Wellesley, Gossett, and all. It appears to *us*, that, as far as the "Green Island" goes, whatever Mr. O'Connell says he can do, he can.

Miss Martineau's Departure.—We have to congratulate husband-wanting young ladies and husband-loving young wives upon the departure of the philosophical Miss Martineau for the dis-United States of America,—and dis-united they most certainly are, as the official reports of riots, and burnings, and shootings, and imprisonings show. We confess we are extremely glad that this *scare-man* has retired to try her chilling and unsocial influence upon some other people; and we hope sincerely that the grim Glumdalca will fall in with Mathews, who has also sailed for the same fine, free country. If Mathews will get hold of her style and manner, and imitate her down, he will do a vast service to society. If he mimics her successfully—and who shall doubt it?—she will soon adopt a similar course, and *take herself off*. We hate quacks; and of all quacks, unsocial quacks the most. We quite agree with the Irishman, who, as the newspapers tell us, exclaimed, when he saw her embark—

"Joy go wid you, and a bottle of moss;
If you never come back, 'twill be no great loss."

Remarkable Deaths.—Again we have—as must be the melancholy duty of a registrar of events until his own time come—the sad task of recording the deaths of some most amiable, estimable, great, and good persons, who have been called away to their account during the past month.

The Right Hon. Henry Earl Bathurst expired on the 27th of July, after long suffering, consequent upon a serious operation which had been performed upon him. His Lordship was born May 22, 1762, and married, in April 1, 1789, Lady Georgiana Lennox, aunt to the present Duke of Richmond (raised to the rank of a duke's daughter, 1807); and by her had issue Henry George Lord Apsley, now Earl Bathurst, and several other children. His Lordship succeeded to his titles and honours on the demise of his father in 1794, having been sworn of the Privy Council in 1793. In 1804 he was appointed Master of the Mint, and in 1807 President of the Board of Trade. In 1809 his Lordship was for a short time Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and in Lord Liverpool's ministry he accepted the seals of the Colonial Department, which he held nearly sixteen years. In 1828 he was appointed President of the Council, which high office he filled till the resignation of the Wellington ministry in 1830. His Lordship was a Knight of the Garter, Teller of the Exchequer, joint Clerk of the Crown, one of the elder brethren of the Trinity House, D.C.L., F.S.A. As a contemporary says, "We believe we may safely affirm that no man of his Lordship's high station, having held as he did various important offices, ever quitted this world more generally and justly esteemed."

Admiral Sir Richard King, naval Commander-in-Chief at Sheerness, is also dead; the gallant officer fell a victim to cholera after a very few hours illness.

We have, also, with deep regret, to announce to our readers the death of the beautiful and accomplished wife of the Right Honourable Charles Arbuthnot, which melancholy event occurred on the 2nd at Woodford Hall, near Kettering. This amiable and highly-gifted lady left town not a fortnight before her death in perfect health; she was subsequently attacked by bilious fever, from which she appeared to be recovering. The disorder, however, suddenly took an unfavourable turn, and in two days terminated fatally. Mrs. Arbuthnot was the twelfth child of the Honourable Henry Fane, second son of the eighth Earl of Westmoreland, and was born on the 16th of September, 1793. Her loss will be long and deeply felt by her family and relations, and by a numerous circle of attached and affectionate friends.

Coleridge, the poet, is no more: he died on the 25th of July at the house of his faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, of Highgate. In the "Quarterly Review," just published, his poems are elaborately reviewed, and a note is appended announcing his death. It describes that his sufferings were great until within thirty-six hours of his end; but they had no power to affect the deep tranquillity of his mind, or the wonted sweetness of his address. His prayer from the beginning was, that God would not withdraw his spirit, and that by the way he should bear the last struggle, he might be able to evince the sincerity of his faith in Christ. If ever man did so, Coleridge did.

To the note upon his death in the "Quarterly," is appended an "humble and affectionate epitaph," which he wrote for himself a month or two ago. It is sad to observe the blindness of friends, and to reflect upon the want of caution which enthusiastic admirers exhibit with regard to the works of those whom they esteem and almost worship. As equally great admirers of Mr. Coleridge with his best friends, we cannot but lament that the two following couplets should have been

given to the public as a proof of the pathetic, or affectionate—speaking *poetically*, they certainly are humble enough.

> "Stop, Christian passer-by!—stop, child of God,
> And read with gentle breast. (?) Beneath this sod
> A poet lies, or that which once seemed he.
> O, lift a prayer in thought for S. T. C.!
> That he," &c. &c.

Eton School.—Dr. Keate has retired from the head-mastership of Eton, which, for upwards of a quarter of a century, he has filled with so much credit to himself and advantage to the admirable school which has now lost him. There never was a master who turned out more excellent scholars than Dr. Keate; and while his abilities and attention contributed to raise the reputation of the establishment of which he was the worthy head, his private and social qualities endeared him to his surrounding neighbours and friends. To those, in his retirement, his society will still be availing. His late gracious Majesty, who justly appreciated merit, and generously promoted it, bestowed upon him one of the canonries of Windsor; so that the worthy Doctor will, for a certain portion of the year, enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* close to the scene of his long protracted, and highly advantageous labours. Dr. Keate is succeeded in the mastership by the Rev. Mr. Hawtrey.

Negro Emancipation.—Considerable anxiety is manifested with regard to the effects producible upon the blacks in the West Indies, by the arrival of the day of emancipation; which great, worthy, but most hazardous measure came into effect on the first of August. There were vast rejoicings in England upon the occasion, on the part of the anti-slavery body, and many remarkable ceremonies were performed to commemorate the event, all of which we confess we think premature. Nobody can deny that the abolition of slavery in the abstract sounds glorious and just; but it is necessary to ascertain what the effects will be producible upon minds in which slavery and work are associated with freedom and idleness.

We trust that no serious insurrections, no violent ebullitions of triumphant joy, have been permitted to place the white inhabitants of our occidental colonies in a position such as that in which the people of emancipated St. Domingo were placed: indeed, we are not disposed to believe that any such tragical occurrences have taken place; but this we believe, that they are eventually very likely to happen. It is notorious, not only from the numerous communications from the West Indies at the present time, but from thousands of instances, and volumes of evidence adduced at other periods, that, as we have already suggested, the notion of the negro who is made to work because he is a slave, is that, when he is free, he is not to work at all. The only difference he sees between his master and himself—barring their colour, of which he gives the preference to his own—a fact perfectly established by the blacks uniformly painting the devil white,—except in these particulars the difference between the master and the slave is, that one works and the other does not; and the slave believes that the moment he is, by emancipation, placed on an equality with his master, he is to enjoy all his

master's privileges—amongst all of which, none he covets or desires so much as the privilege of doing nothing.

That this is not matter of theory, or argument, or fancy, has been already proved. Lord Rolle, who became many years since an hereditary slave-proprietor, stated, a few nights before the end of the session, in the House of Lords, that his emancipated slaves had refused to work—they received their freedom with gratitude, because freedom meant idleness; but they declared they would not work, and called upon those who had given them freedom to give them food, clothes, and lodging. With this demand Lord Rolle had complied, and in consequence had that morning received a bill drawn upon him for 1000*l*.—which his lordship (whose benevolence of heart is notorious) said he should certainly pay; but he asked, would that be the case in all instances? The answer is clear; even if the proprietors all had the same feelings, they have—scarcely one of them now—the means of acting upon them in a similar way. "If," said Lord Rolle, "I did not pay this bill, the negroes must starve—work they will not."

That Government expect great difficulties is most clear from the circumstance of their increasing, to a vast extent, colonial magistracies and a colonial police. Our fears, therefore, are thus excited—for the first few days after the announcement of their freedom everything will be gaiety and garlands, jumpings and jonkanoos; and the negroes will dance and sing, and the negresses, aping the manners of the *grade*, or rather the shade, above them, put on their best muslins, (of which, as slaves, they have plenty,) and consummate the happiness so envied of their betters, and "talk conversation and comb dog" as merrily as the best of them. It is when the eyes of these ill-used people are to be opened that the mischief will arise—it is when they find slavery to have been a bugbear, and freedom a name, that disappointment and revenge will arise, in all their worst shapes. All the writers on the subject—all the practical men—have declared that, call the black slave or free, you will get no work out of him, unless he undergoes all the discipline of the slave.

It has been clearly shown that if the slaves had been fairly told the condition of their emancipation, and that they were to work for themselves, they would have declined their freedom. M. Malouet, speaking of free blacks, says, "Le repos, l'oisiveté sont devenus dans leur état social leur unique passion:" he gives the same description of the free negroes in the French colonies. "Although" (we are now quoting Lord Brougham's work on Colonial Policy) "many of them possess land and slaves, the spectacle was *never yet exhibited* of a free negro supporting his family by the culture of his little property. All other authors agree in giving the same description of free negroes in the British, French, and Dutch colonies, by whatever denomination they may be distinguished, whether maroons, charaibes, free blacks, or fugitive slaves. The Abbé Raynal himself," concludes Lord Brougham, "with all his ridiculous fondness for savages, cannot, in the present instance, so far twist the facts according to his fancies and feelings, as to give a favourable portrait of this degraded race."

With this—and ten thousand times more—evidence before us, is it not natural to feel fearful and doubtful as to the results of the sudden emancipation of the slaves? The only question to be asked is, are they better prepared for emancipation now, than they were five-and-twenty

years since? We should answer, certainly not; and therefore it is we look forward with dread and apprehension to the moment when the planters and masters, who have neither the intention nor the means to accept periodical bills of a thousand pounds to keep their idle apprentices, find it necessary to exert the authority vested in the new magistracy and the increased police, in order to coerce the negroes. That moment, we think, will be the crisis; and if we had been movers, originators, and successful authors of the measure, we should have postponed our rejoicings till that crisis had come and gone. The fact is, that it is not enough for negroes to be free,—they must be free and easy; and we suspect, now so much has been done for them, they will make themselves so in a very short time.

Since our last commentary, Mr. Cutlar Fergusson has been made a Privy Councillor; the Right Hon. Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay, has been knighted, and made a Grand Cross of the Guelphic Order; and Admiral Fleeming, so well known and much esteemed on the West India station, has been appointed to the chief naval command at Sheerness. The gallant Admiral is a Member of Parliament; and it is curious enough to remark, which we do with every possible respect for all the parties, that Admiral Fleeming, a Member of Parliament, has been appointed to Sheerness; Sir Edward Codrington, a Member of Parliament, has been appointed to the command of the Channel fleet; and Sir Thomas Troubridge, a Member of Parliament, to a frigate,—since Sir Harry Burrard Neale was refused the naval command at Portsmouth because he was a Member of Parliament. As nobody will imagine that, in these pure times, politics have anything to do with promotion, we think we may venture to observe that the three first officers are ultra-Whigs, and that the last is a Conservative.—Mr. Milne, for many years the zealous and efficient Secretary of the Board of Land Revenue, and Woods and Forests, is appointed a Commissioner of that Board. Mr. Le Marchant, the Lord Chancellor's secretary, is appointed Clerk of the Crown, in the room of the late Lord Bathurst; and Lord Mulgrave has received the Privy Seal (vacant by the refusal of Earl Grey), with a seat in the Cabinet.

The Big Balloon.—There has been a serious explosion in Paris. A balloon, shaped like a woolpack, and nearly half a mile long, was prepared, to bring over and set down in Hyde Park, here in London, some twenty or five-and-twenty passengers. The car was a wicker omnibus, in which these aërial voyagers were to be placed at their perfect ease: the places were booked, and the monstrous bag was to set off on Sunday week. Thousands of people repaired to the place of starting, and the greatest anxiety was evinced by the populace: the passengers were not without their feelings. Everything seemed in readiness: the philosophical cads were on the steps to hand the living cargo in; when all at once it cocked up one of its ends into the air, and gave a great p-o-o-o-ph, and in an instant split into pieces. The *braves* of Paris were at first tremendously alarmed at the explosion; but the moment they found there was no further danger to be apprehended, they rushed in upon the shattered bag, and valiantly finished the work of destruction which accident had begun, by tearing the silk

into shreds and tatters: the basket escaped; so that the intended passengers have another chance, if they choose to avail themselves of it. For our own parts,—although, as Shakspeare says,

> "The *air*
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses,"—

we should prefer a sound travelling-carriage and fleet horses to this wicker-work vehicle, even although there must intervene that equivocally-secure conveyance, the *stimbot*, as our excellent friends and allies call it. Whenever the Paris bag arrives in Hyde Park, we will take care to give a faithful account of its set-down.

THE MOORS AND THE FIELDS.—The despatches from Scotland announce great victories over the grouse, which have been achieved by various distinguished generals. The birds are plenty, and the sport has been excellent: indeed, taken altogether, the season appears to have been most favourable, not only for amusements, but for important objects. The harvest, which has failed in many parts of the Continent, is here, at least, an average one. The hops, too, the most capricious and delicate of our important vegetable products, look well; and we are told that in the cider countries there is a magnificent show of fruit. We are, indeed, a happy people, if we did but know it.

BILL TO PROMOTE IMMORALITY.—Though we have forsworn politics, yet sometimes political discussion involves such moral questions, that it would be an abandonment of its duty if a public journal was not to notice them. One of these has occurred last month, which, for its importance, as well as its extraordinary character, we must not pass by. There is a clause in the new Poor Bill which relates to illegitimate children, and it threatens to overturn all our established principles of right and wrong. Heretofore, the unhappy object of seduction had been specially cared for by our laws, and, as far as could be done, the seducer was made responsible for his own act. By the laws of nature, the parent is bound to provide for its offspring, whether illegitimate or not, and this was confirmed by the laws of God and man. Both Leviticus and Blackstone inculcate the general principle, and on this all former enactments were founded. The unfortunate female who endured both sorrow and pain, was humanely supposed to have suffered enough, and more than enough, by the consequences of her imprudence. She was already visited with loss of character and station in society—the repulse and scorn of her equals—and, generally speaking, the privation of those means of subsistence which a good name ensures, and the want of it destroys. She, who could not now support herself, could not be able to support the additional burthen of a child. It was therefore wisely enacted that the father should be obliged to do so, and having escaped all other penalties, which it was the poor mother's lot to undergo, he should in this way at least be made to know and to feel that he was not to violate the moral duties of life with perfect impunity.

But our Legislators have now thought it right to repeal all this; and as if the poor female had not suffered already sufficient wrong, they exonerate her seducer from all responsibility; tell him that he may henceforth sacrifice as many victims as he pleases, by removing the last

lingering restraint upon his passions, and throwing the whole burthen of supporting his child on the unfortunate mother, in addition to the shame, pain, and anguish which he has already caused her.

There are some men so wise as to be absolutely fools, and who so abstract their ideas as to render them the most absurd practical contradictions. This was the case of the visionary Girondists of France, and this is the case with the no less visionary Whigs of England. Will it be believed that they call this, which, by removing the restraint, becomes an incentive to vice, "a moral enactment"? Are they so imbecile as to suppose that the susceptible female who, in a moment of weakness, falls a victim to her sensibility, and yields to the arts of her seducer, ever calculates upon such a consequence; and would be one moment deterred by the contingency of the man for whom she sacrifices everything, not supporting a possible offspring? Such a cold and calculating idea never enters the head of an unfortunate female at such a time, and the evil is done before the restraint is thought of. It was said also, among the semblance of argument used in the debate, that it was extremely difficult to ascertain the real father of the child, and therefore it would be unjust sometimes to impose the maintenance on the putative one. It is with concern we state that it was a bishop, and that bishop the Bishop of London, who used this argument; and we presume to suggest that it would be more agreeable to his Lordship's pastoral character to say, even if it were difficult, which it is not, that the cause of morality required that any man who so indulged his passions, and *might have been* the father, deserved and ought to pay the penalty, whether he were really the father or not.

As the law now stands, besides its exceeding hardship, injustice, and cruelty to the weaker, deceived, and less guilty party, it has a direct tendency to increase tenfold all the evils it affects to remedy. It hardens the heart of man, confounds his practical sense of right and wrong, and deadens altogether his moral feeling, by telling him, by an Act of Parliament, that he is now entirely released from the duty he owed to the laws of God and nature—that of supporting the child to whom he has given existence; it sends him a free agent into the world to gratify his unrestrained passion to any extent he may think proper; it throws the burthen of the offspring on that parent that is least able to support it; and it will, therefore, and cannot but end in a frightful increase of infanticide as well as the lesser evils which it professes to check.

COBBETT'S CONSISTENCY.—It is observed by Wm. Penn, in his admirable work "No Cross, no Crown," that when Peter denied our Saviour, he "began to curse and swear, to prove that he was no Christian." This is the method some of our Radicals adopt to prove the same thing. Cobbett, in a late short address to some Radical union, has introduced no less than two oaths in as many lines. It is now some time ago since he endeavoured to canonize the rotten relics of his anti-Christian apostle; and he takes this method to assure the disciples of infidelity, that he still adheres to his principles. Lest it should be supposed that the approach of death might bring him to a different way of thinking, he affects to harden as he grows grey, like some of his friends at the gallows, who pretend to die hard that they may not be thought afraid.

New York in London.—One of the very best painted Panoramas we ever saw has been opened, not long since, at Leicester-square: we mean that of New York. There are some parts of the picture which approach reality of effect so closely as to baffle the minutest scrutiny. The place is exactly what might be expected;—a city possessing no fine public buildings, no ancient monuments of its early foundation and rise, must be exactly what New York evidently is,—a sort of Birmingham or Manchester;—the Broadway, of which the slave-keeping sons of freedom brag so much, has the merit of being very long and, as its name portends, broad. So is the high road from Hounslow to Staines, and so may any road or street be in which there is plenty of space: but look at it,—look at the ranges of buildings from Peabody's Store to the Battery,—there is not a house on either side of it that a London tradesman would live in. Holborn from St. Giles's to Snow Hill is magnificence compared with it. And we must say, the figures and carriages, which no doubt are perfectly characteristic, are quite in keeping with the scenery; dirty omnibuses, shabby hackney-coaches, tumble-down horses, and scampering fire-engines, with one landau, form the group of carriages; while a motley crowd of slaves and swaggerers, Yahoos and Yankees, exhibit the pedestrian part of the population to no greater advantage.

The City Hall is, we believe, built of white marble,—because marble happens to be cheaper than stone in that neighbourhood. As a mere building it is not half so good as Mr. Wilkins's National Gallery will be; and a thing called the Park is a sort of bowling-green in front of it, divided and subdivided by some white posts and rails. The surrounding country which has not yet been spoiled by American taste and genius looks beautiful, the Hudson majestic, and the opposite shores, although built upon, being at a sufficient distance to conceal the deformities of the stores and boarding-houses, of which the splendid metropolis seems chiefly to consist, exhibit a refreshing contrast to the very disagreeable tints and vulgar elevations of the fine streets, of which, together with their freedom, with Jackson at their head, and the niggers at their tails, the PEOPLE of the disunited United States are so comically proud.

A monster is in existence, who has outraged all the feelings of humanity, lately, by stabbing and wounding several females in the Regent's Park. It is impossible to conceive depravity so abominable as this. What object a man can have in deliberately injuring a woman in so horrible a manner, or what sort of passion it is that can be gratified by such acts, it is perfectly impossible to guess. We are glad that the victims of the monster are recovering. The police have in vain endeavoured to trace him. We trust, however, that this disgraceful brutality will not have the effect of preventing our fair townswomen from adorning and glorifying the sylvan scenes which have been opened to the people of Cockaigne; they need have no apprehension of a recurrence of the attacks of the coward, who has no doubt fled, satisfied with the barbarous triumph he has achieved. Such fellows as he must be are sure to cut and run, as the sailors say,—they never cut and come again.

Wealth and Mortality.—The present year has been remarkable for the deaths of numerous men of vast fortune; probably in no country in the world was there ever so much wealth bequeathed by testators in

the same period, as within the last few months in England. The Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Mr. Adair, Mr. Smith, Mr. Mellish, Lord Burlington, Mr. Crawshay, and other names which at this moment do not occur to us, have been registered in this melancholy list. It has been erroneously supposed that the legacy duties would have been something enormous in favour of the revenue; but it appears that the highest stamp is 15,000*l*., which stamp, we believe, the wills of all the individuals we have mentioned have paid; this is, of course, a large sum, but trifling in comparison with what they would have paid had the duty gone on affecting property beyond a certain amount—even as it is, these events have not had an unfavourable effect upon the balance-sheet of the Exchequer.

Our Monthly Salute.—Once again we make our bow to our readers. Everybody is out of town, and only nine hundred and seventy thousand nobodies remain in it. Yet look at the Sunday promenades,—the beautiful gardens in St. James's Park, and the parterres of lovely faces, beaming eyes, and rosy cheeks with which they are so thickly studded;—look at the slopes of Richmond or the shores of Gravesend, and our notions of desertion are all upset. Seven thousand dear amiable people steam themselves every Sunday down to one, and half as many up to the other; and on the days of business, the "whole world" who are in the country are scarcely missed in the streets. Hogshead-laden sugar-carts stop the way as usual; mails and stages rattle over the pavements; omnibuses crowded, looking like stuffed caterpillars, wriggle and swing themselves along; while those patent life-destroyers, the hack-cabs, whisk their devoted passengers from one end of the city to the other in the twinkling of an eye.

It is the world of fashion that has dissolved. Ministers, released from toil, are scattered in their various counties; members, exonerated, have retired to their districts to set "pretty examples;" and all the would-be-s, who are neither Ministers nor Members, affect an absence from town, to indicate that they could not possibly get away before, as the second-rate dandies have taken to wear white neckcloths at night ever since black stocks were interdicted at the Royal parties; as if *that* made the difference.

The Queen has returned from her tour to Germany, we hear in improved health. The reception her Majesty everywhere met with on the Continent could not have failed of being most gratifying: we hope, nevertheless, it will be long before her Majesty has an opportunity of experiencing a repetition of the honours and compliments paid to her, out of a country whose affection and esteem she so richly deserves, and which she has so unequivocally secured.

The season, however, is over; and the curtain of our Commentary having fallen, we beg leave respectfully to announce that, next month, with the permission of our readers, these entertainments will be repeated.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Discoveries in Asia Minor, including a Description of the Ruins of Ancient Cities. By the Rev. F. V. J. Arundell, British Chaplain at Smyrna.

The ideas we are wont to entertain of a trading company are, that it is a sordid body of men, appointed for the sole purpose of laying guinea to guinea, and that those they employ have no knowledge beyond the price of goods, and care for no book but the ledger. From this general censure we should except, at least, one commercial body, the late Levant Company. Whatever may have been the prevalent inclination of its merchants in common with others of its class, the persons they employed abroad have been men zealous for knowledge and distinguished in literature; and it appears from "An Account of the Company," published at the time of its dissolution, that almost all the information transmitted to Europe for nearly 200 years, of the most interesting parts of the East, was contained in a series of works written by their consuls, physicians, and chaplains, settled at Constantinople, Smyrna, and other residences. Their chaplains were particularly distinguished. Maundrel, Chishul, Pococke, Dallaway, &c. are well known to the public, who properly appreciate the obligation they owe them, and to the patrons of church livings, who liberally rewarded them. Chishul was on his return appointed to the benefice of Walthamstow, Pococke to that of Childrey, and none were left without a competent provision. Nor, indeed, can we conceive any men better entitled to such a remuneration. We do not mean to detract from the meritorious persons who, in the silent and laborious assiduity of their profession at home, have well earned that advancement which is too often unjustly withheld; but we do not hesitate to say, that the clergyman who exerts the same assiduity abroad, who encounters "perils by land and perils by water," the evils of climate and the ravages of pestilence, to perform his sacred functions to a remote flock in the wilderness; and who, in addition to this, avails himself of every source of instruction, and in the toils of his professional duties collects knowledge to add to the information of the learned at home, and confirm the details of Sacred History—that such clergymen are more eminently entitled to any preferment which our church has to bestow. And if they are left at an advanced age, with broken constitutions, to wear out the evening of life without a competent provision, while the youthful, the healthy, the idle, or the ignorant are preferred before them, it reflects the highest discredit on the Establishment, and calls, more than any other abuse, for a reformation.

The work of Mr. Arundell, which we now propose to notice, is one of the results of thirteen years' residence in Asia Minor. He set out from Smyrna accompanied by M. Dethier, the accredited agent of the Belgian Government, two Armenians, and a Greek gentleman, whose name was Papas Oglou, "the son of a priest." This, in the Latin church, would be rather a discreditable origin, but not so in the Greek; but though the priesthood was hereditary in his family, and he was himself one of its members, he chose a name more consonant to his temper than his profession, and called himself Phædrus, or "the Gay," which he supported with the hilarity of a true Greek on all occasions. The company proceeded to Cassaba, famous for its melons, and from thence to Sardis, the celebrated capital of Crœsus, and in later times, the site of one of the Seven Churches, and its present state strongly recals the expression of the Apocalypse, "thou hast a name that thou livest and art *dead*;" a number of tumuli beyond the Hermus pointing out where the dead are deposited. It is remarkable that the Turks, who have a glimmering of past events, record ancient traditions in many of their modern names. They call the Pactolos, "the river of riches," though it does not appear they ever heard of Midas. From hence the tra-

vellers proceeded to Ishekli, which Pococke, their predecessor, mistook for the ancient Apamea, but our author proves by an inscription that it was Eumenia. Their arrival at the actual Apamea was confirmed by a very natural effect—an extraordinary appetite—for which the place had been long famous. One Lityerses, it seems, used to eat here in a day as much bread as three asses would carry, and wash it down with a hogshead of wine. Other circumstances, however, still more decisive, determined the site of the town; one was a fortunate accident. Our traveller was so lucky as to miss his way, and stumbled upon the fragment of a marble column with the inscription, *Qui Apameæ negotiantur hoc curaverant.* This he supposed to be part of the actual column which the city proposed to erect to Appius Pulcher, noticed in one of Cicero's Epistles. The circumstance which gives this lost town more than ordinary interest was, that it had been the residence of Cicero. But the most highly interesting place which they visited was the Pisidian Antioch. The more celebrated Antioch, and that called the Greater, was in Syria, and is still a considerable town. It was there St. Chrysostom was born, and it was there the disciples of the Gospel were first called Christians; but that in Pisidia was the place where the Jews rejected the offer of salvation made to them by Paul and Barnabas; and there it was the glad tidings were *first* offered to the Gentiles. There are still the remains of two or more Christian churches, and one of them very large, though the whole of the Gentile converts that once frequented them, are now reduced to one solitary Greek. It does not come within the space we are allotted to pursue our tourist further; what we have noticed will convey a correct opinion of the matter of the work. It is one of those faithful representations of the actual state of things by an eye-witness, and places endeared by the most interesting recollections, in a country deformed by barbarism, and which few travellers have thought accessible; and it will remain an *ἐς αἰεὶ κτῆμα* with the works of Chishul, Pococke, and other highly esteemed Oriental chaplains. We should add, that it is illustrated by a map, plans, and views in a very superior style of lithographic engraving.

Judge Not: a Poem on Christian Charity; with Minor Poems, Odes, &c. By Edmund Peel.

In the present conflict of opinion, when judgment is extinguished in passion, and no man can be persuaded that his neighbour, who does not think exactly as he does, can be other than a wretch divested of all good principles,—we took up this book with no small pleasure in finding at least one righteous man who, in the tempest of passion and prejudice, could guide his bark in safety, and at length cast his anchor on the tranquil waters of Christian Charity. In his Preface he thus expresses himself:—"To impress upon Christians the necessity of mutual forbearance and good-will, reminding them that, without charity, zeal is unavailing, &c., is the principal aim of the leading poem of this volume. Divided into two parts, it treats in the first of the toleration due from one individual to another;" and at the commencement is the following passage, which we give as a specimen at once of the sentiments and poetry :—

"Is not religion, rightly understood,
The pledge of peace—the bond of brotherhood?
Why then 'for trifles, light as air,' destroy
Fraternal concord and domestic joy?
As brethren, ought we not from strife to cease,
Promoting whatsoever tends to peace?"

This was all very well, and we excuse the tame and moderate standard of the poetry, as best according with the calm and temperate spirit which it inculcates. As we advanced, however, we had reason to believe that the poet, although he recommended this moderation to others, did not think himself obliged to observe it. He talks of "the base and selfish, whose

arguments are false and heartless." He breaks out into such expressions as the following :—"What language is strong enough to express the burning indignation at the flagrant wrongs, &c. What of open outrage, of secret treachery, of dishonest dealing, has not been resorted to for the purpose of spoliation! Even now do the United States continue the systems of plunder and extermination." But our poet of peace attacks with still less moderation his own countrymen, the members of the "Rowden Book Club."

"Restless as ocean, fickle as the wind,
To wrongs short-sighted, and to reason blind;
Touchy as tinder, kindled into ire
By a dry answer, as by stubble fire.
Parrot-like, given to incessant prate,
Not bearing contradiction in debate.
Vain as the peacock, rugged as the bear,
As Lethe dull, and gloomy as despair."

In this strain of vituperation does he proceed for two pages and a half; and that we should not be at a loss to account for this indignant burst of just and necessary abuse, we are given to understand it is "the confession of a candidate," who, we infer, had been rejected by these atrocious men. It is with concern we mark these things in a volume which affects throughout a strong feeling of Christian piety. It was remarked on a similar occasion, by one of our contemporaries, that "lambs of grace are lions of controversy;" and we are sorry to see that no supposed impression of Divine Truth on the mind, can enable men to subdue their irritability and selfish feelings; on the contrary, they seem to think it gives them a licence to indulge them to an extent, that other less favoured individuals must not pretend to.

After the specimens quoted, it is hardly necessary to point out the mediocrity of the poetry. It abounds, besides, with such rhymes as the following :—"Calm—arm—abhorr'd—fraud," &c. Some stanzas are altogether above our comprehension.

"The abbot's cloister, and the hermit's cave,
If such, O Contemplation, be thy choice,
Now for no less secure
Tranquillity abound!"

After these remarks, which the severity of our critical duty imposes upon us, it is but justice to acknowledge that it may be very possible that others may not adopt our opinions. It is certain the good author did not anticipate it, who says, he submits his book to the public "in the hope that, having the glory of God and the good of man for its object, it will be received with indulgence by every enlightened and candid Christian." We expect nothing less than he will exclude us from that category.

Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China in 1831, 1832, and 1833, with Notices of Siam, Corea, and the Loo-choo Islands. By Charles Gutzlaff. To which is prefixed an Introductory Essay on the Policy, Religion, &c., of China. By the Rev. W. Ellis, Author of "Polynesian Researches," &c.

"Some objects," says Mr. Ellis, "attract attention by the number and diversity of their several parts—the rarities and excellences they exhibit—the skill and power by which they are combined—and the character and extent of their influence; others attract attention from the remoteness of their situation—their number and magnitude—the dignity they assume—the power with which they are invested—the antiquity they claim—the changes they have undergone—or of which they may yet be susceptible—and the subjects of strong and lasting interest which they supply. All these combine to invite our attention to China, and some of them

exist in a degree far surpassing that in which they are found in any other nation of the earth."

The contents of this interesting volume fully bear out the truth of this observation, and Mr. Ellis, in his brief introductory notice of China and Siam, has contributed not a little to the value of the work. In these few pages is comprised all that is yet known by Europeans of the most singular, populous, and extensive empire in the world, except what the author has collected in the three voyages, of which we are here presented in a copious and yet tolerably well-digested journal. Those who know the Chinese through the very limited and precarious intercourse which the jealous policy of their Government has allowed to foreigners, confirm Dr. Morrison's summary of their character—that they are for the most part specious, but insincere—jealous, envious, and distrustful to a high degree—selfish, cold-blooded, and inhumane; and Mr. Ellis adds, that in the punishment of criminals, in the infliction of tortures, they are barbarously cruel; that human suffering or human life are but rarely regarded by those in authority, when the infliction of the one, or the destruction of the other, can be made subservient to the acquisition of wealth or power. There vice exists in all its diversified forms—crimes of the most revolting and debasing character are perpetrated with a frequency unequalled perhaps in any other part of the world—the tender sympathies of the heart are counteracted or destroyed by familiarity with cruelty and selfishness. The female sex, as in every other heathen country, is subjected to the most humiliating degradation—allowed indeed to be human beings, but placed on a level with the inferior orders of creation. Yet what a stupendous fabric is the social edifice of China! To the European, who can view it only at a distance, and not to the best advantage, it is a land of anomalies and wonders, confounding all his speculations, and baffling all his notions, as to what constitutes the true basis of social prosperity and the improvement of the species. The mariner's compass, the art of printing, the manufacture of gunpowder, were in use in China before they were discovered in Europe; and Barrow tells us, "when the King of France introduced the luxury of silk stockings, the peasantry of the middle provinces of China were clothed in silk from head to foot; and when the Nobility of England were sleeping on straw, a peasant of China had his mat and his pillow, and the man in office enjoyed his silken mattress." But China is now what she was a thousand years ago; but look at France and England—in the nineteenth century as contrasted with what they were at the period when the luxury of silks was unknown to them. What further increases our surprise at the stationary condition of the Chinese and the unchangeable perpetuity of their strangely mingled barbarism and civilization is, that intellect and individuals devoted to the pursuits of science and literature, are held in the very highest esteem by them, and that they are more concerned for the education of the various classes of the people than perhaps all the European nations put together.

"Whatever defects," says Mr. Ellis, "may attach to the Chinese character, and these defects are of no common order, they are not without traits of excellence, among which their general attention to education is most conspicuous. According to Nieuhoff and Kircher, quoted by Mr. Fisher, in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' who states that the Chinese have evidently been for centuries in advance of the nations of Europe; education is more general, and in some respects better conducted in China than it was when the account was written (1669), or is now in any other country. Means were provided by the head of every family for the instruction of its members in reading and writing, either by the parent or hired itinerant teachers. The proportion of the educated to the uneducated is said to be as four to one. This proportion is much larger than that given by Dr. Morrison, who states, that though there is a great number of teachers, and the rudiments of learning may be obtained at so low a rate as two dollars a-year, not more than one-half of the community is able to read. The Government supports schoolmasters for the soldiery, but not for the children of the poor generally. It is however stated, that

the Government encourages education, not only by the bestowment of offices, but of literary rank, with badges of distinction. The Chinese press, according to Dr. Morrison, has been prolific, and the accumulation is vast. Their historians have preserved an account in many respects analogous with that which Moses has given of the general deluge. They possess also ancient and modern literature in great abundance, an unlicensed press, and cheap books suited to their taste, with poetry and music of elegant composition, and native ancient classics. They have copious histories of their own part of the world, with antiquities and topographical illustrations, dramatic compositions, delineations of men and manners in works of fiction, tales of battles and of murders, and the tortuous stratagems of protracted and bloody civil wars. With all these, and with mythological legends for the superstitious, the Chinese and kindred nations are by the press most abundantly supplied. Nor is their literature destitute of theories of nature and descriptions of her various productions, the processes of the pharmacopolist, and the history and practice of medicine. Besides these, they have what are deemed Sacred writings, being a compilation of the works of ancient authors, of the age of Confucius."

Yet, with all these advantages, there is a limit beyond which the Chinese mind seems destined not to pass. Neither political convulsions, nor the spirit of enterprise, the extension of territory, nor the thousand additions made to the common stock of science and literature, have advanced them in the scale of intellectual greatness or social happiness. "They have been partially and completely conquered—have delivered themselves, and have been conquered again—and the divisions of their country have undergone a thousand different changes;" yet the consideration of the vicissitudes to which they have been subject affords but little satisfaction in the retrospect. It would be interesting to inquire into the various causes which have thus conspired to keep this mighty empire stationary, while other nations, to which ages ago it was immeasurably superior in knowledge and civilization, have dwarfed it in the distance, and now look down upon it with mingled emotions of wonder and contempt. These are partially touched upon in this volume both by Mr. Ellis and our good friend Gutzlaff, who turns out to be much more of a philosopher than the earlier pages of his book seemed to promise. We assure our readers much instruction and entertainment from this simple narrative. From his account, it appears that the people in China and its dependencies are everywhere anxious for free intercourse with other nations, but that the authorities oppose to this every obstacle in their power. If this be true, and he has confirmed his statement by many interesting facts, China will not long continue what she is. European commerce—the diffusion of true knowledge through the medium of a free press—and the enlightened efforts of men of the liberal professions taking up their residence in China—and above all, the wise, enlightened, and tempered zeal of missionaries, such as Morrison, Milne, and Gutzlaff—will prepare the way for the mightiest revolution in favour of knowledge and happiness that was ever effected for the human race. We are glad to learn that the first impression of Mr. Gutzlaff's work is nearly sold, and that a second, with improvements, is already in the press.

The Disinherited and the Ensnared. By the Authoress of "Flirtation." 3 Vols.

The pure and excellent tone of Lady Charlotte Bury's productions has been so frequently and so advantageously known to the public, that we cannot add to the *moral* reputation of a book when we have said that it is the production of her Ladyship's pen. High born and beautiful, respected by all who had the advantage of being known to her, Lady Charlotte Bury, at a period when literature was not, as it now is—the fashion—devoted much of her time to the enlargement of an amiable and intelligent mind. She loved knowledge for its own sake, and cultivated it because of its intrinsic worth; and now, from time to time, bestows the wisdom she has acquired during an observant life upon those who desire to be ac-

quainted with human nature, and the forms and habits of social life. Having always moved in the highest circles, it is to be believed that her pictures of a peculiar class are amongst the best extant; and were it only for this cause, we should anticipate a very extensive popularity for the present volumes. There is something peculiarly graceful and pleasing in Lady Charlotte's mode of story-telling—a total freedom from affectation—and an untiring kindliness of purpose, which renders everything she does useful and effective. The story of "The Ensnared" is one of great delicacy, skilfully managed, and worked out at the conclusion with a useful and instructive moral, which is neither far-fetched nor over-strained. We have seldom regretted more our being unable to give extracts, as there are many passages no less deserving attention for their truth than their beauty of expression and elegance of thought.

We can therefore only recommend the volumes to our readers, assured that they cannot fail to derive pleasure and profit from the perusal.

History of the Foundations in Manchester of Christ's College, Chetham's Hospital, and the Free Grammar School. Manchester. 3 Vols. 4to.

As long as the study of archæology is cultivated in this country, or an interest awakened by the genuine records of remote periods, such a publication as the present must prove highly valuable; and we are glad, therefore, to see this judicious and important design of giving a *complete* account of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, and the manifold fortunes which attended it, from its foundation, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, to our own times, placed in the competent hand of Dr. Hibbert, who has sought for information throughout every channel, and shown indefatigable industry and zeal in representing every attractive and interesting feature.

The antiquarian is the *miner* of history: it is his skill, learning, and assiduity which are continually bringing the buried gold of knowledge to the surface, for the poet, the philosopher, and the historian to shape into the current coin of literature, and enrich the minds of myriads with facts, which but for the antiquarian had remained undiscovered,—still hidden beneath the dust of centuries. Yet, notwithstanding this, it is rarely that publishers, who devote their attention to such works, meet with sufficient appreciation—rarer still that they receive any reward. It should be remembered that, but for such instances of individual spirit, those objects which are generally and justly considered as being of essential importance to literature and science, would never be accomplished. We hope, however, to see a more liberal feeling exhibited towards the present work, which deserves, in an eminent degree, public appreciation and support.

The learned and ingenious author in his Preface, observes, that—

"The ecclesiastical information, much of which is collected from very rare and almost inaccessible documents, will, I believe, be found to be for the first time published; nor can it be perused by the most hasty reader without his conviction, that the College of Manchester gave the impulse to all the important ecclesiastical events which took place in Lancashire from the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth down to the commotions of the year 1745. Many facts are also narrated, particularly during the great civil wars of England, which not only reflect a new light upon the general history of Lancashire, but are calculated to explain many obscure points in the ecclesiastical annals of the kingdom at large. These I have assiduously collected, and have endeavoured to record with impartiality and fidelity."

Almost every page invites us to extract; the following is curious:—

"In the year 1536, an act was passed, directed against vigils or wakes, which, in Manchester, had no little influence in stemming the ascendancy of popery over the minds of the populace; few persons are ever to be entrusted to feast, and fewer are to be allowed to meet in numbers together. There is a contagious viciousness in crowds; though each individual of them, alone and by himself, would act with a religious propriety; yet, all together, they act with irreligion and folly."

The importance attached to the gathering of Robin Hood's men is curiously illustrated in a sermon of Bishop Latimer, preached before Edward VI., in which he inveighs against the profanity.

"I came once myself (says he) to a place, riding a journey homeward from London, and sent word over night to the town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was a holiday; and I took my horse and my company and went thither, but when I came there the church-door was locked, and I was obliged to give place to Robin Hood's men."

"'Then,' says an old writer, 'martch this heathen company towards the church-yard, their pypers, pying, their drums thundering, their stumper dancing, their belles iyngling, their handkerchiefs fluttering about their heads like maddemen, their hobbie-horses and other monsters skirmishing among the throng; and in this sort they go to church (though the minister be at prayer or preaching), dancing and swinging their handkerchiefs over their heads in the church, like devils incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can heare his own voyce. Then the foolish people, they look, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon forms and pewes to see these goodly pageants solemnized in this sorte. Then after this, about the church they go againe and againe, and so forth into the church-yard, where they have commonly their summer haules, their bowers, arbours, and banquetting houses set up, wherein they feast, banquet and dance all that day, and peradventure all that night too.'"

The interest of the work is considerably augmented by the graphic embellishments of J. Le Keux and others, many of which are in the very first style of the art. "The Choir" is exquisitely beautiful; altogether, it is one of the most brilliantly illustrated works ever published; and highly worthy the patronage of every lover of literature and the arts.

Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a Corner of Italy. 2 Vols.

We had just laid down a "Tour," after toiling through 700 mortal pages, closely printed, with intercalary episodes of trap and hornblende, printed still closer, when we took up the next book, expecting some recreation, or at least relaxation of labour, from variety, in our task. It turned out to be another tour, and we were just about to chuck it away with the exclamation of the tired satirist, *occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros*, when the title, "Slight Reminiscences," induced us to hope a review of it would not be very fatiguing. We found it not only negatively not so, but positively delightful. Whatever a man may say, it is well known his opinions are influenced more or less by a name; and there was nothing, except an ambiguous quotation in the title-page, to enable us to guess at even the sex of the tourist, till we got to Coblentz, when a turkey-cock, by gobbling at "my red shawl," satisfied us on that point. The next object of our curiosity was the name of the fair tourist. There was something so lively—so droll—such an odd way of seeing things—and such a happy manner of describing them, that the first impression on our mind was, that we had met our old friend Lady Morgan again on her rambles. Some of the modes of expression, too, we thought were her own. She was broiled with heat till she was "done to rags;" she saw "a pious prodigality of churches;" and St. Patrick, she says, spreads his mantle "of holiness over half the public-houses in Ireland." Other internal evidence, however, was against this supposition. It was published without a name—a sacrifice of celebrity which her Ladyship would not be like to make, unless, perhaps, she expected that the authoress, like Johnson, would be *déterré* by the merit of the work. Again, much anxiety was expressed that "little Mimi's cold was worse," and we are sorry to know that her Ladyship is not a mother; but this was not conclusive either, for after all, "Mimi" might have been a poodle. But finally, the authoress evinces a serious impression of religion, and a decent respect for the Sabbath-day: this determined our opi-

nion of the non-identity of Mi-lady; for we are sorry to say she cares too little for such things, and is fond of displaying her carelessness.

Whoever the authoress is, however, we assure her we accompanied her with great pleasure through her rambles. Though we had ourselves gone over the same ground, we were not tired with the sameness of repetition, for ideas and things were presented to us which we did not think or see ourselves. Who could suppose anything could be said of Calais that was not a thousand times said before? yet the sketches *en passant*, even of this dirty thoroughfare, are not only striking but novel. Besides its former historical recollections, there is one of recent date, which we confess we did not know before—"It stands alone in its indignant rejection of a revolutionary tribunal. None could be found willing to become members of the bloody league, and thus was it saved, by a fine feeling of repugnance to exercise an unjust authority, from the regeneration by fire and sword."—"Sunday—The bells rang at a very early hour this morning, as we supposed for prayers, but learned that it was a call to players to rehearsal. This species of Sabbath recreation is wholly repugnant to our feelings." Certainly; and there is nothing that shocks English society so much when they first visit the Continent as the total removal of that partition which, at home, so entirely separates the Sabbath from an ordinary day. At Waterloo we are entertained, not with details of slaughter and glory, but much better amused with ingenious versions of French into English. The "Hotel du Roi d'Espagne" was translated on a card over the chimney-piece, for the better understanding of the English traveller, "An Inn from the Spanish King;" and they were informed by their guide, that "Quatre Bras" meant "de three leg." As a pendant to this, some curious versions of English into French are given. An Englishman was travelling *en diligence*, and overset in a ditch; the compassionate conducteur inquired with great interest, "Avez vous du mal, Monsieur?" "Non," said the traveller, rising out of the mud, "je n'ai qu'un portemanteau." A better example of literal translation follows: one of our countrymen, annoyed by the importunity of a French beggar, dismissed him with the following reproof—"Tenez votre langue, Monsieur, vous êtes en liqueur." These are equal to any of Swift's Latinisms.

At Liege, the students of the University did not much resemble those of Oxford. "They lounged about in the negligé of a carter's frock, or the demi-toilette of a great coat and casquette, or sat before the shop doors, peeping through an atmosphere of tobacco, in the full equipage of laziness." Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle seem the Bath and Cheltenham of England. The first was solemn and stately, but so deserted by company, that at a ball attempted to be got up, there did not appear a "single female of any description." At the latter, new scenes branched out into gay and pretty suburbs, and at the ball a "sprinkling of ladies of the best water;" but the circumstance most striking, was that the same open indulgence in gaming, that connects its name with "cards and dice, sharks and pigeons, seducing confederates and infatuated dupes," still continues. "The players continue their occupation in death-like silence, undisturbed by the buz or the gaze of the lookers-on; not a sound was heard but the rattle of the heaped-up money, as it was passed from one side of the table to the other; nor was the smallest anxiety or emotion visible in any countenance." This utter silence—this calmness of death, where the mental emotion is too dark and solemn to appear on the surface—is one of the most awful and terrific symptoms of this mortal amusement.

At Cologne, they did not go to see the relics of the Three Kings, for the French, it seems, had carried off their crowns of rubies and diamonds, and they did not think it was worth ten francs a-piece to see apocryphal sculls covered with gilt silver: nor did they visit St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins, though she gives a vivid description of Claude's picture of them. The lively tourist was not, we presume, aware that the Abbess and her nuns

have now been greatly reduced in number; what was supposed to be a numeral is now thought to be a name, and "Undecimillia" is not 11,000 virgins, but a single one, so called at her baptism.

But we cannot ramble any further with this agreeable traveller, but must leave her here, with this picture of her own feelings, which shine out through all she says—"What a delicious thing it is to be young, and to see everything through rose-coloured glasses; but with a wish to be pleased, and a certain sunniness of mind, more in our power than we imagine, we may look through them a long time. When the sun shines, and the earth holds a bright holiday, I still feel as if life and hope were all before me, and yet the story is told out and out as far as belongs to dreams and fancies; and yet I dream on, and love flowers, and air, and sunshine, as if I was but just beginning life." What a happy temperament! Would that every author possessed it, and we should have more pleasant books to review.

The White Rose of York; a Midsummer Annual. Edited by George Hogarth, Esq.

We are both too late and too early with our notice of this ably edited and interesting volume. Midsummer has been and is gone, and the true "Annual" season is not yet with us. Nevertheless, a good word, and we give it heartily and with sincerity, can do this little work no harm. It rests its claim on public support altogether on its literary merits, containing no graphic embellishments, if we except the beautiful cluster of white roses that graces its silken cover. Several of the tales and poems are of a high order; the two that have pleased us most are "The Crystal Goblet," a story by the accomplished author of "Traditions of Lancaster;" and one of the most pleasant, rational, and indeed useful essays we have ever read. It is from the pen of the editor, and entitled "A Village Oratorio." Altogether, this volume deserves the patronage of the public, not only in York, but in all other English counties; and we trust its success will be such as to justify Mr. Hogarth in preparing another volume.

The Exiles of Chamouni and the Rose of Cashmere; Dramas. By Charles Doyne Sillery, author of the "Royal Mariner," &c. &c.

We have heretofore had occasion to notice the poetical productions of Mr. Sillery. The little volume now before us is, we believe, his first effort at dramatic composition; but we presume the author has not had in view representation on the stage, for the subjects he has chosen are wild as the wildest of the German school. The work is full of talent; we have encountered many rich examples of true poetry, but the poet has yielded somewhat too much to his imagination, and a little pruning by a more sobered judgment would have done his book no harm. He has conjured up a vast variety of monsters—picturesque and unpicturesque—and has, doubtless, remained at his study-table until he became, like Frankenstein, terrified by his own creations; and his after-dreams could not have been of the most pleasant or cheerful character. Nevertheless, he has given us enough to make amends for an occasional flight when our tapers—candles would sound unpoetical—required trimming. The dramas abound in beauties of no common order, and there are scattered throughout them many very sweet songs, that will set, and doubtless will be set, well to music. Moreover, as in all Mr. Sillery's productions, there is a high moral tone; vice is not depicted in the garb of virtue, but portrayed in its own natural deformity. The reader may learn much that is good from these dramas, while gratified and amused by the fancy of the writer. It is, however, certain that Mr. Sillery must rein in his Pegasus, and not permit him to canter on unchecked. Let him do this, and he cannot fail to excel, inasmuch as in him are many of the higher requisites which form the true poet,

European Colonies in various parts of the World, viewed in their Social, Moral, and Physical Condition. By John Howison.

There is perhaps no human subject more interesting, in every point of view, to the philanthropist, than the effects caused by the discovery of distant regions, and the introduction of civilized man among the untutored aborigines of a barbarous country. To bring the progressive improvements of social life, which industry and education had been accumulating for centuries, to a savage horde, which seemed as ignorant and destitute as if they had just emerged from their parent earth,—to clothe the naked, to shelter the houseless, to reclaim the cannibal, to teach him how to cultivate the unbroken soil, to substitute domestic animals for the *feræ naturæ*, and so to supply the starving wretch with a regular and permanent means for food, instead of the precarious produce of hunting;—in fine, to introduce discipline, duties, morals, knowledge, and christianity, into regions whose inhabitants were unrestrained by laws, unconnected by domestic ties, undirected by a sense of right, unimproved by the discovery of science, and unenlightened by the revelation of the gospel,—is surely the noblest effort of civilized philanthropy, and there is no European whose mind is cultivated by the first rudiments of education who ought not to say to his barbarous brother, in the language of the Apostle to the Gentiles, "Would that thou wert almost and altogether such as I am." To ascertain, therefore, what has been the value of European lights and habits introduced into other regions, and to develope the full extent of amelioration so caused in Asia, Africa, and America, among the aborigines, is an attempt of deep interest and full of the most important concerns of the human race. We were well pleased, therefore, to take up Mr. Howison's book, who proposed to do this and more, in a "view of the Social, Moral, and Physical Condition of European Colonies" established in other quarters of the globe. He divides his inquiries into four objects,—a description of the ocean which must be crossed in proceeding to the country where the colony is situated; a picture of the scenery and physical objects likely to arrest the attention of a stranger; the general character of the aboriginal inhabitants; and lastly, the progress of European settlement, with its existing manners, condition, and habits of thought. To qualify himself for such a task, "he travelled," he says, in "nearly all the colonies and settlements which he professes to describe, and also sailed upon the respective oceans, and so the facts and opinions are detailed as much from personal observation as from the authority of others." Such opportunities no doubt are considerable recommendations of the work, and give it an interest and a value which a mere compilation could never do. It also has conferred on him a superior qualification for the task he has undertaken, and it remains for us to inquire how he has executed it.

The first thing that strikes us is, that his work is very incomplete. His notices extend to West Africa, South Africa, India, the Arctic Regions, British America, and the West Indies, but he has altogether omitted South America, nor, as far as we can see, assigned a reason for the omission. Assuredly the colonization of this vast continent by the Spaniards and Portuguese, to say nothing of the attempts of the French and Dutch, presents abundant matter of the highest interest to a writer who proposes such objects as our author; and the present condition of those great colonies whose disjointed fragments now form various independent states, is more worthy of detail than any similar part of the habitable globe.

The next objection we have to make, is his opinion of the effects of European habits and manners on those of the natives. He seems to adopt the wild notions of Rousseau and his visionary school, that everything is perfect from the hands of Nature, and is only deteriorated in the hands of Art; that all society in its primitive state has been made worse by its communion with cultivated nations; that the exertions of Christian Missionaries have

done more harm than any little good can compensate; and other similar paradoxes, taken up by men who love to decry all efforts made to improve the human condition. 'Tis true that vices have been introduced as well as virtues; but have not the latter infinitely more than compensated for the former? 'Tis true that Europeans have taught the American Indians to get drunk; but is it not also true that they have taught him to abstain from first torturing and then eating his fellow-creature? But we will take Africa, an extreme case in barbarism, and, from the various circumstances connected with it, the most hopeless region to which European philanthropy has been directed, and we will assert that even there much good has been effected, as far as the influence of civilization has extended. There is a district colonized by blacks, who speak English, and who, though coming from America, are European in all their laws and customs, that has succeeded so admirably as to silence the most sceptical on the possibility of improving the natives. This excellent colony, called Liberia, has not only itself arrived at a high state of social happiness, possessing commerce, agriculture, towns, churches, schools, libraries, and newspapers, but it has mainly contributed to extend those things to the natives all around, and abolished the slave-trade, not by the agency of terror and coercion, but by the preference which their neighbours give to legitimate commerce in the abundant produce of the country, and the moral conviction that the social habits of these colonists are more calculated to produce happiness than their own. It is suspicious that Mr. Howison never mentions this colony in his account of Western Africa, though he makes the most absurd, but apparently serious, request in behalf of the negroes of that coast. "Let the generous natives of Europe," said he, "allow the Africans to enjoy their barbarism a few centuries longer!"

Among the minor objections are professions of throwing new light upon subjects, which he leaves as much in the dark as he found them: of this we will adduce the first instance that occurs, in the first chapter of the book. In the contents is the following clause—"*Origin* of the ceremony in crossing the Equator." Knowing this to have been a *vexata quæstio*, which had puzzled every enquirer, we turned to it in the hope of seeing its promised origin satisfactorily pointed out. We were, however, disappointed. Some vague custom of the Greeks casting a cup into the sea was noticed, as it has been often before, and of some Spanish and Portuguese writers who talked of it as "an old custom;" but its origin is still involved in impenetrable obscurity, though universally practised by every nation in Europe.

Notwithstanding these and similar objections, we think the book a valuable acquisition to our information on the subject of European colonies. It contains much information, and may help some future writer who can avail himself of the knowledge, without adopting the opinions, of Mr. Howison.

Guides to Killarney and the Giant's Causeway. Illustrated with Engravings and Maps.

We have before remarked, and we repeat our observation, that the public, particularly the Irish public, are much indebted to the spirited publishers, William Curry, junior, and Co., for reviving, if not creating a respectable Irish press.* At the time of the Union it was nearly annihilated. It is stated in the History of Dublin, that the copyright to books was then extended as a boon to Ireland, and it nearly extinguished literature altogether. The Irish were allowed before to print cheap editions of English works, as in America. This placed valuable publications in the hands of every reader, which, without such indulgence, would have been altogether too expensive for the limited means of our poorer neighbours. This advantage the copyright destroyed. No author ever published his work in Ireland, and the indulgence, as it was called,

prevented an Irish bookseller from republishing an English work. It therefore conferred a benefit which was of no value, because they could never avail themselves of it; and it took away one of the highest importance, which put every new work into the hands of the Irish reader, and gave employment to a very extensive press. The immediate consequence was, that literature and printing were destroyed in Ireland till they were again revived, principally by the spirited exertions of Messrs. Curry, who have increased the publication of new works in Dublin, and put forth editions which, in point of execution, are equal to any of the same class in this country. The little works before us are very neatly executed; they are embellished with views by Petrie, with maps of the places to be visited, very useful to the traveller. The works formerly taken by tourists were "Hamilton's Letters on the Coast of Antrim," and "Weld's Lake of Killarney," which were not so convenient to carry about. The letter-press of the present portable volumes is extracted principally from those works, though we are sorry to see without due acknowledgement.

Geography of the British Isles. By Mary Martha Rodwell. 2 Vols.

This work appears under the same patronage as Pope's "Homer"—a long list of subscribers. We supposed that the practice was entirely obsolete, as well as publishing in Letters, and we are sorry to see it revived. If a work deserves to succeed, it will support itself, if not, no name will prop it up. The public, in general, are the best and only subscribers to a book, because they only give their money when the merit of it is ascertained; to make them pay beforehand is always a presumption that they will not find it worth the price. There may be exceptions, however, to this rule, and one of them is the present case. The authoress very candidly acknowledges that, besides her "wish of diffusing instruction," she hopes it may be the "means of alleviating the pecuniary embarrassments of beloved parents." Having such a pious motive, it was right to use every expedient to render the employment of her talents profitable for them; and we shall be happy if our favourable opinion of her undertaking may promote its success. The instruction is conveyed in the form of dialogue between a lady and her children. It includes not only geography but history and chronology; and, as the authoress justly observes, that the minds of children are excited, and their attention fixed by the marvellous, she has enlivened the otherwise dry details by such local anecdotes of manners, traditions, and customs, as might produce those effects, at the same time cautiously endeavouring to prevent any erroneous impressions from being left by visionary recital. This is certainly steering between Scylla and Charybdis; but we think our fair pilotess has not suffered shipwreck on either coast. As a specimen she notices the following:—"At Oakham, in Rutlandshire, a curious custom formerly prevailed. The first time any peer of the realm came within the precincts of this lordship, he forfeited a shoe from the horse he rode, unless he commuted it for money. The bailiff of the manor was empowered to stop the horse till the fine was paid, and, in case of refusal, the shoes were nailed to the gate." We know not what connexion this custom may have with that so universal in Ireland, where at this day they nail horse-shoes to their doors, from an idea that the finding of them is lucky. Another singular usage prevails there. "A certain rent of two shillings is collected annually from the inhabitants, *pro ocreis Reginæ*, for the Queen's boots!" when she visits the town; it is clear, therefore, though Lords may lose shoes, Queens do not go on a *bootless* errand.

The maps of the work are without names. This plan we highly approve of; nothing fixes the relative position of places in a child's mind more effectually than by making himself find out and remember the names of them.

Bubbles from the Brunnens. By an Old Man. 2nd Edit.

We are all of us more or less engaged in this bubble system; but, alas! in general, they are nothing worth. Such is not the case with the present volume, which has already its excellences stamped amid the wrinkles on its brow, by the mystic words, *second edition !*—a symbol delightful alike in this instance to publisher and public. It is an admirable book, and heartily do we bid it God speed! We wish such bubbles were often blown, and then we should be wiser, better, and better tempered.

LITERARY REPORT.

The Romance of Real Life, by the Authoress of "Mothers and Daughters," has been selected to form the September Number of "Colburn's Modern Novelists."

A Treatise on Physical Optics: in which numerous phenomena are stated and explained, on the Principles of Gravitation. In the Press and shortly will be published.

Mr. Murray has announced the following novelties:—Crabbe's Unpublished Poems, and Crabbe's Sermons; Fanny Kemble's (Mrs. Butler's) Journal of a Residence in the United States; the Life of General Wolfe, by Dawson Turner; Mrs. Bray's Description of the Districts of the Tamar and Tavy, in Letters to Mr. Southey; Scenes in Spain, by a Citizen of Louisiana; Murchison's Geology of Salop, &c.

The Gun, or a Treatise on the Manufacture, Nature, and Principle of the various Descriptions of small Fire-arms, with Suggestions for Improvements, &c., by William Greener, will be published within a short period.

A Treatise on Desk Diseases is in preparation, for the special sake of the numerous martyrs whom it may concern.

The Oriental Annual for 1835, is announced for publication on the 1st of October, together with the Geographical Annual and the Biblical Annual.

The Bible Atlas, illustrative of the Geography, History, and Chronology of the Holy Scriptures, as also of the Apocrypha and Josephus, by Samuel Arrowsmith, Hydrographer to the King, will shortly be published.

A Novel, edited by Mr. Lister, is just ready for publication. It is to be entitled "Anne Grey."

"Jacob Faithful" will shortly appear, collected into the orthodox form of three volumes.

The author of "The O'Hara Tales" has just ready a new series entitled "The Mayor of Wind-gap."

Early in the present month will appear The Trial of William Shakspeare for Deer Stealing, printed from the original MS.

Among the earliest literary novelties of the season will be a work of fiction from the pen of the Countess of Blessington.

Sir William Gell's work on the Topography of Rome will be issued in the course of the present month; the map which will accompany it has been made expressly from actual survey.

The Life of Prince Talleyrand, accompanied with a Portrait, will be published in a few days.

Penruddock, a Tale, by the author of "Waltzburg;" 3 vols.

The complete Works of the late Poet Carrington are announced by his son, with a Biographical Memoir.

Bancroft's History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the Present Time, is in the press.

Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak; a Legend of Devon. In 3 vols. By Mrs. Bray, is announced.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Geography of the British Isles, by Mary Martha Rodwell. 2 vols. 12mo. 18s.

A Treatise on Primary Geology, by Henry S. Boase, M.D. 8vo. 12s.

Rookwood, 2d edition. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The White Rose of York, a Midsummer Annual, edited by G. Hogarth. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters, by the Author of "Vathek." 12mo 3s. 6d.

Letters of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. New edition. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales, by G. A. Hansard. Fcp. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Simeon's Letters to his Kinsfolk, and other Great People; written chiefly from France and Belgium, by Simeon South, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 26s.

A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett. 12mo. 6th Philadelphia edit. 6s.

Prout's Fac-similes of Sketches in Flanders and Germany. Imperial folio. Prints, 5l. 5s. India proofs, 6l. 6s.

History of the British Colonies, by R. M. Martin, Esq. Vol. II. 8vo. 21s.

Discoveries in Asia Minor, by the Rev. F. V. J. Arundell. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

Retzsch's Fancies, with Explanatory Notes, by Mrs. Jameson. 4to. [illegible]

Language of Flowers. New edition. 18mo. 10s. 6d.

Letter to his Countrymen, by J. F. Cooper, Author of the "Pilot," &c. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Value of Time, by Mrs. Barwell. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

The Treasures of the Earth, by Charles Williams. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

The Man of Honour and the Reclaimed. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

History of the United States of America, by George Bancroft. Vol. I. 8vo. 14s.

Anglo-Saxon Version of the Story of Apollonius of Tyre, with a literal Translation, by B. Thorpe, F.S.A. 12mo. 6s.

Landscape Illustrations of Scott's Poetical Works. Royal 8vo. 1l. 10s. hf.-mor.; 4to. Proofs, 2l. 8s.; India, 2l. 16s.

FINE ARTS.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Parish Beadle. Painted by David Wilkie, R. A. Engraved by W. Raimbach.

We rejoice once more to see the names of Wilkie and Raimbach in association. They were so, often in by-gone years—the earliest efforts of the great painter were made famous by the union of this our most excellent English engraver. The print before us is one of the rarest merit—it is a picture of the class for which Wilkie has been so long and so widely celebrated—and it has been transferred to copper with admirable skill. Here is the parish beadle exerting his "brief authority," to convey to durance vile the poor person of a juvenile Italian—monkey and all other worldly goods—while his parents vainly protest against carrying the decree into effect. This is the main point of the story which the artist has told; but there are, of course, a variety of minor details which make up the picture. It is, we perceive, published by Messrs. Hodgson, Boys and Graves, of Pall-Mall, an establishment which has greatly contributed, by judgment and liberality, to forward the success of British art.

Finden's Illustrations of the Bible. Part IV.

This most beautiful and interesting publication continues to increase in merit. Part IV. contains engravings from drawings by Turner, Callcot, and Stanfield; the sketches having been furnished by travellers who have taken them on the spot.

Studies from Nature. By James Inskipp. Engraved by Wagstaff.

These "Studies" are obviously "from Nature." It is impossible to mistake them for the productions of "the studio." The originals have been met in the green fields or lonely lanes of England; and the artist has not called upon his fancy to clothe them in borrowed raiment. Perhaps there is no living painter so fitted to copy nature as Mr. Inskipp, or one who, after Gainsborough, so skilfully imitates the great mistress without exaggeration. He is never coarse or vulgar, yet he rarely refines on what he has seen. His object is to find and picture truth; and if he seek it where its aspect is agreeable and becoming, he does no more than he ought. Nature is not always pleasant to look upon—she has her deformities as well as her beauties—it is the better and more elegant mind that searches out the latter and leaves the former without notice, or, at least, without comment. Gainsborough and Inskipp—the public judgment warrants us, as well as our own, in coupling the names—could not fail to succeed in achieving popularity, because of the attractive and amiable character of their works, which are not only splendid examples of art but beautiful transcripts of Nature. The "Studies," of which two are before us, have been ably and effectively transferred to copper by Mr. Wagstaff. They are published marvellously cheap, and will certainly have extensive circulation.

Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper-office, has found in his researches a portrait of Luther, in wood, and coloured. It appears to have been sent to England soon after that great Reformer's death, in 1546; and represents him seated in his study, with a skull resting on a bible before him, and a small clasped book in one hand; an hour-glass, and pen and ink are on either side, and a German poem beneath, which amplified the famous prophecy against the Pope.

The exhibition at the Louvre, according to the present catalogue, consists of 1358 pictures; whereof 352 are by 82 French painters: 525 by 155 Flemish painters; and 481 by 228 Italian and Spanish painters. Seventy-three pictures have been changed in the course of the year.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

Married Life, "an original comedy in three acts," is, we regret to say, a mere farcical caricature. We could find in it no pure element of the old or new comedy—no wit, no sentiment, nothing of that knowledge of the influences and signs of character which can alone, in so high a field of literary endeavour, set truth and reality before us. We must discriminate human habits and passions by some other test than that these are covered by a bob-wig, and those by a laced livery. Yet we protest that the only criterion which took us through *Married Life* with anything like intelligibility was the dress of the respective characters. Mr. Coddle, for instance, baffled us completely, notwithstanding Mr. Farren's exertions—all we understood distinctly was that when he was muffled up in his great coats, with nervous fears and flannels, he had a very bad conscience, and ought to have it; but when he came on at last in a full suit of new nankeen, we saw he had got rid of his conscience, though how he had got rid of his East India-bred horror of cold we could not precisely see. The change of dress was all. It stood in the stead of wit, variety or observation. We are sorry to say this of Mr. Buckstone, who has a faculty so really pleasant and so pleasantly real when confined appropriately. Here it is out of place—not native nor endued with this element. His animal spirits are not informed enough to give him sentiment, nor can his lively humour, his relish of the ridiculous in things superficial, his jocose contrast, and capital knowledge of the mere art of his scene, supply the other wants we have expressed. In point of fact, we must pronounce this "comedy," much as we are disposed to give credit for the honest ambition of the effort, to be a failure.

Setting every other objection aside, the subject was badly chosen. Besides, it was unworthy a dramatist, for the mere clap-trap purpose of a bill to restrict the personages of his drama, as Mr. Buckstone was restricted there, to the absolute exclusion of a natural development of character. Married life could have been illustrated, surely, without the circumstance of every character in the piece, down to the servants, going in married couples. It is very easy, to be sure, in such fashion to illustrate a subject of this kind, or, indeed, in any fashion, for such subjects are easy. It is easy to be didactic on the stage, though hard at times to be delightful. It is easy, after illustrating the follies and impossible affinities of married life through two acts, to bring all the couples together with an irresistible impulse in the third; but it's very hard to understand it, and still harder to be taught, in such a way, morality and toleration.

The actors exerted themselves with such success as to save the piece, which, in truth, however, was never in danger. No praise to the author, who had needlessly interspersed it with expressions and allusions of a certain character—intended, perhaps, as mere agreeable alarms to delicacy, but falling on the ear with much gross indecency—and which would have brought down a storm of disapprobation but for some good luck or other. We take leave of Mr. Buckstone on this occasion with regret, but with the hope of soon shaking him very cordially by the hand, on the deserved success of a new farce, pleasant as some of his previous ones have been.

LYCEUM AND NEW ENGLISH OPERA.

The long-talked of opera of the *Mountain Sylph* has been produced at this theatre - the drama by Mr. Thackery, the music by Mr. John Barnett. The plot differs little from the ballet of *Sylphide*, so often performed at the King's Theatre, the only difference being that the Sylph is reinstated after her supposed death, and made mortal by the sincerity of her mortal lover's attachment. Those then who are acquainted with the original ballet, when it was in fact a ballet, and not a mere divertissement, as curtailed in the King's Theatre latterly, know that there are many fine dramatic

situations in the piece, and that the passions of the persons represented being highly excited, the subject is eminently calculated for the display of music of a high character. Weber's Oberon is much of the same description; fairies good and bad, and dæmons of all denominations, ugly and powerful, figure away in both.

To compare these two operas, however, which the similarity of their construction might almost provoke us to do, would be, as we feel at present, rank injustice to Mr. Barnett. It would be comparing a hill to the Alps, or Herold to Beethoven. Yet Mr. Barnett has been ambitious, and not always without success: in fact, he has been most fortunate where he has before shone the least, and less successful where he has heretofore shown a good deal of genius. For instance, most of his concerted pieces in this opera are of a high character, and produce some of those charming and grand effects which we look for only in the German school. His ballads, on the other hand, in which he has heretofore been so eminent, will scarcely live out of the theatre. The best concerted pieces are "The Bridal Chorus," the chorus of "Let him begone," the trio "Time will show," and the chorus "The Charm's complete," in the first act; and the trio "This magic wove Scarf," with the Bacchanalian chorus, in the second act. On the whole, we should say, that, with a judicious curtailment of the music (the ladies' share of which, by-the-by, was sung provokingly out of tune), the opera bids fair to be repeated very often; but its only popular melodies will be its concerted pieces, thus inverting the order of operas in general, whose popularity chiefly consists in the solos. The principal singers are, Mr. Wilson, as the lover, whose love was somewhat inanimate; Mr. Phillips as Hela, the Caspar or magician of the story, who sang correctly a well-studied part; Miss Romer as the Sylph; and Miss Somerville as Jessie. The opera was given out by Mr. Wilson for repetition every night till further notice, amidst the loud plaudits of a very crowded house. We ought to mention that in every part of the stage arrangements (and they are often very difficult), the taste and skill of Mr. Serle, the accomplished stage manager of this theatre, were abundantly evident.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The King Penguin.—Mr. G. Bennett read a note on the habits of this bird, as observed by him on various occasions when in high southern latitudes. He described particularly a colony of these birds, which covers an extent of thirty or forty acres, at the north end of Macquarrie Island, in the South Pacific Ocean. The number of Penguins collected together in this spot is immense, but it would be almost impossible to guess at it with any near approach to truth, as, during the whole of the day and night, 30,000 or 40,000 of them are continually landing, and an equal number going to sea. They are arranged, when on shore, in as compact a manner and in as regular ranks as a regiment of soldiers; and are classed with the greatest order, the young birds being in one situation, the moulting in another, the sitting hens in a third, the clean birds in a fourth, &c.; and so strictly do birds in similar condition congregate, that should a bird that is moulting intrude itself among those which are clean, it is immediately ejected from among them. The females hatch the eggs by keeping them close between their thighs; and, if approached during the time of incubation, move away, carrying the eggs with them. At this time the male bird goes to sea and collects food for the female, which becomes very fat. After the young is hatched, both parents go to sea, and bring home food for it; it soon becomes so fat as scarcely to be able to walk, the old birds getting very thin. They sit quite upright in their roosting-places, and

walk in the erect position until they arrive at the beach, when they throw themselves on their breasts, in order to encounter the very heavy sea met with at their landing-place. Although the appearance of Penguins generally indicates the neighbourhood of land, Mr. G. Bennett cited several instances of their occurrence at a considerable distance from any known land.—*Athenæum.*

VARIETIES.

Poor's Rates, &c.—The return, for the year ending 25th March, 1833, of the monies levied for poor's and county rates, and of the expenditure of the same upon purposes connected with the care of the poor, and with the local expenses of each county, has lately been printed by the House of Commons. The total amount of monies so levied was, for England (with a population, in 1831, of 12,086,675 souls), 8,229,798*l.*, or rather more than 13*s.* 7*d.* per head; and for Wales (with a population, in 1831, of 803,000 souls), 376,702*l.*, or rather more than 9*s.* 4*d.* per head. The total amount of the money levied was 8,606,501*l.*, which, if we take the population as in 1831, at 12,889,675 souls, makes an average of rather more than 13*s.* 4*d.* per head. For this object, alone, therefore, England and Wales are taxed twice as much as the Austrian dominions, which do not raise more than 6*s.* 8*d.* per head for the whole expenses of the state; and three times as much as the Papal dominions, which, for those expenses, do not exact above 4*s.* 5*d.* per head. It is more than equivalent to their amount in Prussia, whose entire expenditure is about 12*s.* per head. The whole sum expended upon the poor, in the year 1832-33, was 6,790,799*l.*, which is at the rate of somewhat more than 10*s.* 6*d.* a head—namely, in England, 6,486,534*l.*, and in Wales, 304,265*l.*; the average expenditure for the former, supposing the population to have been 12,086,675 souls, being about 10*s.* 8*d.* per head; and for the latter, with a presumed population of 803,000 souls, being about 7*s.* 7*d.* per head. The county in which the largest expenditure on the poor took place was Middlesex, where 647,013*l.* was expended amidst a population of 1,358,000, or about 9*s.* 6*d.* per head; Lancaster stands next, with a population of 1,335,000 souls, and an expenditure on its poor of 274,981*l.*, or about 4*s.* 1*d.* per head. The smallest expenditure was in the county of Rutland, where, with a population of 19,400 souls, it amounted to 8,971*l.* averaging nearly 9*s.* 3*d.* per head. Since the year 1818, there has been an apparent diminution of 761,291*l.* in the whole sum expended for the relief of the poor in England and Wales, making a difference of between 11 and 12 per cent. in favour of 1832-33; but the decline in the prices of the necessaries of life is more than equivalent to this difference.

The Book Trade of England and France.—The celebrated statistician, M. Moreau de Jonnès, has favoured us with the following state of the book trade between England and France:—

	Exported from France to England.		Imported from England into France.	
	Kilograms (2lbs.)	Francs.	Kilograms.	Francs.
1821	81,127	407,534	19,086	110,375
1822	84,649	425,432	20,708	122,352
1823	99,181	497,333	16.784	99,226
1824	111,221	561,072	16,408	96 412
1825	178,366	914,528	17,632	122,453
1826	94,479	661,353	19,036	132,144
1827	91,949	480,541	17,641	120,492
1828	116,429	623,491	18,306	124.984
1829	103,282	554,770	21,907	147,647
1830	108,897	544,545	22,714	154,276
1831	81,598	418,958	15,962	109,856
1832	84,994	435,328	19,682	131,318

The number of volumes annually exported from France to England amounts to near 400,000; that is, one volume for every 55 inhabitants. France receives from England 80,000 volumes, or one for every 400 inhabitants. It is afflicting that the interchange of knowledge between the two first civilized countries should be so limited—kingdoms whose mutual interests require a greater intellectual acquaintance. Even China, situated at the other extremity of the globe, with a despotic and illiterate government and a language of 80,000 letters, exports a large number of books.

Researches in the East.—Dr. Gerard is at length returned in safety from his long-protracted travels in the countries between the British frontier on the North-West and the Caspian Sea. A letter has recently been received from him, dated Lodiana, announcing his arrival, with a large collection of coins and minerals, and other objects of curiosity. Besides his own researches, Dr. Gerard is the medium of bringing to the notice of the scientific world some very important discoveries of a Mr. Masson, made during a residence of some years in the country of ancient Bactria. The ruins of an extensive city have been traced at the base of the Hindoo Koosh mountains, supposed to be the city of Alexandria ad Caucasum. Several gigantic images have been seen like those in that neighbourhood already described by Dr Gerard and Lieutenant Burnes, and various *topes* have been examined by Mr. Masson, from which he has collected upwards of 30,000 old coins, mostly copper, and a large portion of them bearing Greek inscriptions in high preservation, some of which are not to be found in any collection in Europe.—*Calcutta Courier.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Level of the Baltic.—The "Commercial Gazette" of St. Petersburg, of May 28, has the following:—"It has been remarked that, during the last twenty years, the water in this port has become considerably lowered, and affords a new proof of the correctness of the observations made by the ancient inhabitants of the shores of the Baltic, that the bottom of this sea is continually rising; that the level and body of the water is gradually diminishing, and that the land is increasing on every side. According to the researches of the ancient naturalists, phenomena of this nature most frequently occur in the countries near the North Pole. We can quote as an example the lakes of Denmark, which have sunk so low that some of them are almost entirely without water. Sweden and Norway, 2500 years ago, formed one island. The town of Pittea, in forty-five years became distant from the sea two miles, and the water receded from Loulea one mile in twenty-eight years. The ancient port of Lodisa is now four miles from the sea, and that of Westerwich two miles. At the time of the foundation of Torneo, large vessels could come close up to it—now it is in the middle of the peninsula. The islands of Errgsoe and Caroe, Apsoe and Testeroe, have been for many years joined to each other; and Louisoe, Psalmodi, Magdelone, and many more have become part of the mainland. It was upon these facts, connected with other observations, that Linnæus and Celsius concluded that the depth of the Baltic sea diminished four inches in every century, and that in two thousand years it would entirely disappear. Although more accurate observations made in modern times do not confirm the diminution to be so rapid as this, they concur with the generally received opinion, that the bottom of the sea, in the northern hemisphere, rises in a degree, though the level of the water does not sink. It is difficult to decide which of these two opinions is most correct, but it is incontestible that the mainland washed by the Baltic is enlarging; that the rivers and lakes diminish in depth; that banks are forming in the

sea-ports; and that, sooner or later, the inhabitants of the shores of this sea will be driven to dig canals, and perhaps to lay down iron rail-roads, in order to maintain their commerce.

A Double Fish.—In a late number of the "American Journal of Science," (a quarterly work of great interest and conducted with much ability,) there is a representation of a double cat-fish, (a species of silurus,) which was taken alive in a shrimp-net at the mouth of Cape-Fear river, North Carolina, in August, 1833. These fish are connected together in the manner of the Siamese twins, by the integuments at the breast, a dark streak marking the line of union; the texture and colour otherwise of this skin is the same as that of the belly. The mouth and viscera, &c, were entire and perfect in each fish, but on withdrawing the entrails through an incision made on one side of the abdomen, the connecting integument was found to be hollow, and readily admitted a flexible probe to be passed from the abdomen of one fish into the other. One of the fishes is 3½ inches, and the other but 2½ inches long. When these fishes came into existence it is probable they were of equal size and strength, but one born to better fortune gained a trifling ascendency, which he improved to increase the disparity, and by pushing his extended mouth in advance of the other, seized the choicest food for himself.

A Double Tree.—From the same excellent periodical, we extract the following account of an equally extraordinary botanical phenomenon, at Quincy, Florida. At a distance of about three miles from Quincy, there is a yellow pine tree, bearing another of the same species in a perfectly flourishing state. The trees are united at about thirty-five feet from the ground, when they entwine around each other. The one that is borne extends down to *within about two feet of the ground, and is alive and healthy to the very lowest extremity.* These trees have been in the condition in which they now are for a period more remote than the first possession of the country by the present population, for they were pointed out by the Indians as a curiosity to the first Americans who came to Florida. The stump of the tree which is borne has long since entirely disappeared, and the place which it occupied is now grown over with grass and underwood. De Candolle mentions instances of similar natural engrafting, and figures a group of three trees, the middle one of which inosculates by its branches with, and is supported by the other two, its stump being entirely destroyed.

The last Galenian (American paper) furnishes a table of the quantity of lead annually made at the mines of the United States, from their first opening in 1821, to 1833, inclusive. The statement contains a remark, that the lead is less abundant this spring than at any preceding time, and that, comparatively speaking, little will be made this year. The whole quantity made during the twelve years mentioned, is set down at 63,845,740 lbs., of which 7,491,392 lbs. were made during the year 1833. The mining business during that time seems by the table to have fluctuated without any perceptible law of increase. The quantity of lead raised in 1828 was more than twelve millions of pounds, and the next year more than fourteen millions. This variation arises, we suppose, from the want of a regular plan of operations, a deficiency of capital, and the uncertain tenure by which the lead mine lands are held.

Electors in France.—According to the electoral lists formed in the month of October last, 14,685 electors, minus those who are since dead, representing nearly 1,200,000 inhabitants, will, at the approaching election, be called upon to choose fourteen deputies for the department of the Seine, or, upon an average, one deputy for each 1062 electors, and one deputy for each 8571 inhabitants. The first arrondissement has 1233 electors; the second, 2243; the third, 1247; the fourth, 1051; the fifth, 1046; the sixth,

1411; the seventh, 977; the eighth, 865; the ninth, 607; the tenth, 1223; the eleventh, 1115; the twelfth, 618 (the foregoing are of Paris); the thirteenth (Sceaux), 579; and the fourteenth (St. Denis), 950.

The Deaf and Dumb in Zurich.—According to a recent census made of the population of the Canton of Zurich, it appears that in a population of 220,000 souls, the number of deaf and dumb persons amounts to 225. This is about the proportion observable in other countries; that is to say, about one deaf and dumb person in 1000. One case is recorded of a girl eleven years of age, who was not only deaf and dumb, but blind also; so that she had no means of receiving sensation but by the smell and touch. Of the total number of deaf and dumb above mentioned, there were 169 who, with the exception of deafness and the deprivation of speech—the consequence of the want of the faculty of hearing—had no other infirmity, either corporeal or intellectual: and were, therefore, fully capable of receiving education.

Mexico.—The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Waldeck, dated Campeachy, 22d of May:—"Since I have been here, I have not lost my time. I have discovered in the mountains which border the west side of Yucatan, to the southward of Campeachy, and at the distance of seventeen leagues, a large palace, in very tolerable preservation; for man has not placed his foot in it for ages. It is as thickly surrounded with trees as that of Palenque; so that I shall be unable to describe it until they are cleared away. All that I can now say of it is, that it is built of large stones, and that the outer walls and pilasters are not coated with cement, but are sculptured throughout. I have discovered several pyramids larger than that of Teotihuacan. One is in very good preservation, with all its ledges and steps. It is also built of very large stones, and I think I have discovered an entrance into it. By the information which I have received from some Indians of the interior, I have the pleasure to find that my conjectures were not unfounded, and that Yucatan is really the cradle of the civilization of ancient Mexico. I have more than ten monuments to visit, besides those with which I am already acquainted; and, judging from what I have seen, they are more remarkable in their type, and more learned in their execution, than those of Palenque. I have not abandoned all hope of finding the city of Mayapan; but I do not know when I shall be able to carry all my projects into execution."

Remarkable Cavern.—A remarkable stalactitical cavern has been discovered at Erpfingen, in the bailiwick of Reutlingen. The entrance is between two rocks, and was closed with three large stones carefully fitted together. The cavern itself is 515 feet long, and contains in one suite six chambers, which are nearly of equal length, from 24 to 32 feet in height, and from 24 to 48 feet in breadth; but they are all separated from each other by irregularities of the ground. Besides this principal cavern, there are several smaller ones on the left and right: the most remarkable of the latter is near the entrance, and forms a kind of gallery thirty feet long, from five to nine feet high, and ten feet broad. The other lateral caves are generally small and low. Though shut up, probably, for centuries, it must have formerly been inhabited, or at least served as a place of refuge, as not only pieces of pottery, but also two combs and some rings have been found; everywhere, but especially in some of the lateral caves, there are numerous human bones of extraordinary size, also vitrified and petrified bones of large animals, and teeth belonging to animals not known to the sportsmen of the present day. The cavern is dry, the temperature very mild. It is situated in the forest, on the Höhlenberg, or Höllenberg, three leagues and a half from Reutlingen, half a league from Erpfingen, and one league from Lichtenstein.

AGRICULTURE.

The rapidity with which the wheat harvest has been completed in many districts, perhaps we are warranted in saying throughout England, is an additional proof of the facilities which a redundant population affords the agriculturist. The farmer has availed himself of the power he thus enjoys to *put out*, as it is termed, the reaping of his wheat, and *takers* have been almost universally employed, besides the harvest-men engaged for the whole period. Of where this has been most resorted to in the neighbourhood of cities and populous towns, and the master has apportioned his number of regular men to his opportunities and intentions of contracting for his work. The crop has by this means been secured more rapidly and in better order. These advantages are palpable; but we are not amongst those who compute benefits by the standard of pecuniary profit alone. There are some consequences which are even more important, both individually and nationally; and we confess it appears to us that the respect and regard engendered and kept up, by making the workmen, even during the period of harvest, all one family, by teaching them to feel that their comforts and little luxuries flow from the kindness of the farmer, by their thus sharing, as it were, the crop, and living under his eye,—out of all these direct communicatives grew a mutual esteem which mere money-gain cannot at all compensate, when we have seen the men in a large field dividing into groups of two or three upon their several allotments, eating their frugal meal of cold and coarse food, instead of clustering round the meat, pudding and ale, which used to be dispensed from the farm, in one joyous party, it is impossible not to be struck with the difference which must exist in the feelings of the hard-wrought peasant towards his natural lord and protector. Nor is it to be doubted that if, instead of counselling with the workman, labouring with the workman, and thus day by day, and hour by hour, instructing him practically to consider the cultivation of the farm and the produce of the farm to be a mutual honour and a mutual concern—if, instead of inculcating this deep interest, the master and the man have no consideration between them but the mere bargain of how much the one can get for his labour, and the other how little he can get his labour done for, there will be no bond of amify between them. No single cause will account for the depravation, the now desperate depravation, of the rural population; but we are as satisfied as a large induction of facts can make us, that the banishment of the labourer from the farm-house lies at the very bottom of the evil. In its application to the subject before us,—the wages and employment of the season of harvest,—it has this effect, the regular wages are of course lessened,—the duration being shortened in proportion to the use made of *takers*,—the distribution of the sum is thrown into more hands, the work is sooner exhausted, and the labourer suffers in all ways; he has less wages, less food, and the sooner to seek fresh employment. He sensibly feels his portion in the general bounty of Providence to be less, and he visits his displeasure upon the only head he deems culpable—his master. The practice of mowing wheat, instead of reaping with the sickle, now becoming very general, is another abridgment of the gains of the poor. Mown wheat is drag-raked with the horse-rake before the gleaners are allowed to go upon the land; the consequence is, the humble gatherers are despoiled of half the stores they used to be able to collect. It is alike impossible and impolitic, we know, to forbid the introduction of methods of business the most advantageous to the farmer; but while we regret the necessity or the policy, we are not by any means convinced that the moral consequences, showing themselves in increased pauperism, poor-rates, plunder, and alms, are not more prejudicial than the old customs. Sure we are that all the ties which bound together the humble and the better provided by the mild influence of respect and esteem are wholly, entirely, utterly sundered and broken.

The wheat harvest throughout England, we have said, has been com-

pleted, and, by this date, under the blessing of Providence, in the fineness of the season, it is up or nearly up in all but the remotest parts of Scotland. Every account agrees in declaring the crop to be a full average—a fact which induces the belief that it is beyond an average; for experience still shows, even in this advanced period of intelligence, that the farmer is, in this respect, behind the rest of the world, and fondly imagines that, by under-rating the produce, he can affect the price; and it really is curious to observe how slight circumstances have this effect in the London markets. During the last month, one market-day, wheat rose in Mark-lane five shillings a quarter, and a proportionate rise was produced, *pro tempore*, in the country markets, simply because a few hours' rain fell in some of the western districts; but the price almost immediately receded, and may now be quoted little above 40*s*. per quarter. The supply has been for a week or two immensely large; and as it is now ascertained, from the premises we lately stated, that the national consumption has, for the last two years, been supplied by the same growth, it is impossible to calculate, with any chance of probability, what will be the result as to future price. The stock of old wheat is also known to be large, in spite of Mr. Jacob's calculations of continuous diminution. Low the price must certainly be. We do not conceive that millers or merchants will be disposed to speculate or lay in a stock. It will therefore be a trial between the pecuniary necessities of the farmer and the effectual demand; and as it rarely happens that the weekly supply does not fully meet the wants of the dealer, there appears little probability of any rise. Quantity alone can compensate the fall of price to the grower. The quality will be various, but, notwithstanding the reports of sprouted wheat supported by partial samples, equal to the general run of years, the crop of barley is as certainly below, as the wheat is above or up to an average. Nor has it been got up so well in the light-land districts as might be imagined from the favourable weather. The most experienced agriculturists admit that harvest is always begun too late by a few days. In so dry a time the result was that, the attention of the farmer being almost exclusively devoted to his wheat, the barley stood so long, and ripened with such unexampled rapidity, that it lost colour even while it was standing. Lie it did not, for no sooner was it cut than carried. It is not, however, so bright as usual, nor so good a sample, for the extreme heat has, to a limited extent, shrivelled the kernel. Barley, therefore, may be expected to bear a good rate during the year. It commences at from 24*s*. to 30*s*., and really good samples have brought a shilling or more higher. The farmer, too, feeling sure of his ground, is not eager to sell; and the supply has consequently been small. The chevalier has decidedly established its superiority by the growth of this year in every respect.

The turnip crop promises equal abundance with the general growth of wheat. We have passed over a very large tract of country lately, and no where does it fail. The breadth of mangel wurzel is also increasing. The worth of this very valuable root is now gradually becoming known amongst the agricultural body. Where it is well managed, and even upon moderate soils, not less than thirty tons per acre may be computed upon. At this time of year, just before the lower leaves begin to die off, judicious and careful farmers gather the under leaves, suffering those only which grow erect from the stem to remain, and these it is found will supply the root with nourishment, which swells the better for the removal of the under-growth, by the admission of more space and more air. Thus a quantity of food for cattle upon these leaves, far greater than would be believed by those who have not tried the practice, is to be easily and unexpensively secured. We have seen some really astonishing proofs of its effects.

Oats have afforded some room for speculation; for, although more than a hundred thousand quarters of foreign have been imported since June 1st, when they first began to arrive, about a third of that quantity only has been entered for home consumption, and these at an average duty of 10*s*. 9*d*. The duty having advanced to 12*s*. 3*d*. in the middle of the month, no ap-

prehensions are entertained of the market being glutted by a fresh influx. The speculators, therefore, proceed upon the supposition that the stock of old free oats is short; and they have bought, at the market value, free, under an expectation that a decline of duty will take place in the autumn. Beans sold readily at a slight advance in the beginning of August, but ever since are of duller sale, though prices have not declined.

Boiling peas, from large arrivals, are lower in price from 1*s.* to 2*s.* Grey are advanced.

Perhaps we can insist, with no such good effect at any season as at this, upon the practice of thick sowing, which, during the Holkham meetings, was so strongly enforced, and which has since been so completely confirmed by the results there. Mr. Coke sows three bushels of wheat per acre, which prevents the tillering, and, beyond all question, produces a far greater bulk and cast. The crop at Holkham is never less than from ten to eleven coombs per acre, and the straws stand so close that it is scarcely possible to insert the little finger between them. Every straw must produce an ear, and hence the large cast. We earnestly recommend its adoption. It affords also an effectual defence against the inroads of hares and rabbits.

Game is expected to be very abundant. The coveys of partridges are almost universally large and numerous. From eighteen to twenty-four birds have been frequently seen; and they are, like every other production of this favoured season, very much stronger than usual. In some places many half-grown birds have died, it is supposed for want of the insects which make their early food. The nides of pheasants are equally plentiful and well grown.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Disease in Potatoes.—The following is given, in the "Dumfries Courier," as the opinion of a highly respectable and intelligent agriculturist, Mr. Menteath, of Closeburn:—

"1st. That we are propagating too long from the same kinds, and that more frequent recurrence ought to be had to seed. We find in fruit trees, that by grafting long from the same stock, we raise at last a small, dwindled, worthless fruit, as witness the golden pippin.

"2d. It seems not unlikely that dung in a fermented state may not only encourage the attack of insects, but actually breed them. An intelligent gentleman told me lately that he had found, from experience, that the ground should be dunged months before the planting time.

"3d. There may be something too in going too often over the same ground with the same crop. The turnip crop in East Lothian has failed at last, on the principle that the same root leaves a poison in the ground, which engenders the disease called fingers and toes; and hence the imperious necessity of extended rotation.

"4th. I would call upon country gentlemen, and all gardeners, to sow the seed of the potato apple, and try to raise from it new varieties, which may perhaps be less liable to attack and failure."

Potatoes in an unripe state are very apt to heat when put together in large masses, and it is well known that the slightest fermentation will destroy their vegetative powers. We would therefore suggest that potatoes that are intended to be used for seed should be well ripened, and when taken up they should be put together in small narrow pits, and well covered with straw, and a light coat of earth: and when they are cut for the purpose of being planted, they should be spread out thin upon a floor, and not allowed to lie above two or three days after they are cut. We think it is of advantage for potatoes to be planted as soon as cut, provided the ground is

not very dry; but if it be very dry, they should lie cut for at least three days. In that case the inner part of the sets gets leave to harden, and the juice is retained, and a strong stem is put forth; but if they are planted as soon as cut, if the ground be dry, their juices are absorbed by the dry soil, and a feeble stem is the consequence.

Potato Crops.—A Somersetshire farmer attributes the failure of the potato crops to the practice of cutting large potatoes for planting into two or three pieces. He states that in his part of the country, it was observed, both last year and in the present, that where the farmers and poor men have planted *small* potatoes *whole*, in the drill twelve inches asunder, they have never failed to produce a good crop. He has planted whole potatoes, and some of them very small, for the last twenty years, and has always found them to come up.

An experienced agriculturist has made some experiments to ascertain the causes of the frequent failures in the potato crops, and the results have led him to the opinion that most of the failures are owing to the seed-potatoes being cut into too many pieces, or to their lying exposed to the sun and air after being cut. When middle-sized potatoes have been taken from the caves or houses, cut into two pieces only, and set immediately, scarcely a failure has occurred.

The Turnip Fly.—Report of the Committee of the Doncaster Agricultural Association on the Turnip Fly, and the Means of its Prevention.—Ridgway, 1834.—Upon the first head of inquiry—as to the seasons in which the depredations of the fly occur,—it appears that the greater number of correspondents state the months of May and June as the periods of the first attack. It is, however, generally added, that their appearance occurs as soon as the turnip plant itself appears; and many correspondents have observed the insect upon the crops in April, whilst four correspondents have observed them in the gardens, as early as March, upon garden-sown turnips and cabbage plants. From the whole of the answers it is certain, that, as soon as it is possible to sow field turnips with advantage the fly is ready to attack them, and the possibility of sowing, so as to precede the appearance of the fly, is decisively negatived. Upon the expediency of early sowing with reference to the fly, some maintain, from observation, that the earlier crops have generally escaped better than the later sown; whilst others as strongly object to it, stating their experience to lead them not to sow before Midsummer. One instance of the latter class, in particular, is given as the experience of an old turnip seedsman, "that he had always observed for many years, that those who sowed before Midsummer were his best customers, generally coming for a second supply." The advocates of early sowing contend for it upon the principle that the fly is not so vigorous before the hot weather commences, and the plant has therefore a better chance of growing out of the way. It must, however, be remembered, that if, from the coolness of the weather, the fly is less vigorous, the same circumstances make the growth of the plant less vigorous also. It is also alleged that sowing before Midsummer is detrimental to the general growth of the crop, as it respects its preservation through the winter.

As to the latest period when the fly is observed in activity, there is a concurrence of opinion sufficient to establish the fact that no period is too late, provided the weather continue warm. Several instances are given of the plant being destroyed when sown late in August, and one of a crop being destroyed after the middle of September. Either of these periods is obviously too late for the general sowing; and the idea of waiting until the season of the fly is over, before the turnip seed is put in the ground, is shown to be fallacious. Many correspondents allege that the fly is weaker in July; and it is consistent with our general observation upon insects, that, as the season advances, their activity declines; but this must be so

entirely dependent upon the weather and the season, that no practical rule can be deduced from such an observation.

The season, therefore, properly belonging to the turnip-fly, may be said to coincide with the season of vegetation itself. The observations of those correspondents, who have paid more particular attention to the habits of the insect, entirely support the more cursory observations of the farmer;—they, with one accord, allege that the fly may be procured at all seasons, during which insects are generally at large. A remarkable instance is given by Mr. Henderson of the readiness with which the insect avails itself of the first approaches of Spring to venture out of its hiding-place. He states, "On the 7th of April, I observed a great number of the turnip-fly floating on the water in a cart-track on the outside of a wood near this place (Milton). The track lay a few yards from the edge of the wood, in a grass field adjoining; the morning was very fine, which no doubt had enticed the insects to leave the wood; but, either through inability to take a longer flight, or being blown down by the wind, they were floating in great numbers in the water and mud of the cart-ruts. Almost all their elytræ were raised, and their wings expanded; which left no doubt of their having been flying. On the evening of the same day, I observed great numbers, which had fallen in a similar way, floating on the water in a pond in the Park."

USEFUL ARTS.

New Moving Power.—At a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences on the 16th of June, a very interesting communication was read from M. Thilorier, a skilful chemist, who exhibited to the academy the apparatus by which he procured a litre (two pints) of liquid carbonic acid in a few seconds. The properties of this substance, he observed, have been but little examined, chiefly because it requires to be confined in close vessels hermetically sealed, and capable of resisting a great pressure. It surpasses all known bodies in the expansion and contraction which it undergoes from given variations of temperature. By raising the temperature from 0 to 30 centigrade, (32 to 86 of Fahrenheit,) a column of the liquefied gas is elongated one-half. With the same change of temperature, a similar column of air is only elongated one-eighth. This enormous dilatation, M. Thilorier thinks, will in future afford the elements of a moving power infinitely more effective, as well as economical, than that which is derived from the expansion of vapour.

Steam Carriages.—We have repeatedly insisted that the beneficial application of steam to locomotive carriages is perfectly possible on the existing roads, without the interference with private property and the disfigurement of the face of the country, which are inseparable from the realization of the prevalent mania for railways; and a proof of the correctness of this opinion has just occurred within our own knowledge. A small steam drag has for the last week been running upon the Stratford road, which, we understand, has been built by Mr. Walter Hancock, under an order from Austria. The weight does not exceed 2½ tons, (including water and fuel for nine miles,) yet it has made four or five journeys a day, with a steadiness and regularity exceeding all precedent. The average speed of this carriage is from 11 to 12 miles an hour; and although the road was *new gravelled* for miles together, it passed over this obstacle with astonishing facility, at nine miles, and was propelled up hill at the same rate. The vehicle was well loaded with foreigners of the first respectability, and steered with much skill by the proprietor, Mr. Voigtlander, engineer, of Vienna.

Purification of Smoke.—Several German publications contain allusions to the discovery of a new and certain method of remedying all the evils and inconveniencies occasioned by smoke in great towns, made by a Saxon architect named Bernhardt. Though the means by which this important object is accomplished are not explained, the investigation the subject has undergone, and the evidence afforded by public authorities and private individuals in Prussia, where the discovery has been practically applied, seem to leave no doubt as to the successful result of the experiments. Herr Bernhardt, by a chemical process, separates the soot from the smoke, directs the ascent of the latter in a perfectly purified state, and makes the former descend in a manner which keeps the chimneys clean, and is a security against their taking fire. His labours were eminently successful. There are testimonials of success having attended his labours in the palace at Berlin, and in different public offices: but what is not a little remarkable is, that the discoverer should be able to keep his method a secret, notwithstanding so many instances of its application, and the very obvious nature of the effect produced.

New Mechanical Power.—An ingenious mechanic at Brussels has just applied a new power to mechanics, from which great results appear to be expected. This new power is galvanism. Across a fly-wheel which is to give motion to the machine, he has placed a metallic bar, previously magnetised by a galvanic pile, and within the attraction of two very powerful magnets. The moment that the bar arrives in a rotatory course at the limit of the attractive power, and where it would necessarily stand still, the inventor, by the application of galvanism, suddenly converts the attractive into a repulsive power, which continues the motion in the same direction, and by these alterations, well managed, the wheel acquires a rapid rotation. The experiment is said to have been completely successful, and the machine worked for a whole hour.

NEW PATENTS.

To Richard Walker, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, manufacturer, for his invention of an improvement in wadding for fire-arms.

To Jonas Bateman, of Islington, in the county of Middlesex, cooper, for his invention of an apparatus, or instrument, for saving human life, or other purposes, in cases of shipwreck, or other disasters by water

To John Barton, of Providence-row, Finsbury, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, and Samuel and Joseph Nye, both of St Andrew's-row, Southwark, in the county of Surrey, mechanics, for their invention of improvements in the construction and application of pumps and machinery for raising fluids, and other purposes.

To Thomas Martin Clerk, of Withy Bush, in the parish of Rudbaxton, in the county of Pembroke, for his invention of certain improvements in engines or machinery for cutting or preparing slates, or other similar substances or materials, for various useful purposes.

To James Hardy, of Wednesbury, in the county of Stafford, gentleman, for his invention of a certain improvement or certain improvements in the making or manufacturing of axletrees for carriages.

To Benjamin Hick, of Bolton-le Moors, in the county palatine of Lancaster, engineer; Edward Evans the elder, of Oldham, in the said county, coal proprietor; and John Higgins, of Oldham aforesaid, engineer; for their invention of certain improvements in the construction and adaptation of metallic packings for the pistons of steam and other engines, pumps, and other purposes to which the same may be applicable.

To William Higgins, of Salford, in the county of Lancaster, machine-maker, for certain improvements in machinery used for making twisted rovings, and yarn of cotton, flax, silk, wool, and other fibrous substances.

To John Gold, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, glass-cutter, for his invention of certain improvements in cutting, grinding, smoothing, polishing, or otherwise preparing glass decanters, and certain other articles.

To John Aston, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, button-maker, for his invention of an improvement in the manufacture or construction of buttons.

To George Beadon, of Taunton, in the county of Somerset, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, for his invention of a machine or apparatus for preventing boats or other floating bodies from capsizing or overturning when oppressed

by too much sail, and for easing off the ropes and sheets of different classes and descriptions of vessels, parts of which machine or apparatus may be applied for other purposes.

To Lemuel Wellman Wright, of Sloane Terrace, Chelsea, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for cutting tobacco, and which machinery may be applicable to other useful purposes.

To John Ramsbottom, of Todmorden, in the county of Lancaster, mechanic, and Richard Holt, of the same place, iron-founder, for their invention of certain improvements in the construction of power-looms for weaving cotton and other fibrous materials into cloth or other fabrics.

To Peter Wright, of the city of Edinburgh, manufacturer, for his invention of an improved method of spinning, twisting, and twining cotton, flax, silk, wool, or any other suitable substances.

To William Septimus Losh, of Walker, in the county of Northumberland, gentleman, for his invention of an improved method of bleaching certain animal fats, and certain animal, vegetable, and fish oils.

To James Warne, of Union-street, in the borough of Southwark, pewterer and beer-engine manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in engines or machinery for raising, drawing, or forcing beer, ale, and other liquids or fluids.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM JULY 29, 1834, TO AUGUST 22, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

July 29.—W. Aldridge, Maidenhead, chinaman. J. B. Hawker, Montague-street, Portman-square, plumber. J. and J. Kesteven, Strand, mercers. R. Kay, Manchester, rectifier of spirits. W. C. Thomson, Liverpool, merchant. J. Bratton, Drayton in Hales, Shropshire, tanner. S. C. James, Digworth, Warwickshire, pork-butcher. E. Bagnall, Edgbaston, Warwickshire, iron-master.

Aug. 1.—J. Blenco, Knightsbridge, tailor. T Cocking, Great Portland street, Marylebone, chemist and druggist. T Showell, Bath-street, City-road, tailor. A. L. Vogel, Finsbury-circus, City, merchant. W. Vaughan, Covington-terrace, Bermondsey, dealer. J N. Allen, late of Lamb's Conduit-street, Red Lion-square, tailor.

Aug. 5.—W. H. Judd, Union-street, Bath, draper. J. Mawman, Arbour-square, Commercial-road East, ship-owner. W. Baker, Southampton, linen-draper. W. Mills, Lavenham, Suffolk, innkeeper. S. Ward, Leeds, coach-proprietor. E. Ironmonger, Barton-under-Needwood, Staffordshire, builder. J. T. Dutton, Harrington, Cumberland, manufacturing chemist. J. B. Crome, Norwich, drawing-master.

Aug 8.—M. Milton, Brick-street, Mayfair, horse-dealer. F. Alven, Walbrook, ostrich-feather-merchant. W. Skeath, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, saddler. R. Thomas, Wapping, potato-salesman. W. Stockwell, jun., Bristol, basket-maker. S. Mason, Ashby-de-la Zouch, Leicestershire, workhouse-master. R. Thompson and J. Dixon, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, iron-founders. W. Tarrant, Bath-wick, coach-maker.

Aug. 12.—R. Elmore, Bankside, Southwark, coal-merchant. G. Lucas, Denmark-hill, Camberwell, coach-master. A. Colvin, W. A. Bazett, D. Colvin, T. Anderson, and D. Ainslie, now or late of Calcutta, merchants. J. Barnett, Tottenham-street, Fitzroy-square, copper-plate printer. W. and W. M. Morris, Princes-street, Leicester-square, feather-dressers. J. Dunne and T. Smith, Liverpool, merchants. R. and J. Mansfield, Thirsk, Yorkshire, millers. W. Cattaral and W. Hinde, Liverpool, drysalters. J. Morgan, jun., Bristol, jeweller.

Aug. 15.—J. Smith, Old Broad-street, City, stock-broker. J. Maiiani, Charlotte-street, Portland-place, lodging-house-keeper. W. Timson, Bush-lane, Cannon-street, wine-merchant. P Wood, Spittle-bridge, Yorkshire, innkeeper. G. Willson, Atherstone, Warwickshire, victualler. E. Thorne, Bideford, Devonshire, draper.

Aug. 19.—G. Diack, Regent street, Piccadilly, furniture-warehouseman. T. Thompson, Westerham, Kent, grocer. D. Mackinnon, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, wine-merchant. E. Marklew, Talbot-court, Gracechurch-street, victualler. E. Wright, Draycot, Derbyshire, money-scrivener. A. Hart, Exeter, clothes-salesman. J. Whitehouse, jun., Leamington, coal-dealer.

Aug. 22.—J. Bell, Norton-falgate, linen-draper. W. Parker, Horncastle, Lincolnshire, money-scrivener. A. Stratton and J H. Secretan, Cheapside, factors. J. Phelps and R. Appleton, Rayleigh, Essex, linen-drapers. J. Kesterton, Camberwell, coach-builder. J. T. Armstrong, St Martin's-street, Leicester-square, oil and colourman. C. Frankland, sen, Susworth, Lincolnshire, maltster. J. Walthew Liverpool, linen-draper. H. R. Fanshawe, sen., Charlton, Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, silk-throwster. W. Postle, Worstead, Norfolk, corn-merchant. W. R. Ewing and H. Brettargh, Liverpool, ship-chandlers.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The accounts from all the considerable wool-manufacturing districts have of late been very satisfactory; the trade in Yarn has been dull, the prices offered having for some time past been lower than under the high quotations of the raw material the spinners could accept; but in this department of manufacture, purchasers are now coming in more freely, being encouraged by the spirit with which the Wool sales in London have gone off at even advanced prices, and by the knowledge they possess that the demand for goods, both for home consumption and for exportation, is likely to continue for some time to come. In Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and all the great marts for piece goods, the supply is inadequate to the demand; and the stocks on hand, as well in the home trade as in the continental ports, are known to be scanty. In Silk weaving, though there is less activity than in the woollen trade, there is a tolerably steady demand for labour; Cotton is still better, particularly among the hand-loom weavers at Todmorden, where the masters have lately advanced the wages of the workmen one penny per cut; thus raising the remuneration for a good week's work from 7*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*; surely with such a rate of wages, (and we firmly believe the manufacturer, who says that he can afford no more,) it is reckless cruelty in the Legislature artificially to enhance the price of bread, which is eminently the poor man's food.

The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the relative advantages of a discriminating or a fixed rate of duty on Tea, has been published since the commencement of the recess. The Resolution of the Committee is to the following effect:—That as it would be manifestly unjust to the merchants who have ordered Teas from China to alter the law, so as to affect the duties on Teas so ordered, and therefore any change, supposing such desirable, could not take effect for some time to come, and as experience of the working of the present law must be had before the next Session of Parliament, the Committee are of opinion that it is advisable to receive the benefit of such experience before the Legislature determines upon the expediency of any prospective alteration in the duties on Tea. This Report, it will be seen, is a mere evasion of the reference made to the Committee; it being in no degree founded upon the evidence taken, and the recommendation contained in it being, in fact, neither more nor less than this, that the House should abstain from receiving the information which it had deputed the Committee to collect; futile and inconclusive as it is, we believe it was carried by a majority of one only, in a Committee of twenty-three, five of whom were connected officially with the Government. The evidence to which this meagre Report is prefixed, presents, in the interesting and valuable details with which it abounds, a remarkable contrast to the deduction which has been drawn from it. Even apart from all financial considerations, the general inquirer will find ample recompense in the perusal of the evidence of Mr. John Reeves, as to the culture and preparation of the Tea leaf; while with reference to the question of commercial policy, the testimony of Mr. W. Crawford will furnish abundant materials for forming a correct judgment. A careful investigation of the whole of the evidence cannot, we think, leave a doubt on any unprejudiced mind, that a uniform rate must necessarily be adopted in the end.

In the Colonial Market, British Plantation Sugars fully maintain their prices, though the demand has latterly suffered some diminution. Grey Jamaica brings 52*s.*; middling grocery, 53*s.*; good to fine, 55*s.* to 58*s.* Mauritius Sugars have advanced; low soft are 46*s.* 6*d.*; good Brown, 49*s.* 6*d.* to 51*s.* 6*d.*; yellow low to fine, 52*s.* to 57*s.* 6*d.*; very fine yellow, 58*s.* 6*d.* Bengal and Manilla continue in demand; for the latter of good quality 25*s.* is refused. In Foreign Sugars more business might be done, but that the holders require high prices. The Refined Market is firm, and 32*s.* is now the quotation for fine crushed.

The demand for British Plantation Coffee had been languid for some time until towards the close of the month, when an increased activity among purchasers occasioned a rise of 2*s.* per cwt. in the clean descriptions; Jamaica fine ordinary to fine fine ordinary sold for 74*s.* 6*d.* to 78*s.* 6*d.*, low middling 81*s.*; Dominica, good ordinary to fine fine ordinary, 66*s.* 6*d.* to 76*s.* In Foreign and East India Coffee the transactions are very limited, and the Market generally depressed.

Cocoa offers no alterations: grey Trinidad bringing 44*s.* to 44*s.* 6*d.* In Rum there is little business doing; purchasers are waiting the result of infor-

mation as to the new supplies; Jamaicas 25 to 30 per cent. over proof have brought 2*s.* 9*d.* to 2*s.* 11*d.* Cotton and Silk are steady with a fair demand.

The state of the harvest throughout the country is now pretty well ascertained; and although there may be partial exceptions to the goodness of quality, as a whole, the Wheat crop is fully an average both in quality and quantity: the supplies of new Wheat are now becoming abundant, and prices are suffering a correspondent diminution. Of Oats the supply would be scanty if it were not aided by the abundant crops of Scotland and Ireland; Beans and Peas are, however, deficient everywhere.

In the English Money Market, there has been a remarkable absence of fluctuation; the utmost range of it during the past month being less than 1 per cent. in Consols. Exchequer Bills, being more immediately acted upon by any temporary demand for money, have exhibited greater variations.

In the Foreign Market, Spanish Bonds continue to excite the most lively interest among speculators; in the early part of the month, the satisfactory speech of the Queen Regent caused them to advance to 48¾; since that time, however, the delay on the part of the Minister of Finance in presenting a clear exposition of the resources of the nation has led to a decline of 4 per cent. In Portuguese even a greater reduction has taken place, chiefly under the impression that a further war would be required.

We subjoin the closing prices of the principal Securities on the 26th:—

BRITISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 223 2½—Three per Cent. Reduced, 90¾ ½ ⅝ ⅜—Three per Cent. Consols, 90¼ 89⅞ 90—Three and a Half per Cent. Ditto, 1818. 99¾ ⅛—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 98¾ ½—New Three and a Half per Cents., 98⅛ ¼ 8—Four per Cents. 1826, assented, 99⅝ ⅜; dissented, 101⅜—Long Annuities, to the 5th Jan. 1860, 17 7/16 ⅜—India Stock 258—Ditto Bonds, Two and a Half per Cent., 15 17—Exchequer Bills, 1000*l.*, 39*s.*, 40*s.* 38*s.*—Ditto, 500*l.* 40*s.* 38*s.*—Ditto Small, 39*s.* 41*s.* 38*s.*—Bank for the Account, 222½—Consols for the Account, for August, 90⅛ 89⅞ ¾.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Brazilian, Five per Cent., 78—Chilian, Six per Cent., 31—Colombian, Six per Cent. of 1824, 29¼—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 50⅞ 1 50¾—Ditto Five per Cent., 98⅞ ¾ ⅝—Mexican Deferred Stock, 20—Ditto, Six per Cent., 40 39—Portuguese Regency, Five per Cent., 83 1¾ 2 82—Russian, Five per Cent., 106½—Spanish, Five per Cent., of 1821 and 1822 45¼ 4⅛ 5⅛ 4 ⅞—Ditto of 1823, 42¾.

SHARES.

Brazilian, Imperial, 26½—United Mexican, 4¾ 5.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

July 21.—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Poor-Laws Amendment Bill. His Lordship entered into a very long statement, and after considerable discussion the second reading was carried on a division by a majority of 76 to 13.

July 22.—The Marquess of Westmeath, on rising to move for a copy of a portion of a letter addressed by him to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in May last, asked the Lord Chancellor whether, if a Bill were introduced into Parliament to punish slanderous attacks upon the characters of individuals made in either House, he would support such a bill? After some discussion on the point of order, the Lord Chancellor declared he would oppose such a Bill, as an infringement upon the Bill of Rights, and an invasion of the freedom of debate. The law, as it stood at present, was efficient for the protection of character; or if any improvement were to be wished, he hoped they might expect it from the propriety and taste of the audience addressed.

July 25.—Lord Wharncliffe moved the second reading of the Great

Western Railway Bill, which, after some discussion, was lost on a division, there being in favour of the second reading, 30; against it, 47,—majority, 17.

July 28.—Their Lordships went into Committee on the Poor-Law Bill, and an amendment was moved and agreed to, giving magistrates power to enforce relief in cases of sudden or urgent necessity. Their Lordships then adjourned for an hour, and on their return the Irish Coercion Bill was read a second time.

July 31.—The Duke of Wellington presented 155 petitions against the admission of Dissenters to the Universities.—The remaining clauses of the Poor-Law Bill were discussed, and the Bill was ordered to be recommitted.

August 1.—Several petitions were presented against the admission of Dissenters to the Universities.—On the motion of the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Election Bribery Bill was read a third time and passed.

August 4.—Lord Radnor gave notice, that next session he would submit a motion that the age at which persons in the Universities should be called upon to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles and take the oaths should be distinctly specified.

August 5.—The Marquess of Londonderry brought forward his motion on our foreign relations, and moved that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he would be graciously pleased to give directions that there be laid before the House copies or extracts of correspondence or information relating to negotiations for concluding a treaty between his Majesty, the Queen Regent of Spain, Louis Philippe, King of the French, and the Duke of Braganza, signed in London on the 22d of April, 1834. After some discussion, the motion was negatived without a division.

August 6.—Upon the order of the day being read for the third reading of the Poor-Law Bill, Lord Teynham moved as an amendment that it be read that day six months. After some discussion, their Lordships divided, when the third reading was carried by a majority of 45 against 15.

August 11.—Lord Melbourne moved the second reading of the Irish Tithe Bill. His Lordship entered into a description of the state of the Protestant Church in Ireland, and the resistance opposed by the people to the collection of tithe. A very long debate ensued, which ended in the rejection of the Bill by a majority of 189 against 122.

August 13.—Their Lordships held Conferences on the Coroners Bill, the Justices of the Peace Bill, and the Poor Laws Bill. To the first two, their Lordships persisted in maintaining their dissent from the Commons; but on the Poor-Laws Bill, they assented to the reinsertion of the clause which provides for the admission of Dissenting Ministers to Workhouses.

August 15.—His Majesty entered the House at a quarter to three o'clock. The Speaker of the House of Commons was then summoned, and shortly after appeared, accompanied by several Members. After the usual ceremonies, his Majesty delivered the following speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—The numerous and important questions which have in the present, as in the two preceding years, been submitted to your consideration, have imposed upon you the necessity of extraordinary exertions; and it is with a deep sense of the care and labour which you have bestowed upon the public business, that I at length close this protracted session, and release you from your attendance.

"I continue to receive from all Foreign Powers assurances of their friendly disposition.

"The negotiations, on account of which the Conferences in London upon the affairs of the Low Countries were suspended, have not yet been brought to a close;

and I have still to lament the continual postponement of a final settlement between Holland and Belgium.

"On the other hand, I have derived the most sincere and lively satisfaction from the termination of the civil war which had so long distracted the kingdom of Portugal; and I rejoice to think that the treaty which the state of affairs in Spain and in Portugal induced me to conclude with the King of the French, the Queen Regent of Spain, and the Regent of Portugal, and which has already been laid before you, contributed materially to produce this happy result.

"Events have since occurred in Spain to disappoint, for a time, the hopes of tranquillity in that country, which the pacification of Portugal had inspired.

"To these events, so important to Great Britain, I shall give my most serious attention, in concert with France and the other Powers who are parties to the Treaty of the 22d of April; and the good understanding which prevails between me and my Allies encourages me to expect that our united endeavours will be attended with success.

"The peace of Turkey remains undisturbed, and I trust that no event will happen in that quarter to interrupt the tranquillity of Europe.

"I have not failed to observe with approbation that you have directed your attention to those domestic questions which more immediately affect the general welfare of the community, and I have had much satisfaction in sanctioning your wise and benevolent intentions by giving my assent to the Act for the amendment and better administration of the laws relating to the Poor in England and Wales. It will be my duty to provide that the authority necessarily vested in Commissioners nominated by the Crown, be exercised with temperance and caution; and I entertain a confident expectation that its prudent and judicious application, as well as the discreet enforcement of the other provisions of the Act, will, by degrees, remedy the evils which at present prevail; and whilst they elevate the character, will increase the comforts, and improve the condition of my people.

"The amendment of the law is one of your first and most important duties, and I rejoice to perceive that it has occupied so much of your attention. The establishment of a Central Court for the trial of offences in the metropolis and its neighbourhood will, I trust, improve the administration of justice within the populous sphere of its jurisdiction, and afford a useful example to every other part of the kingdom.

"To the important subjects of our Jurisprudence and of our Municipal Corporations, your attention will naturally be directed early in the next session. You may always rest assured of my disposition to co-operate with you in such useful reformations.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I thank you for the readiness with which you granted the supplies. The Estimates laid before you were somewhat lower than those of former years, although they included several extraordinary charges, which will not occur again. The same course of economy will still be steadily pursued. The continued increase of the revenue, notwithstanding the repeal of so many taxes, affords the surest proof that the resources of the country are unimpaired, and justifies the expectation that a perseverance in judicious and well-considered measures will still further promote the industry and augment the wealth of my people.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—It gives me great gratification to believe, that in returning to your several counties, you will find a prevalence of general tranquillity and of active industry amongst all classes of society. I humbly hope that Divine Providence will vouchsafe a continuance and increase of these blessings, and, in any circumstances which may arise, I shall rely with confidence upon your zeal and fidelity. And I rest satisfied that you will inculcate and encourage that obedience to the laws, and that observance of the duties of religion and morality, which are the only secure foundations of the power and happiness of empires."

The Lord Chancellor then, in his Majesty's name, declared the Parliament prorogued to Thursday, the 25th day of September.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

July 21.—The second reading of the Irish Coercion Bill was carried by a majority of 146 to 25. In a Committee of Supply the sum of 60,000*l.* was granted for the officers, seamen, &c. engaged in the Battle of Navarino; and the sum of 5000*l.* to Capt. Ross for his services.

July 22.—Lord Morpeth moved that, during the remainder of the Session, the orders of the day have precedence of notices of motions, which, after some conversation, was carried on a division of 85 to 45. Mr. Littleton obtained leave to bring in a Bill to continue for one year, and to the end of the next session, the Acts regarding the importation and the keeping of arms in Ireland.

July 23.—Mr. O'Connell, as Chairman of the Inns of Court Committee, brought forward the evidence given by Lord Western, as to the 500*l.* forwarded by Mr. Ellice, the Secretary to the Treasury, to promote the election of Mr. Mayhew for Colchester, and, as a matter of privilege, urging inquiry, to show that it was not the public money that had been so used. He moved that it be referred to a Committee of Privileges.—Lord J. Russell said that the matter had already been explained, that Mr. Ellice had acted as secretary to a private subscription, and that there was no ground for the inquiry. He admitted that it was important to remove every ground of suspicion, especially as nominations were at an end, at least except such nominations as the Honourable Member for Dublin had had as much to do with as any man.—Mr. Tennyson considered that there were no grounds for inquiry. He was one of the Committee that had advanced the 500*l.* from private subscriptions.—After some further discussion, the motion was negatived by a majority of 113 to 34.

July 28.—The Universities Admission Bill was passed, after a debate, by a majority of 164 to 75.

July 29.—Mr. O'Connell rose to take the sense of the House as to the postponement of the Irish Tithe Bill till next session. He concluded a long speech by moving that the Bill be committed that day six months.—Mr. Littleton opposed the motion; which, after a long debate, was negatived by 154 to 14.—The House then went into a Committee on the Bill, and several clauses were discussed.

July 30.—In answer to Major Beauclerk, Sir J. Hobhouse said it was the intention of Government to open to the public that part of the Regent's Park on the banks of the canal on the northern side of the park, and that no other part of the park would at present be thrown open to the public.—The House went into Committee on the Irish Tithe Bill, when the debate on clause 3 was resumed. Mr. O'Connell moved an amendment, which was carried, after a long discussion, by a majority of 82 against 33. In consequence of Ministers being thus left in a minority, several clauses were postponed, and other clauses omitted.

July 31.—On the motion that the House resolve into Committee on the Tithes (Ireland) Bill, Colonel Davies moved an amendment that it was inexpedient to make any payment out of the Consolidated Fund in order to carry into effect the Bill. After some discussion, the original motion was carried by 78 against 14.

Aug. 1.—The House went into Committee on the Irish Tithes Bill, and several clauses were agreed to.

August 4.—Mr. G. Wood gave notice that he would next session re-introduce the Bill for the Admission of Dissenters to the Universities.—Mr. Wilks gave notice that he would next session move for a Committee to consider the expediency of establishing one or more National Universities in the Metropolis and in other parts of England and Wales.—The report of the Irish Tithe Bill was further considered, and agreed to.

August 5.—Mr. Littleton moved the third reading of the Irish Tithe Bill, and stated that the perpetuity-fund would be 91,000*l.*, the demand on it 66,000*l.*, leaving a balance of 25,000*l.* in the hands of the Commissioners for optional purposes. The loan they had had of 100,000*l.* was to be repaid

by instalments. After some discussion the Bill was read a third time and passed.

August 7.—Mr. O'Connell gave notice that he should next session move a resolution that the House adjourn at eight o'clock in the evening at the latest.—Lord Althorp moved an Address of Thanks to his Majesty, which was unanimously agreed to, for the King's gracious abandonment of his reversionary title to attainted property in Ireland.

August 11.—The Lords' amendments to the Poor Law Bill were taken into consideration. One amendment, which consisted in the rejection of the 18th clause of the Bill, as sent from the Commons, occasioned a debate: the result was, that a conference was requested of the Lords, in which the reasons for dissenting from the amendment were to be discussed. The other amendments were, after some debate, agreed to.

August 13.—Sir S. Whalley gave notice that next session he should move for leave to bring in a Bill to abolish Hereditary Peerage.

August 15.—The Usher of the Black Rod summoned the House to attend the House of Lords to hear the King's Speech; after which, Parliament was prorogued to the 25th of September.

THE COLONIES.

EAST INDIES.

Accounts from India to the 12th of April communicate the fact that the Governor-General of India, with the concurrence of the Government and Council of Madras, had resolved to commence hostilities against the independent Rajah of Coorg, for his cruelty and oppression to his people, and for the threats he had held out against the Government of India for affording protection to his sister and her husband, who had fled within the British territory, to save their lives from the Rajah's fury. In pursuance of a proclamation, ordering a British army into the Rajah's dominions, several regiments of English and native troops entered Coorg, but found it comparatively deserted. On arriving outside the city, they discovered stockades erected, which were attacked, and valiantly defended by the Rajah's troops. In the attack the British troops had seventy men and four officers killed; and when the advices left, the Rajah remained in possession of his batteries. The Company, it appears, has been reducing its native troops, and many active men, who had been unable to obtain their living in any other way, joined the Rajah: and it is stated that, while the firing from the stockades was kept up, voices were heard directing the men not to fire at particular officers and men in the forces sent against Coorg, as they were discovered to have been comrades of those who had entered the Rajah's service. The defeat of the Rajah's troops was considered certain.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

A bill which has been laid before the public as likely to engage the attention of the Legislative Council during its present sitting, is the draft of an ordonnance for the protection of the sand-hills and the lands extending between the Salt and Leisbeek rivers on one side, and the Eerst and Kuils rivers on the other. The sand-hills and sand-flats embrace an extent of from 40,000 to 50,000 acres of waste government land, consisting of a light sandy soil, held together by a scanty vegetation which the winter rains force upon its surface. This subject at the Cape is considered of the highest importance to almost every class of society.

SWAN RIVER.

Considerable uncertainty having prevailed with reference to the capability of the Swan River colony to maintain its inhabitants during the

coming year, a report was made to Captain Irwin, the Lieutenant-Governor on his departure in September, of a flattering description; and since the arrival of Captain Stirling, it is added that the colony has improved, and that it bids fairer now than at any other former period to maintain its position in the scale of British dependencies. The colony in 1830 sent home wool to the amount of 222*l.*; last year it sent home to the amount of 5,000*l.*

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

The French King opened the Chambers in person on the 31st July, on which occasion he delivered a speech, which contained little worthy of particular remark. His Majesty spoke of the increasing prosperity of the commercial interests; adverted to his determination to preserve the peace and maintain the independence of France; and alluded to his intimate alliance with England, and the treaty recently entered into between England, France, Spain, and Portugal, for the pacification of the Peninsula.

SPAIN.

The Queen Regent of Spain opened the Cortes in person on the 24th of July. A long speech was delivered on the occasion; and her Majesty is represented to have gone through all the ceremonies with dignified composure.—A conspiracy had been discovered the night before, for proclaiming the ultra-Radical Cortes of 1820-23; but the plot was defeated, and the chief conspirators were arrested.

The Speech of the Queen is a long and interesting document. It asserts the right of her daughter to the Crown, as founded on the immemorial custom and fundamental laws of the Spanish monarchy. She laments the conduct of an ill-advised Prince, who had attempted to snatch the sceptre from its lawful heir. She defends the energetic measures pursued when her army entered Portugal; speaks with high praise of the Kings of France and England; praises the fidelity of the army; and directs the attention of the Cortes to the state of the finances, and to the extraordinary means of credit which will be necessary.

BELGIUM.

The Belgian Ministry has been definitively arranged, and the vacancies occasioned by the late resignations are filled up as follows:—M. de Theux is Minister of the Interior; M. Ernst, of Justice; and M. de Muelinaere, of Foreign Affairs. As these gentlemen, we believe, belong to the Movement, their nominations will give much satisfaction, whilst they show how quietly and mechanically Belgium falls into the wake of one of her august protectors.

MEXICO.

Accounts from Mexico give a very unfavourable account of the state of things in that republic. The country was divided into two factions; the one consisting of the clergy and people of property, at the head of which was Santa Anna, and the other the common people, joined with those military adventurers who, in the restoration of social order, see the ruin of their prospects. It seems evident, indeed, that this beautiful portion of the new world is again destined to be the theatre of civil war.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

EARL BATHURST.

Earl Bathurst died, at his house in Arlington-street, on the 27th July, in the 72d year of his age. His Lordship succeeded to the honours as third Earl Bathurst, Baron Bathurst, of Battlesden, and Baron Apsley, of Apsley, in the county of Sussex, on the demise of his father, in 1794, and married, in 1789, Lady Georgina Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, by whom he had issue, 1st, Henry George, Lord Apsley; 2d, Hon. Wm. Bathurst, Clerk to the Privy Council; 3d, Colonel Seymour Bathurst, Treasurer to the Governor of Malta; 4th, Hon. Charles Bathurst, in holy orders, and married to a daughter of the Earl of Abingdon; and two daughters, one of whom is married to the Hon. General Ponsonby. His Lordship was a Knight of the Garter, a Teller in the Court of Exchequer, a joint Clerk of the Crown, one of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, a Member of the Antiquarian Society, Doctor of Civil Law, &c. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and family estates by his eldest son, Viscount Apsley.

ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD KING.

At Sheerness, Sir Richard King, Bart., Vice-Admiral of the Red, K.C.B., and Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's ships at Sheerness, Chatham, &c. This worthy, amiable, and distinguished officer was the eldest son of the late Admiral Sir R. King, who, for his zealous and meritorious services in India during the first American war, was created a Baronet. Sir R. King went to sea very early in life, and was promoted to his post rank in 1794. Between that year and 1797 he commanded the Aurora and Druid. In June, 1797, he was appointed to his Majesty's ship Sirius, of 36 guns, and was employed off the Texel with the fleet under the orders of Lord Duncan. On the 24th October, 1798, after a very gallant action, the Sirius captured two Dutch frigates, the Furie, of 36 guns, and the Waa Kzaamheid, of 26 guns, after a running chase and fight which lasted from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon. In January, 1801, while cruising off Rochefort, in company with Le Oiseau, Capt. Linzie, the Sirius and that ship captured La Dédaigneuse, a 36-gun French frigate, from Cayenne, after a gallant resistance, on which occasion she lost several men killed and wounded, without the British ships sustaining any damage. Sir R. King had the Sirius till the peace in August, 1802. In 1805 he joined his Majesty's ship Achille, 74, and in the memorable battle of Trafalgar was stationed in the rear or lee column, under the command of Lord Collingwood, on which occasion the Achille sustained a loss of 13 men killed and 59 wounded. Sir R. King was always most actively employed—in 1811 he was appointed Captain of the Fleet to the Mediterranean, and afterwards the Channel Fleet, when under the orders of Admiral Sir Charles Cotton; and on attaining his flag, in 1812, he hoisted it on board the San Josef, 110 guns, off Toulon. In 1816 Sir Richard went to India as Commander-in-Chief, and remained there upwards of four years; and little more than twelve months ago (23d July, 1833), he assumed the command of the ports of Sheerness and Chatham. Sir R. King succeeded his father to the Baronetcy in November, 1806. He was nominated a Rear-Admiral in 1812, a K.C.B. in 1815, and a Vice-Admiral of the Red in 1821. He was presented with the Trafalgar medal, with the other distinguished officers in that action. Sir R. King was married, in 1803, to the only daughter of the late Admiral Sir John Duckworth, who died on her passage out to

India. He afterwards was united, in 1822, to Maria Susanna, a daughter of his old Admiral and follower, Sir Chas. Cotton, and has a family by each lady—in all, twelve children. His son, who succeeds to the Baronetcy, is in the army.

SIR JOHN DOYLE.

This gallant officer died at his residence in Somerset-street, Portman-square. His military career was one of high reputation. He entered the service by the purchase of an ensigncy in the 48th foot, in 1771. In 1775 he embarked as lieutenant with the 40th foot for America, where he served in all the campaigns of that period, having received a wound in action. In 1778 he obtained a company in Lord Rawdon's corps, "the Volunteers of Ireland" (afterwards 105th foot), and purchased his majority in it in 1781, having been twice wounded while serving with that regiment. The regiment was reduced in 1784, and he returned to his native country (Ireland), where he remained on half-pay until the commencement of the French revolutionary war, at which time he raised the gallant 87th regiment, "the Royal Irish Fusiliers," in the command of which he embarked for the Continent with Earl Moira. He served under the Duke of York in the campaign of 1794, and repulsed an attack of the enemy at Alost, where he was severely wounded. In 1796 he got the colonelcy of the 87th, and was sent in command of a secret expedition into Holland, and on his return was appointed Secretary-at-war in Ireland, and afterwards served as brigadier-general in Gibraltar, Minorca, and Malta. He volunteered his services to Egypt, and accompanied General Hutchinson (the late Earl of Donoughmore) in the expedition against Grand Cairo. His services here received the thanks of Parliament, and he was in 1804 appointed lieutenant-governor of Guernsey; created a Baronet in 1805, with liberty to have supporters to his arms and an additional crest. In April, 1808, he was appointed Lieutenant-general; in 1812, K.B.; in 1815, K.G.C. of the Bath, a vacancy in which order is caused by his death; and in August, 1819, the brevet of General. It will be only necessary to enumerate the distinctions borne on the colours of Sir John's regiment to show the nature and extent of his services:—"Barossa, Tarifa, Vittoria, Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, Ava." Sir John Doyle was in his 78th year, having been born in 1756.

MR. MICHAEL ANGELO TAYLOR.

This gentleman died at his house, at Whitehall, after a short illness. Mr. Taylor was one of the few remaining friends and contemporaries of those great rival statesmen, Pitt and Fox, to the latter of whom he, from the earliest period of his public life, attached himself, and to the time of his death was one of his most constant and undeviating adherents. In early life Mr. Taylor sat in the House of Commons for several years as representative for the city of Durham. In Parliament he was rather a useful than a brilliant member. He was, however, a man of sound judgment and strict political integrity. His persevering efforts to obtain a reform in our Courts of Law, especially in the Court of Chancery, are well known; and his repeated attacks upon Lord Eldon, whilst that individual held the Great Seal, will long be remembered in Lincoln's-inn Hall. Though determined in his politics, Mr. Taylor was in private life hospitable and warm-hearted; and his social virtues gained him many friends, by whom, whilst living, he was highly respected, and being dead, will be sincerely lamented. He was at the time of his death in his 78th year.

MR. ATKINS.

Accounts from Rome communicate the death of Mr. Atkins, an artist of great promise as a portrait-painter, for some years a resident at Rome, where from his talents and amiable disposition he had rendered himself a general favourite, and whose premature loss is much regretted by his fellow-students

there. Our informant states, that when performing quarantine in the *Lazaretto*, at Malta, on his return to Italy from Constantinople, he imprudently sat for some time in a draught without his coat, which produced a fever and his consequent speedy death. The circumstances attending his visit to the capital of Turkey are somewhat curious. During a season of some dulness at Rome, some of his friends, amongst the most intimate of whom was Gibson the sculptor, started the idea of his proceeding to Constantinople with the view of gaining an introduction to the Sultan for the purpose of painting his portrait. Being naturally of an enterprising disposition, the somewhat romantic enterprise met with his instant approbation; his success is not yet accurately known, further than that he actually obtained the Sultan's consent, and we have reason to believe that the undertaking fully answered his expectations. His fame, as a portrait-painter, appears first to have transpired in Rome, from circumstances attending the melancholy fate of the Hon. Miss Bathurst, who, it will be remembered, was thrown from her horse and drowned, whilst riding on the banks of the Tiber. Mr. Atkins, having been previously acquainted with the family, was enabled at their request, by the mere force of memory, to produce a posthumous likeness of the lamented young lady, the fidelity of which was so striking, that, in Rome, most of the persons of distinction commissioned the artist for copies. It may here be mentioned, in connection with the singular event of Miss Bathurst's death, that another posthumous portrait, also very successful, was painted by a distinguished English artist, resident at Florence, Mr. Kircup. Mr. Atkins was by birth an Irishman, of extremely polished address, in person slight and fair—and one of the number of those artists at Rome, whose talents and industry have earned for their country that good name and respect, which even in this City of Artists are by common consent accorded to the English.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Kemm, Bengal Army, to Charlotte, daughter of the late J. Dolbel, Esq., of Jersey.

William Martin, Esq., of the Third Dragoon Guards, to Miss Eleonora Byde.

Simon Fraser Campbell, Esq., eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. William Campbell, 78th Regiment, to Louisa, third daughter of Colonel Kemeys Tynte, M.P., of Haswell House, Somerset, and Cefn-Mable, Glamorganshire.

Sir John Mordaunt, Bart., of Walten, in the county of Warwick, to Caroline Sophia, second daughter of the Lord Bishop of Rochester.

John Kennedy, Esq., his Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Naples, son of the Honourable Robert Kennedy, and nephew of the Marquess of Ailsa, to Amelia Maria, only daughter of Samuel Briggs, Esq., of Alexandria.

Charles Tankerville Webber, Esq., Barrister-at-law, to the Lady Adelaide Charlotte King, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kingston.

Mr. Rushout Cockerell, son of Sir Charles and Lady Cockerell, to the Hon. Miss Foley, daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Foley.

Died.]—On the 22nd of August, at South Lambeth, Mrs. Anne Stone, relict of the late Rev. Francis Stone, A.M., Rector of Cold Norton, Essex.

At East Barnet, Herts, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir David Ogilby, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

At Tenby, of spasmodic gout, in the 70th year of his age, Lieutenant-Colonel Elliot Poyle, late of the Bengal Establishment.

At Littlethorpe, near Ripon, in the 31st year of his age, James, second son of Major-Gen. Maister.

At her residence, Cumberland-terrace, Regent's-park, the Marchioness of Headfort.

Sir Charles J. Peshall, Bart., lately his Britannic Majesty's Consul for the State of North Carolina.

Harriet, wife of the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot, in the 41st year of her age.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Charge addressed to the Clergy by the Bishop of London.—After dilating on the utility and necessity of an established religion as connected with the state, and the hostility of those who sought not the reform but the overthrow of the church, and paying a just tribute to the class of Dissenters, the Wesleyans, who might justly be said to be auxiliaries with the clergy of the established church in their laborious exertions, as zealous preachers of the gospel, and who, with few exceptions, had not joined in the clamour against an established church, the Bishop went on to state the whole amount of all the property, including bishops, deans, and chapters, which, from the ecclesiastical returns lately furnished, would, if divided, give to each incumbent not more than 285*l.* per annum, which, his Lordship remarked, could not be considered more than an adequate provision for a well-educated man; the great defect of the church was its deficiency in churches. In the north-eastern parts of the metropolis, containing a population of 353,000 souls, there were only 18 churches and 24 chapels, when at least 100 were required; and in many parts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c. the same deficiency existed; in fact, that the machinery originally constructed for 11,000,000 of population was now applied to 14,000,000. The resources of the church for supplying some of these deficiencies were subjects for consideration, and the application of some of its ornamental parts ought not to stand in the way of improvement; but this should be done after careful and minute inquiry without breaking up the ancient frame-work of the hierarchy. As to pluralities and non-residence they were wrong in principle; their removal should be gradual, not summary. The former were a legacy inherited from Papal dominion, and rendered unfortunately necessary by the rapacity of lay impropriators, who had spoliated the property of the church. There were many noble instances among the laity who had augmented the incomes of the vicars and perpetual curates, as well as among bishops, deans, chapters, and collegiate bodies. The Bishop of London had increased all the livings in his gift but one to 200*l.* a-year. The Archbishop and many other bishops had and were increasing theirs; but many sees were too poor to do it. Non-residence was one of the greatest blemishes of the church. One great cure for the evil would be, if in all livings of 200*l.* a-year, where there were no houses of residence, the legislature were to advance money, to be repaid by instalments from the livings. Two bills had lately been introduced, which contained many useful and salutary provisions; but they must be much modified, as they placed the clergy at the mercy of the most common informer, and the framers never could have intended to molest the clergy. If less than three months' absence were deemed necessary, the clergy ought not to be debarred from taking it at one time. In the archdeaconry of Essex, 48,000*l.* had been expended in the erection of 50 glebe-houses. In London there were 88 benefices, 20 of which had no house, and 16 were unfit for residence, and let as shops. The Bishop had appointed a commission to report on the state of the whole; and had desired his clergy not to renew any of the leases, as, where it was practicable, they should be made fit as residences for the clergy. In the whole of the diocese, measures were being taken to enforce residence and build houses. The gross income of the clergy of the whole of the diocese was 267,000*l.* of which 35,000*l.* was paid to curates. His Lordship concluded his powerful charge by pointing out to the clergy the spiritual charge they had undertaken, the necessity of establishing schools, and especially Sunday schools; and where no house could be had, of employing the vestry and chancel, and where no funds could be obtained for a master, that the clergy themselves should be the instructors.

Sir John Hobhouse has given instructions for two new lodges to be erected in St. James's Park; one at Storey's Gate and one at the entrance from the Stable-yard. Sir John has also given orders for new lodges to be erected in the inside of the inclosure, similar to those in Kensington Gardens, for the gate-keepers and constables. More benches are also directed to be placed in the malls as well as in the inside of the inclosures, for the better accommodation of the public, which is very desirable, since at present every one who sits down

on a chair is expected to pay one penny for his temporary seat.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Liverpool and Manchester Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held on the 23d July. The usual report was read by the chairman, in which an account of the receipts and expenses of the various departments of the concern was detailed. There was an increase in the business of the last half year, ending the 30th June, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, of 23,255 passengers and 7727 tons of merchandise being conveyed by the railway to and from Manchester.

The total amount of receipts for the conveyance of passengers was	£50,770	6	11
And for merchandise, coals, &c.	44,014	5	4
Total receipts . . .	94,784	12	3
Total expenses of all kinds .	60,092	18	11
Net profit	34,691	16	4
To this sum was added the surplus profit of the half year ending June 30, 1833, amounting to	1,332	2	2
	£36,023	18	6

From this united sum the committee were enabled to recommend a dividend of 4*l.* 10*s.* per share, to be paid on the 5th of August. The surplus profit of the last half year, amounting to 4088*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*, still remains in the hands of the treasurer, with the small balance of 164*l.* which remains after paying the present dividend. In the expenses of this last half year, the sum of 2100*l.* paid for the new rails required for repairs in different parts of the line, is included. The new tunnel is in a very forward state, about nine-tenths of it being excavated; it is expected that the whole of it will be completed next summer.

YORKSHIRE.

Subterranean Fire.—There is a patch of ground at Nether Haugh, belonging to Earl Fitzwilliam, under which a bed of coal has been on fire for a great number of years. The ignition, it is supposed, was accidentally communicated by the burning of a heap of stone and coal in a quarry. The effects have been singular, and in several respects detrimental, undermining the cottages, rendering the cellars inaccessible through the hydrogen gas; and, in one instance, a portion of the turnpike-road, which had been burnt hollow, fell in immediately after a heavy-loaded waggon had passed over it. Attempts have been made to extinguish this subterranean fire, but without effect, and when or how it will end it seems impossible to guess. Some years ago a number of industrious inhabitants of the place bethought themselves that what had seemed and what in fact had been a real evil, might be turned into an advantage; and having obtained the land over the fire, to be laid out in garden patches, it is from thence that for the last four or five years, have been obtained the finest early potatoes which have been sold in Rotherham and Sheffield markets.—*Hull Paper.*

Antiquities at Scarborough.—A barrow was opened on the 12th of July in a field bordering the lofty cliffs of Gristhorp Bay, on the estate of William Beswick, Esq., about six miles south of Scarborough, which afforded a rich treat to the antiquary. After removing the earth which had been thrown up in a circular form, to no great height, layers of bouldered stones, piled up in the ordinary mode of the ancient Britons, and then a mass of strong clay being dug through, there were presented to view, at the depth of between seven and eight feet, some roughly hewn pieces of wood, covering a portion of the trunk of an oak, seven feet and a half long by three in diameter, lying horizontally, north and south, with the representation of a human face, most coarsely carved, at the northern extremity. This oak log, being struck, sounded hollow; and the expectations of the bystanders, thus greatly raised, were, by the liberal and judicious arrangements of Mr. Beswick, fully gratified. A windlass was put up, and cords and chains were dexterously introduced, so as to ascertain the existence of a wooden sarcophagus of two pieces, excavated out of the rough trunk of a tree—a thing hitherto unprecedented in such researches,—and the lid being slowly raised, gradually disclosed a skeleton, wholly black, but with the bones entire, though disunited, as might well be expected, from the decomposition of the ligaments and cartilages.

The scene was now really one of much singularity and interest, when we looked at the place, a lofty rugged pasture, far from almost any human habitation, and nearly overhanging the ocean, with another tumulus rearing its green and rounded summit close at hand, and the opened sepulchre surrounded by an eager group, anxiously watching every movement of the lid as it sepa-

rated and was hoisted up, and fearing lest it might break in pieces in the ascent, and demolish the frail relics underneath. But at last it was safely got up; and towards evening the under portion likewise, and both are, by the liberality of the proprietor of the ground, now deposited in the Scarborough Museum. The bones appear to have been those of a man rather above the middle stature, and in the decline of life, and were wrapt in the hide of some animal, probably an ox. Some pins of bone, a curious circular plate of the bark of a tree, a triangular brass point of a spear, and another brazen implement, apparently the handle of some weapon, all of the very rudest workmanship, were likewise found, but no urn, nor any trace of pottery, and consequently not any thing which might point out the period when the deceased had existed. The whole, however, evidenced the rudest and most primitive state of society, probably long anterior to the invasion of the Romans. It is therefore vain to conjecture who was the mighty man thus entombed, probably by the toil of a whole province; for the execution of the whole must, to the imperfect instruments of such an age, have been a work of extraordinary time and labour. Minute flocculent pieces, of a pure white colour, were observed sprinkled over the interior of the lid, or floating in the water, which had filtrated into the sarcophagus; and upon being chemically examined by Dr. Murray, proved to be adipocere, or that spermaceti-like substance which occasionally, under peculiar circumstances, occurs in graves; and as this could only be formed by the decomposition of muscular fibre, it may be concluded that it had been the whole body, and not merely the bones which had originally been deposited.

SCOTLAND.

Fisheries in the North.—The salmon fisheries in the Inverness district have recently been very productive; on one day upwards of 3000 were taken in the Spey, and about 500 in the Beauly. The Tay and Garn fisheries have been equally successful. One tacksman sent up to London in six days 15,000lbs. The appearance of herrings in the entrance of the Frith of Forth has not been so favourable for many years. They are caught in quantities from 500 to 1000 every night, near the Isle of May, and are selling at 5*s.* per hundred. At Banff few have been taken, but at Fraserburgh the fishery has commenced very favourably.

IRELAND.

State of Ireland.—In the four provinces of Ireland — Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, and Munster—there have been 7869 criminal offences committed between the 1st of January and the 31st of May, 1834, according the official returns from the respective districts, of which 1953 cases were of "an insurrectionary or political character, or had intimidation for their object, or resulted from combination." If this lamentable fact be brought home to the feeling of Englishmen of property and a love of order—and the rights of industry are equally property and demand security—we cannot doubt that an almost unanimous demand would be made on the Government and the Ministry for extraordinary legal protection. But carefully weighing all the facts in these official papers, we can see no justification of the continued repression of the rights of public discussion.—*Morning Chronicle.*

A prospectus for a new rail-road, to be called the Great Northern Railway, has been published by a Mr. Cundy, an engineer of London, who estimates the required capital at 4,000,000*l.* in 80,000 shares of 50*l.* each. He proposes to commence the projected rail-road at Kingsland, near Shoreditch, and thence by Tottenham, Cheshunt, and Hoddesdon, to Bishop's Stortford (with short branches to Hertford and Ware), to proceed from Bishop's Stortford by Saffron Walden and Linton to Cambridge, Peterborough, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Lincoln, Gainsborough, and Snaith, meeting the Leeds Railway at Selby, and thence to York, with a branch from Cambridge, by Newmarket, Bury, and Thetford, to Norwich, distant about 60 miles. The engineer proposes this line of country as one eminently favourable for constructing a railroad, both in its levels and the materials that are found on or near the line; he is decidedly of opinion that a railroad can be made at a less expense on this than any other line of country in England of the same distance, and no tunnel will be required.

THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE INFERNAL MARRIAGE.

BY DISRAELI THE YOUNGER, AUTHOR OF "IXION IN HEAVEN."

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

Containing the first View of Elysium.

THE toilsome desert was at length past, and the royal cavalcade ascended the last chain of mountains that divided Elysium, or the Regions of Bliss, from the Realm of Twilight. As she quitted those dim and dreary plains, the spirit of Proserpine grew lighter, and she indulged in silent but agreeable anticipations of the scene which she was now approaching. On reaching, however, the summit of the mountainous chain, and proceeding a short distance over the rugged table-land into which it now declined, her Majesty was rather alarmed at perceiving that her progress was impeded by a shower of flame that extended, on either side, as far as the eye could reach. Her alarm, however, was of short continuance; for, on the production of his talisman by Tiresias, the shower of flame instantly changed into silvery drops of rose-water and other delicious perfumes. Amid joyous peals of laughter and some slight playful screams on the part of the ladies, the cavalcade ventured through the ordeal. Now the effect of this magical bath was quite marvellous. A burthen seemed suddenly to have been removed from the spirits of the whole party—their very existence seemed renewed—the blood danced about their veins in the liveliest manner imaginable; and a wild, but pleasing titillation ran like lightning through their nerves. Their countenances sparkled with excitement; and they all talked at the same time. Proserpine was so occupied with her own sensations, that she did not immediately remark the extraordinary change that had occurred in the appearance of the country immediately on passing this magical barrier. She perceived that their course now led over the most elastic and carefully shaven turf; groups of the most beautiful shrubs occasionally appeared, and she discovered with delight that their flowers constantly opened, and sent forth from their bells diminutive birds of very radiant plumage. Above them, too, the clouds had vanished, and her head was canopied by a sky, unlike, indeed, all things and tints of earth, but which reminded her in some degree of the splendour of Olympus.

Proserpine, restless with delight, quitted her litter, and followed by Manto, ran forward to catch the first view of Elysium.

"I am quite out of breath," said her Majesty, "and really must sit

down on this bank of violets. Was ever anything in the world so delightful! Why, Olympus is nothing to it! And after Tartarus, too, and that poor unhappy Saturn, and his Titans and his twilight, it really is too much for me. How I do long for the view, and yet, some how or other, my heart beats so I cannot walk."

"Will your Majesty re-ascend your litter?" suggested Manto.

"Oh, no! that is worse than anything. They are a mile behind—they are so slow. Why, Manto! what is this?'

A beautiful white dove hovered in the air over the head of Proserpine and her attendant, and then dropping an olive branch into the lap of the Queen, flapped its wings and whirled away. But what an olive branch! The stem was of agate; each leaf was an emerald; and on the largest, in letters of brilliants, was this inscription—

The Elysians to their beautiful Queen!

"Oh, is it not superb!" exclaimed Proserpine. "What charming people, and what excellent subjects! What loyalty and what taste!"

So saying, the enraptured Proserpine rose from the bank of violets, and had scarcely run forward fifty yards when she suddenly stopped, and started with an exclamation of wonder. The table-land had ceased. She stood upon a precipice of white marble, in many parts clothed with thick bowers of myrtle; before her extended the wide-spreading plains of Elysium. They were bounded on all sides by gentle elevations entirely covered with flowers, and occasionally shooting forward into the champaign country; behind these appeared a range of mountains clothed with bright green forests, and still loftier heights behind them, exhibiting, indeed, only bare and sharply-pointed peaks glittering with prismatic light. The undulating plain was studded in all directions with pavilions and pleasure-houses, and groves and gardens glowing with the choicest and most charming fruit; and a broad blue river wound through it, covered with brilliant boats, the waters flashing with phosphoric light as they were cut by the swift and gliding keels. And in the centre of the plain rose a city, a mighty group of all that was beautiful in form and costly in materials—bridges and palaces and triumphal gates of cedar and of marble—columns and minarets of gold, and cupolas and domes of ivory; and ever and anon appeared delicious gardens, raised on the terraces of the houses; and groups of palm trees with their tall, thin stems, and quivering and languid crests, rose amid the splendid masonry. A sweet, soft breeze touched the cheek of the entranced Proserpine, and a single star of silver light glittered in the rosy sky.

"'Tis my favourite hour," exclaimed Proserpine. "Thus have I gazed upon Hesperus in the meads of Enna! What a scene! How fortunate that we should have arrived at sunset!"

"Ah, Madam!" observed Manto, "in Elysium, the sky is ever thus. For the Elysians, the sun seems always to have just set!"

"Fortunate people!" replied Proserpine. "In them, immortality and enjoyment seem indeed blended together. A strange feeling, half of languor, half of voluptuousness, steals over my senses! It seems that I at length behold the region of my girlish dreams. Such once I fancied Olympus. Ah! why does not my Pluto live in Elysium!"

Chapter II.

Containing some account of the Manners of the Elysians, and of the Palace of Proserpine, and her strange Dream.

The Elysians consisted of a few thousand beatified mortals, the only occupation of whose existence was enjoyment; the rest of the population comprised some millions of Gnomes and Sylphs, who did nothing but work, and ensured by their labour the felicity of the superior class. Every Elysian, male or female, possessed a very magnificent palace in the city, and a very elegant pavilion on the plain: these, with a due proportion of chariots, horses, and slaves, constituted a proper establishment. The Sylphs and the Gnomes were either scattered about the country, which they cultivated, or lived in the city, where they kept shops, and where they emulated each other in displaying the most ingenious articles of luxury and convenience for the enjoyment and accommodation of the Elysians. The townspeople indeed rather affected to look down upon the more simple-minded agriculturists; but if these occasionally felt a little mortification in consequence, they might have been consoled, had they been aware that their brethren and sisters who were in the service of the Elysians avenged their insults, for these latter were the finest Gnomes and Sylphs imaginable, and scarcely deigned to notice any one who was in trade. Whether there were any coin or other circulating medium current in Elysium is a point respecting which I must confess I have not sufficient information to decide; but if so, it certainly would appear that all money transactions were confined to the Gnomes and the Sylphs, for the Elysians certainly never paid for anything. Perhaps this exemption might have been among their peculiar privileges, and was a substitute for what we call *credit*, a convenience of which the ancients appear to have had a very limited conception. The invention by Jupiter of an aristocratic immortality, as a reward for a well-spent life on earth, appears to me to have been a very ingenious idea. It really is a reward, very stimulative of good conduct before we shuffle off the mortal coil, and remarkably contrasts with the democracy of the damned. The Elysians, with a splendid climate, a teeming soil, and a nation made on purpose to wait upon them, of course enjoyed themselves very much. The arts flourished, the theatres paid, and they had a much finer opera than at Ephesus, or at Halicarnassus. Their cookery was so refined that one of the least sentimental ceremonies in the world was not only deprived of all its grossness, but was actually converted into an elegant amusement, and so famous that their artists were even required at Olympus. If their dinners were admirable, which is rare, their assemblies were amusing, which is still more uncommon. All the arts of society were carried to perfection in Elysium; a dull thing was never said, and an awkward thing never done. The Elysians, indeed, being highly refined and gifted, for they comprised in their order the very cream of terrestrial society, were naturally a very liberal-minded race of nobles, and very capable of appreciating every kind of excellence. If a Gnome or a Sylph, therefore, in any way distinguished themselves—if they sang very well, or acted very well, or if they were at all eminent for any of the other arts of amusement, ay! indeed if the poor devils could do nothing better than write a poem or a novel, they were sure to be noticed by the Elysians, who always bowed to them as they passed by, and sometimes indeed even admitted them into their circles.

Scarcely had the train of Proserpine rejoined her on the brink of the precipice, than they heard the flourish of trumpets near at hand, soon followed by a most complete harmony of many instruments. A chorus of very sweet voices was next distinguished, growing each instant more loud and clear; and in a few minutes, issuing from a neighbouring grove, came forth a band of heroes and beautiful women, dressed in dazzling raiment, to greet the Queen. A troop of chariots of the most light and airy workmanship followed, and a crowd of Gnomes and Sylphs singing and playing on various instruments, and dancing with gestures of great grace and delicacy. Congratulating the Queen on her arrival in Elysium, and requesting the honour of being permitted to attend her to her palace, they ushered Proserpine and her companions to the chariots, and soon, winding down a very gradual declivity, they entered the plain.

If a bird's-eye view of the capital had enchanted Proserpine, the agreeable impression was not diminished, as is generally the case, by her entrance into the city. Never were so much splendour and neatness before combined. Passing through a magnificent arch, Proserpine entered a street of vast and beautiful proportions, lined on each side with palaces of very various architecture, painted admirably in fresco, and richly gilt. The road was formed of pounded marbles of various colours, laid down in the most fanciful patterns and forming an unrivalled mosaic; it was bounded on each side by a broad causeway of jasper, of a remarkably bright green, clouded with milk-white streaks. This street led to a sumptuous square, forming alone the palace destined for Proserpine. Its several fronts were supported and adorned by ten thousand columns imitating the palm and the lotus; nor is it possible to conceive anything more light and graceful than the general effect of this stupendous building. Each front was crowned with an immense dome of alabaster, so transparent that, when the palace was illuminated, the rosy heaven grew pale, and an effect similar to moonlight was diffused over the canopy of Elysium. And in the centre of the square a Leviathan, carved in white coral, and apparently flouncing in a huge basin of rock crystal, spouted forth from his gills a fountain twelve hundred feet in height; from one gill ascended a stream of delicious wine, which might be tempered, if necessary, by the iced water that issued from the other.

At the approach of the Queen, the gigantic gates of the palace, framed of carved cedar, flew open with a thrilling burst of music, and Proserpine found herself in a hall wherein several hundred persons, who formed her household, knelt in stillness before her. Wearied with her long journey and all the excitement of the day, Proserpine signified to one of the Elysians in attendance her desire of refreshment and repose. Immediately the household rose, and gracefully bowing, retired in silence, —while four ladies of the bedchamber, very different from the dogfaced damsels of the realm of twilight, advanced with a most gracious smile, and each pressing a white hand to her heart, invited her Majesty to accompany them. Twelve beautiful pages in very fanciful costume, and each bearing a torch of cinnamon, preceded them, and Proserpine ascended a staircase of turquoise and silver. As she passed along, she caught glimpses of costly galleries, and suites of gorgeous chambers, but she was almost too fatigued to distinguish anything. A confused vision of long lines of white columns, roofs of carved cedar, or ceilings glowing with forms of exquisite beauty, walls covered with lifelike tapestry, or reflecting in their mighty mirrors her own hurrying figure,

and her picturesque attendants, alone remained. She rejoiced when she at length arrived in a small chamber, in which preparations evidently denoted that it was intended she should rest. It was a pretty little saloon brilliantly illuminated, and hung with tapestry depicting a party of nymphs and shepherds feasting in an Arcadian scene. In the middle of the chamber a banquet was prepared, and as Proserpine seated herself, and partook of some of the delicacies which a page immediately presented to her, there arose, from invisible musicians, a joyous and festive strain, which accompanied her throughout her repast. When her Majesty had sufficiently refreshed herself, and as the banquet was removing, the music assumed a softer and more subduing, occasionally even a solemn tone—the tapestry, slowly shifting, at length represented the same characters sunk in repose; the attendants all this time gradually extinguishing the lights, and stealing on tiptoe from the chamber. So that, at last, the music, each moment growing fainter, entirely ceased; the figures on the tapestry were scarcely perceptible by the dim lustre of a single remaining lamp; and the slumbering Proserpine fell back upon her couch.

But the Queen of Hell was not destined to undisturbed repose. A dream descended on her brain, and the dream was terrible and strange. She beheld herself a child, playing, as was her wont, in the gardens of Enna, twining garlands of roses, and chasing butterflies. Suddenly, from a bosky thicket of myrtle slowly issued forth an immense serpent, dark as night, but with eyes of the most brilliant tint, and approached the daughter of Ceres. The innocent child, ignorant of evil, beheld the monster without alarm. Not only did she neither fly nor shriek, but she even welcomed and caressed the frightful stranger, patted its voluminous back, and admired its sparkling vision. The serpent, fascinated instead of fascinating, licked her feet with his arrowy tongue, and glided about for her diversion in a thousand shapes. Emboldened by its gentleness, the little Proserpine at length even mounted on its back, and rode in triumph among her bowers. Every day the dark serpent issued from the thicket, and every day he found a welcome playmate. Now it came to pass that one day the serpent, growing more bold, induced the young Proserpine to extend her ride beyond the limits of Enna. Night came on, and as it was too late to return, the serpent carried her to a large cave, where it made for her a couch of leaves, and while she slept, the affectionate monster kept guard for her protection at the mouth of the cavern. For some reason or other which was not apparent, for in dreams there are always some effects without causes, Proserpine never returned to Enna, but remained and resided with cheerfulness in this cavern. Each morning the serpent went forth alone to seek food for its charge, and regularly returned with a bough in its mouth laden with delicious fruits. One day, during the absence of her guardian, a desire seized Proserpine to quit the cavern, and accordingly she went forth. The fresh air and fragrance of the earth were delightful to her, and she roamed about unconscious of time, and thoughtless of her return. And as she sauntered along, singing to herself, a beautiful white dove, even the same dove that had welcomed her in the morning on the heights of Elysium, flew before her with its wings glancing in the sunshine. It seemed that the bird wished to attract the attention of the child, so long and so closely did it hover about her; now resting on a branch, as if inviting capture, and then skimming away

only to return more swiftly; and occasionally, when for a moment unnoticed, even slightly flapping the rambler with its plume. At length the child was taken with a fancy to catch the bird. But no sooner had she evinced this desire, than the bird, once apparently so anxious to be noticed, seemed resolved to lead her a weary chace; and hours flew away ere Proserpine, panting and exhausted, had captured the beautiful rover and pressed it to her bosom.

It was, indeed, a most beautiful bird, and its possession repaid her for all her exertions. But lo! as she stood, in a wild sylvan scene, caressing it, smoothing its soft plumage, and pressing its head to her cheek, she beheld in the distance approaching her the serpent, and she beheld her old friend with alarm. Apparently her misgiving was not without cause. She observed in an instant that the appearance and demeanour of the serpent were greatly changed. It approached her swift as an arrow, its body rolling in the most agitated contortions, its jaws were distended as if to devour her, its eyes flashed fire, its tongue was a forked flame, and its hiss was like a stormy wind. Proserpine shrieked,—and the Queen of Hell awoke from her dream.

Chapter III.

Containing some account of the wonderful Morality of the Elysians. Of Helen and Dido. General Society and Coteries. Characters of Achilles, Amphion, Patroclus, and Memnon.

The next morning the Elysian world called to pay their respects to Proserpine. Her Majesty, indeed, held a drawing-room, which was fully and brilliantly attended. Her beauty and her graciousness were universally pronounced enchanting. From this moment the career of Proserpine was a series of magnificent entertainments. The principal Elysians vied with each other in the splendour and variety of the amusements, which they offered to the notice of their Queen. Operas, plays, balls, and banquets followed in dazzling succession. Proserpine, who was almost inexperienced in society, was quite fascinated. She regretted the years she had wasted in her Sicilian solitude; she marvelled that she ever could have looked forward with delight to a dull annual visit to Olympus; she almost regretted that, for the sake of an establishment, she could have been induced to cast her lot in the regal gloom of Tartarus. Elysium exactly suited her. The beauty of the climate and the country, the total absence of care, the constant presence of amusement, the luxury, gaiety, and refined enjoyment perfectly accorded with her amiable disposition, her lively fancy and her joyous temper. She drank deep and eagerly of the cup of pleasure. She entered into all the gay pursuits of her subjects; she even invented new combinations of diversion. Under her inspiring rule every one confessed that Elysium became every day more Elysian.

The manners of her companions greatly pleased her. She loved those faces always wreathed with smiles, yet never bursting into laughter. She was charmed at the amiable tone in which they addressed each other. Never apparently were people at the same time so agreeable, so obliging, and so polished. For in all they said and did might be detected that peculiar air of high-breeding which pervades the whole conduct of existence with a certain indefinable spirit of calmness, so that your nerves are never shaken by too intense an emotion, which eventually produces a

painful reaction. Whatever they did, the Elysians were careful never to be vehement; a grand passion, indeed, was unknown in these happy regions; love assumed the milder form of flirtation; and as for enmity, you were never abused except behind your back, or it exuded itself in an epigram, or, at the worst, a caricature scribbled upon a fan.

There is one characteristic of the Elysians which, in justice to them, I ought not to have omitted. They were eminently a moral people. If a lady committed herself, she was lost for ever, and packed off immediately to the realm of Twilight. Indeed, they were so very particular, that the moment one of the softer sex gave the slightest symptoms of preference to a fortunate admirer, the Elysian world immediately began to look unutterable things, shrug its moral shoulders, and elevate its charitable eye-brows. But if the preference, by any unlucky chance, assumed the nobler aspect of devotion, and the unhappy fair one gave any inclination of really possessing a heart, rest assured she was already half way on the road to perdition. Then commenced one of the most curious processes imaginable, peculiar I apprehend to Elysium, but which I record that the society of less fortunate lands may avail itself of the advantage, and adopt the regulation in its moral police. Immediately that it was clearly ascertained that two persons of different sexes took an irrational interest in each other's society, all the world instantly went about, actuated by a purely charitable sentiment, telling the most extraordinary falsehoods concerning them that they could devise. Thus it was the fashion to call at one house and announce that you had detected the unhappy pair in a private box at the theatre, and immediately to pay your respects at another mansion and declare that you had observed them on the very same day, and at the very same hour, in a boat on the river. At the next visit, the gentleman had been discovered driving her in his cab; and in the course of the morning, the scene of indiscretion was the Park, where they had been watched walking by moonlight, muffled up in sables and Cashmeres.

This curious process of diffusing information was known in Elysium under the title of "*being talked about;*" and although the stories thus disseminated were universally understood to be fictions, the Elysians ascribed great virtue to the proceeding, maintaining that many an indiscreet fair one had been providentially alarmed by thus becoming the subject of universal conversation—that thus many a reputation had been saved by this charitable slander. There were some malignant philosophers, indeed, doubtless from that silly love of paradox, in all ages too prevalent, who pretended that all this Elysian morality was one great delusion, and that this scrupulous anxiety about the conduct of others arose from a principle, not of *Purity*, but of *Corruption*. The woman who is "talked about," these sages would affirm, is generally virtuous, and she is only abused because she devotes to one the charms which all wish to enjoy.

Thus Dido, who is really one of the finest creatures that ever existed, and who, with a majestic beauty, combines an heroic soul, has made her way with difficulty to the Elysian circle, to which her charms and rank entitle her; while Helen, who, from her very *debût*, has been surrounded by fifty lovers, and whose intrigues have ever been notorious, is the very queen of fashion; and all this merely because she has favoured fifty instead of one, and in the midst of all her scrapes, has contrived to retain the countenance of her husband.

Apropos of Dido, the Queen of Carthage was the very person in all Elysium for whom Proserpine took the greatest liking. Exceedingly beautiful, with the most generous temper and the softest heart in the world, and blessed by nature with a graceful simplicity of manner, which fashion had never sullied, it really was impossible to gaze upon the extraordinary brilliancy of her radiant countenance, to watch the symmetry of her superb figure, and to listen to the artless yet lively observations uttered by a voice musical as a bell, without being fairly bewitched.

When we first enter society, we are everywhere; yet there are few, I imagine, who, after a season, do not subside into a coterie. When the glare of saloons has ceased to dazzle, and we are wearied with the heartless notice of a crowd, we require refinement and sympathy. We find them and we sink into a clique. And after all, can the river of life flow on more agreeably than in a sweet course of pleasure with those we love! To wander in the green shade of secret woods and whisper our affection—to float on the sunny waters of some gentle stream, and listen to a serenade—to canter with a light-hearted cavalcade over breezy downs, or cool our panting chargers in the summer stillness of winding and woody lanes—to banquet with the beautiful and the witty—to send care to the devil, and indulge the whim of the moment—the priest, the warrior, and the statesman may frown and struggle as they like—but this is existence, and this, this is Elysium!

So Proserpine deemed when, wearied with the monotony of the great world, she sought refuge in the society of Dido and Atalanta, Achilles, Amphion, and Patroclus or Memnon. When Æneas found that Dido had become so fashionable, he made overtures for a reconciliation, but Dido treated him with calm contempt. The pious Æneas, indeed, was the aversion of Proserpine. He was the head of the Elysian saints, was president of a society to induce the Gnomes only to drink water, and was so horrified at the general conduct of the Elysians, that he questioned the decrees of Minos and Rhadamanthus, who had permitted them to enter the happy region so easily. The pious Æneas was of opinion that everybody ought to have been damned except himself. Proserpine gave him no encouragement. Achilles was the finest gentleman in Elysium. No one dressed or rode like him. He was very handsome, very witty, very unaffected, and had an excellent heart. Achilles was the leader of the Elysian youth, who were, indeed, devoted to him: Proserpine took care, therefore, that he should dangle in her train. Amphion had a charming voice for a supper after the opera. He was a handsome little fellow, but not to be depended upon. He broke a heart, or a dinner engagement, with the same reckless sentimentality, for he was one of those who always weep when they betray you, and whom you are sure never to see again immediately that they have vowed eternal friendship. Patroclus was a copy of Achilles without his talents and vivacity, but very elegant and quiet. Of all these, Memnon was perhaps the favourite of Proserpine—nor must he be forgotten—amiable, gay, brilliant—the child of whim and impulse—in love with every woman he met for four-and-twenty hours, and always marvelling at his own delusion!

(To be continued.)

GILBERT GURNEY.

CHAPTER VIII.*

I HAD now become quite charmed with the agreeable widow, and although I had never had an opportunity of making any distinct declaration of my feelings, I yet flattered myself that I had rendered her sensible of the preference she had excited by a thousand little nameless assiduities, and that sort of watchful devotion which women not only readily understand, but very particularly approve of. I began seriously to revolve in my mind the words which my volatile friend Daly had whispered in my ear, and although I never had in my whole composition, as I hope and believe, one grain of mercenary feeling, still I do admit that the fact of Mrs. Fletcher Green's having so large a sum as one hundred thousand pounds at her own disposal was not calculated to check the affection which her beauty, accomplishments, and above all, her agreeable conservation, had inspired; and with a consciousness that, had she been pennyless, I should have been equally captivated, however prudence might in that case have checked a declaration of my sentiments, I resolved to cultivate with an increased assiduity the good understanding which existed between us, and lay myself out for an invitation to her house, which upon several occasions I had already fancied I saw hovering over her rosy lips.

This manœuvre, however trifling its object may appear to some people, was one which required a certain degree of courage as well as skill; the consciousness that a man has a point to gain, always more or less unnerves him; and many a time in my life, when I have been invited to join a party in which there has been some one individual with whom I would have given the world to pass the day, the very fear of doing what I most longed to do, has induced me to refuse; lest my anxiety to accept the bidding might betray me, perhaps to *her* in whom I felt so deep an interest, or to those who, in the character of "lookers on," might have seen more of the game than the players.

Mrs. Fletcher Green, however, was a widow, and that *does* make a difference—it was no use shillying-shallying with *her*—this reflection strengthened me in my purpose, and on the Saturday following I went to the Opera. I knew her box, which, being on the pit tier, was assailable from the front—a most fortunate circumstance for me, as I did not feel my acquaintance with its owner sufficiently matured to justify my calling to the box-keeper "to open Mrs. Fletcher Green's box" in the ordinarily accessible manner, *viâ* the lobby. Accordingly I planted myself directly in front of the

"Shady blest retreat"

almost as soon as the premier *coup d'archet* had hushed the anxious amateurs into silence.

The overture ended—the curtain rose—no Mrs. Fletcher Green. A groupe of wretched mummers began the opera, in the garb of priests, with

* The editor of these papers does not propose to give Mr. Gurney's narrative regularly or entire in this place, but to select certain passages to which any particular interest may appear to attach itself.

grey beards and green wreaths on their heads, led by two more distinguished idiots, who interchanged alternately the softest and most martial sentiments of love and glory in the jangle of recitative. The scene ended by the history of the murder of a Prince and nine illustrious scions of his royal house, quavered forth by a very disagreeable lady to a "popular air" with variations. 'Ah, said I, getting quite impatient with the absence of our widow, how truly has the Italian Opera been likened to the pillory, where those who are nailed by the ears expose their heads!

The storm of sorrow and its accompaniments ended, I again turned and looked into the box—still was the casket without the jewel—I began to grow more and more uneasy—I nodded to three or four friends who were near me, but I thought not of them—I felt that nervous sinking of heart which no man who has not been in a similar situation can duly appreciate—the heroes with their tin helmets and leathern armour, their painted cheeks, and corked whiskers, and chalked necks, sickened me to death—I began to hate everything near me and round me—when, sweeter to me than all the harmony of the stage, I suddenly heard the running rattle of the rings upon the rods, and turning instinctively to the sound, I beheld in the very act of drawing back the curtain destined to screen her from the too ardent gaze of the world in general, the charming Mrs. Fletcher Green!

I caught away my eyes, and affected not to have seen her. I thought of the owl and the sun—I believe I trembled—the top of my head was so near her hand that I almost fancied it touched me. What should I do—turn again and boldly face her—or should I wait a little and affect to be surprised at my proximity? why should I? Dear soul! true, most true it is, that she was everything that could be—amiable, delicate, charming, and accomplished—but, after all, she *was* but a woman; and would she be *so* angry if she really *did* find out that I had come there before the overture began, to secure that particular spot in order to be near her?

I asked myself that question, and I answered it thus—"I do not think she will;—at all events, if she be, it will terminate my pursuit of her—better be nipped in the bud," thought I, "than linger." However, I was still young, and it required a considerable exertion to put my look in execution—I drew a long breath, and fired it.

Never shall I forget the beautiful expression of her animated countenance, when with—what I now believe to have been a feigned—surprise, she exclaimed, "Is that *you*, Mr. Gurney?" extending at the same moment that hand which, as I now began to think, would some day be entirely my own. I felt confused and delighted—indeed, I am almost ashamed to own all that I did feel, for I am sure I must have appeared exceedingly silly to her searching and experienced eye; but if the condescension which she had in the first instance evinced, somewhat unsteadied me, what did I experience when she leant her face over the front of the box, and asked me "whether I had not better come round to them?" Her sister was with her—by Jove I felt her breath upon my cheek—I could not answer her, but I looked my happiness, and in less than three minutes, having, with the courage of a lion, called the "box-keeper" to open the door, found myself seated close beside *her*, whom of all women breathing I now the most adored.

"I am so delighted," said she, "to have found you here. I did not

know where in the world to send a note to beg of you to come to me this evening after the Opera. I have a few people coming—all pleasant too—I can't endure bores—and I was saying to Catherine—my sister—I believe, Mr. Gurney, you know my sister?"

We both bowed.

"I was saying to Catherine, I would give the world to know how we could get hold of you."

"You are too kind," said I, "and I too fortunate."

"I think, Catherine," continued my most agreeable friend, "we had better keep him, now we have got him; there's plenty of room in the carriage, and we will undertake to carry you off with us."

I was of course beyond measure happy; and although my felicity was occasionally interrupted by the visits of sundry very fine gentlemen, since called dandies, of different ages and sizes, who dropped in and bowed out of the box during the evening, upon the whole I was well satisfied with the state of affairs.

The opera and ballet over, Mrs. Fletcher Green commissioned me to get up her carriage. I obeyed, scarce knowing what I was doing, and in due course of time found myself with Mrs. Fletcher Green on one arm, and my intended sister-in-law, Miss Catherine Carter, on the other.

Two such charming people I never yet had fallen in with, and whatever impressions had been made upon me while seeing her only like a bright star in other spheres, it was heightened into perfect ecstacy when I saw Mrs. Fletcher Green "at home."

Her house—often have I passed its door since full of recollections—was near Hyde Park. A suite of charming rooms, charmingly fitted up, received us; there were flowers, and drawings, and books, and lutes, and flutes, piano-fortes, harps, guitars, a little fat spaniel, and a large cockatoo, and boxes, and bags, and ottomans, and sofas, and low chairs, and long chairs, and easy chairs; and in the middle stood a table affectedly covered with tea-cups, and tea-pots, and fruits, and wines, fowls, and all sorts of things; and some of the party had arrived.

"Is not mine a dear nice comfortable house?" said Mrs. Fletcher Green, taking my hand kindly and hospitably; "now we have shown you the way here—I shall say no more—I am always at home to people I am fond of."

"Yes," added Catherine, who was as fresh and as wild as a mountain roe, with thick curling hair, and eyes like a gazelle, "I'm sure you'll like us when you know us better; there is such a thing as sympathy in the world, and we like *you*."

"Fascinating creatures!" thought I.

The room began to fill with the *élite* of Mrs. Fletcher Green's friends;—peers, poets, painters, a quondam cabinet minister or two, (I believe a bishop, but to *that*, at this distance of time, I will not swear,) and some odiously interesting foreigners, who were so exceedingly free and easy in their addresses to my admirable widow, that they kept me in a perpetual *feveret*,—formed the groupe, adorned and sanctified by the presence of some lovely women, whose names I had better not mention; beautiful mothers with lovely daughters; young wives without their husbands; young husbands without their wives; in short, it was all fascination, and when a few glasses of sillery, *bien frappé*—the night was *so* hot—had overcome the diffidence I felt at my sudden augmentation

of acquaintance, I became gay and happy. How could I be otherwise? Mrs. Fletcher Green had placed me next her, and I found my conversation grow extremely effective, until I could see, by the expressions of various countenances, that I was becoming rather popular; a conclusion to which I was most specially drawn by the fact that an old lady,—the only speck upon the scene,—who had never moved a muscle of her face, since her arrival, nor opened her mouth except to put some grapes into it, at the end of one of my observations upon things in general, which created a laugh, lifted her glass to her eye and looked towards me; it was clear she did not like what she saw, for she dropped the glass she had in her hand after a momentary glance, and betook herself to another glass which stood beside her.

Catherine went to the piano-forte, a Lady Caroline somebody followed her, and a quiet, gentlemanly man, who, like the old lady, had as yet said nothing, followed Lady Caroline. I could not make out why my charming widow had asked him. I now found out he was good for singing; and these three sang—and nothing was more popular in those times—Moore's "O, Lady fair." Moore, too, was present himself, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure as the beautiful harmony swelled upon his ear; and he presently exhibited his gratitude by singing, for the first time he ever sang it, I believe, to others, "Love's young dream." I had never heard him before. I never heard anything so beautiful. Without much voice, he expressed the feelings and sentiments he had himself embodied with a tenderness and sweetness as indescribable now, as they were then incomparable.

And so wore on the night, until the night at last was quite worn out. Mrs. Fletcher Green had been more delightful than ever: she talked of love,—aye, of widow's love, too,—in reference, as she professed, to a very beautiful widow who was present; but, inexperienced as I was at that period, I could not but comprehend the true bearing of my fair friend's hypothesis;—indeed, she did not seem very anxious to conceal her real meaning; and when eventually the joyous party broke up, her last words were, "Remember, Mr. Gurney, what I said about the widow;—faint heart never won fair lady."

It was a beautiful morning when I left her door. London stood bright and smokeless; the streets which, in the noon of day, crowded with passengers, look long and foggy, now cleared of the countless living objects which then throng them, seemed shortened to the sight. There was a freshness in the air as the breeze blew on my face, which was burning, and I felt my young heart beat with satisfaction at the recollection of the occurrences of the last few hours. It was evident that the widow, if I chose it, was my own. I admit that her gaiety of manner and liveliness of conversation were not observable, particularly with regard to myself: she was gay, and lively, and kind, and agreeable to all; yet she selected *me* to be next her,—she talked, too, to *me* of love,—spoke of the happiness of married life,—expressed her belief that the beautiful widow to whom I have just alluded would marry again. Now all this, considering she was a beautiful widow herself, seemed something to build my hopes upon.

Seven thousand pounds per annum in money and estates was what Daly said she had brought her husband. There were no children left. These must, of course, still be her own: with seven thousand a-year in addition to my own three hundred and forty, I could do something.—As

the joke goes of the senior lieutenant at Portsmouth, it was clear that if I had been bred to the law, the law would never have been bread to me, and as I stood in the world, it seemed as if this was a most critical period of my life. I would not have married an Empress but for herself alone; yet, as I before argued, the woman is delightful,—she would be delightful if she were pennyless;—the fortune does not deteriorate from her attractions,—a gold frame sets off a good picture, although it only exposes the faults of a bad one. I'll have her.

I recollect saying these words—aye, as well as if it were but yesterday—just as I was crossing Bond-street, from Bruton-street to Conduit-street. "Faint heart never won fair lady." So *she* said; and *I* say, "No clever woman ever says anything without meaning something. The iron is hot, I'll strike,—the sun shines, I'll make my hay,—to-morrow shall decide the question."

And so it did, as shall be forthwith shown.

After a restless prostration of body for some hours, I rose feverish, and certainly not refreshed, to breakfast. I had not slept; for who can sleep when the heart and mind are so actively engaged in anticipations such as those in which I now indulged? I breakfasted,—that is, I ate some tasteless toast, and drank some equally tasteless tea: everything of this world, worldly was secondary to the one great object in my view. Nevertheless, I went to church—St. George's, Hanover-square—and I believe I was as devout as my neighbours; for, strange as it may seem, I think, at least I did *then*, perhaps uncharitably, that one-half of the congregation came to look at the other half; and that, while the lips were mechanically repeating the responses, the eyes were travelling strangely to the right and to the left. If it be not so even now, how can we account for the accuracy with which the devout church-goer comes home to luncheon full of the minutest particulars of dress, position, and conduct of the rest of the "gathered together?" And yet, such is the advantage of external show, and such the value of appearances, that being a regular church-goer gives the hypocritical sinner a ten-fold advantage in society over the infinitely more innocent individual, who is not so constant in his attendance on divine service, but whose heart is more often communing with God.

Upon the occasion to which I refer, I remember perfectly well that I was most particularly attentive. I felt that I was about to incur a heavy responsibility, and all that I can charge myself with in the way of irregularity of proceeding was, as I take it, much to my credit. When the psalms were given out, I did not catch the number, and not wishing to seem less versed in what was going on than my neighbours, I opened my prayer-book, not where other people had opened theirs, but at the service of matrimony, which, upon that particular day, appeared seriously interesting to me;—I say seriously, for I honestly confess the obligations therein imposed, are of a much more important character than the generality of people who plight their faith at the altar seem to consider them.

The sermon was, or appeared so to me, a very long one,—the matter was not attractive,—the manner of the preacher even less so; and I admit that, when he concluded, I felt more pleased than I ought to have felt, and that my pleasure was not of that particular character which it ought to have been at the conclusion of my devotions.

I was again in the street,—again my thoughts reverted to the great enterprise of the day. "To be, or not to be," that *was* the question. Sunday, too,—the better day the better deed. I felt an impulse.—As the Quakers say, "the spirit moved me." Such a woman might be snapped up; opportunities like this did not occur every hour. It was decided—and accordingly I slackened my pace, in order to give her time to compose herself after her return from church, and to catch her before people dropped in, as seemed to be the custom of her house, to luncheon.

I was embarked on a new venture—trying a new style of address—I had certainly been lucky in other cases; and although, in the conclusion of my earlier love-affair, I was not entirely successful, inasmuch as circumstances prevented my reaping the happiness which I might have enjoyed under a more favourable conjuncture—I had won a heart—but that was a young, gentle, timid, beating heart, which, perhaps, had never throbbed before I set it in motion—in my own opinion it never throbbed afterwards in the same way—but here I was to make my advances upon a clever, experienced, worldly woman, whose younger sister seemed very much to resemble in character and description the amiable girl who, at first, was, and (I ought not to have admitted it at this particular crisis) to the last, kept possession of my affections; and I wavered a little even on the edge of my declaration, as to whether I should adopt the younger and discard the elder lady. The consciousness that the latter had exhibited infinitely more kindness and consideration towards me than the former, decided me. Yet, still I lingered about the streets, cold, nervous, sick—if she refused me, I should be shut out of her agreeable society—perhaps not—friendship might still be left for us. I could almost hear my heart beat as I turned up Brook-street in my way to her house—well—but "faint heart never won fair lady"—and so, it *was* to be; and I knocked as boldly as I could at the door—it was opened—Mrs. Fletcher Green was at home—and in five minutes I was in the dear boudoir, with the adorable creature herself—but Catherine was there too; and beside her, a guardsman, whose name I forget, and a Count something, whose name ended in Sko, or Sky, as Counts' names very often do.

It was now evident to me that Miss Carter must be a fortune as well as her sister, for the Count was unremitting in his attentions to her; the Captain rather devoted himself to our hostess, but again she exhibited her preference for me, and again made me sit beside her during luncheon, which was protracted, by agreeable conversation, until nearly four o'clock. I began now to be anxious for any opportunity—I began, moreover, to fear that it would not offer, but at last the assiduous Count made a move, and promising to meet the ladies afterwards in the park, retired.

"Mr. Gurney," said Mrs. Fletcher Green, "if you have nothing better to do, dine here to day—we shall not be more than half-a-dozen."

"Do," said Catherine.

What could I say?

"Will *you*, Captain Lark?"

"Too happy," said the gallant Captain.

"If you mean to ride, Catherine," said Mrs. Fletcher Green, "it is time to get ready; it takes her at least an hour to prepare herself for horseback."

"Ten minutes, you mean," said Catherine; "however, I will go, and leave you to the beaux."

"I must run away," said the Captain.

I wish you would, thought I.

"Well, then, I shall leave my sister to the special care and protection of Mr. Gurney," said Catherine.

"You are too obliging, Kate," said Mrs. Fletcher Green, with a look which convinced me that, although she meant it to sound ironical, she really felt herself very much obliged to her.

"Adieu till dinner-time," said the Captain, and away went he in company with the fascinating Kate, she to dress, and he to ride.

The period had now arrived—the moment to which I had so long looked forward was at hand. Mrs. Fletcher Green seemed to me to be instantaneously aware of my awkwardness; she seated herself on a sofa, and made a sort of sign which I could not but construe into an invitation to sit beside her; there was a lurking devil in her eye—I saw that she already anticipated the course I was about to pursue—I felt conscious that I had betrayed myself—but I could not immediately begin a conversation likely to lead directly to *the* point—a momentary silence therefore ensued—she saved me a world of trouble, and relieved me from all my embarrassment.

"Well," said she, "did you dream of the beautiful widow last night?"

"I should not like to confess my dreams," said I, "at all events to *you*."

"What! do you think I should turn evidence against you, and show you up to Lady Harriet?" said my fair companion.

"I certainly did not dream of *her*," said I.

"I am afraid, then," replied Mrs. Fletcher Green, "that you are not very susceptible—she is lovely—and I could tell you something that might please you; to be sure it might spoil you, for men's heads are very easily turned."

"I admit that," said I; "but I do not exactly think your house the most favourable sphere for Lady Harriet's display."

"Why!" exclaimed she, "what has my poor dear darling house done to merit your disapprobation?"

"Nothing," said I. "But when *you* are in it, it seems almost as presumptuous, as I am sure it is unwise, for pretenders to admiration to come within its circle."

"What!" said my fair friend, "do you really think *me* so very agreeable? Upon my word, you do me the greatest possible honour; but I am not blind—you cannot compare me with Lady Harriet—she is younger than I am—and, as for person, she is lovely."

"Granted," said I; "but where is the intellect to illuminate those regularly formed features of hers—where is the mind to animate the eyes—where the intellect to captivate—where, in short, are all those charms ——?"

"Which I," interrupted Mrs. Fletcher Green, "possess in such abundance."

"You have saved me the trouble of finishing my sentence," said I.

"Oh! you must know," said Mrs. Fletcher Green," that I am quite aware of all my own perfections. It would be the height of affectation in me not to feel and to know that I am tolerable enough—that I am

good-natured, high-spirited, and love fun to my heart; but it would be the height of folly in *me* to suppose that I resembled Lady Harriet in any of those attractions which place her in the first rank of our leading beauties."

"Undeceive yourself," said I, warming with my subject, "there is not a human being on the face of the earth, who could for a moment hesitate in a decision on that point."

"How agreeable," said Mrs. Fletcher Green, "it would be if a woman could but bring herself to believe all the pretty things men say to her. I dare say, the moment you leave this house, you will go to some of your friends, whom I don't know, and show me and Kate up for two mad women, full of flightiness and folly, and, in the ordinary course of worldly proceedings, turn up your hands and eyes, and wonder how two silly creatures at our time of life can make such fools of ourselves."

"You do me the greatest injustice," said I.

"Perhaps I do," said my fair hostess; "but I do not do the world generally injustice. I tell you mirth and laughing are my delight—I get together all the pleasant people I can—I make my house agreeable—I select those who like to meet each other—I never permit any serious discussion or grave debate. What you saw last night is a fair specimen of our living; and yet, I am quite aware that this, which is innocence itself, and has only the demerit of being a little unlike the ordinary run of humdrum society, gives vast umbrage to some of the ultra stiff prudes and sages, who, when they see other people happy, shake their old empty heads and croak out—'Ah, something bad will come of it!'"

"Do not, pray, class me amongst the empty-headed," said I. "You have opened Elysium to me, and I am but too happy; although, perhaps, that very happiness my lead to misery."

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Green, "that's it. You are like the odious frumps I have just been talking of—'something bad will come of it.'"

"Not bad," said I, hesitatingly, "but to *me*, perhaps, much wretchedness."

"My dear Mr. Gurney," said Mrs. Fletcher Green, "what can you mean—wretchedness to *you?*"

"Yes; to be shown a gleam of such happiness, only to be excluded from it eternally."

"Why," said the lady, "who is going to exclude you?—you are as welcome as flowers in May. Kate and I have made up our minds to be extremely fond of you; and we have resolved to make you one of our most obedient and faithful knights."

"There *are* circumstances," said I, "which qualify the brightest pleasures—a dread of something—an apprehension—I feel myself unable to explain my meaning—I dare not—but—you will forgive me—your manner to me has been so kind—perhaps, too kind—that my whole heart and soul are enchained by the fascinations which surround me—conscious, too, I am of my own demerits—I dare not venture to say all I feel."

Here I became overcome by my feelings, which were ardent and sincere. I looked at my Amelia—I thought of her at that moment by her Christian name—there was an indescribable softness and sweetness in the expression of her countenance—no frown—no pride—no resentment—it was a look—

'More in sorrow than in anger.'"

"Good heavens, Mr. Gurney!" said she; "what can you mean? I have too high an opinion of you to suppose that you mean either to insult me or laugh at me. Your conduct is a most cutting satire upon my behaviour to you. You are like the rest of the world, or, at all events, like the rest of your sex. You attribute to motives and principles, unknown to innocent and mirthful hearts, actions the result of high spirits, and then venture to do that which nothing upon earth but the height of imprudence upon my part, or the extreme of presumption upon yours, could possibly account for."

"Calm yourself, dearest woman," said I. "You cannot so much mistake me. I may have erred—I may have presumed upon what I had flattered myself was your kind and delightful preference; but do you—can you imagine, presumptuous as I admit my declaration to be, that I can have any but the best, and purest, and most honourable motives?"

"You are a very extraordinary person," replied Mrs. Fletcher Green. "You admit a declaration, and talk of your honourable motives. Why, my dear Mr. Gurney, if I could bring myself to believe you serious, I should attribute such conduct, coupled with such language, to madness."

"Is there," said I, "is there,—and pray hear me patiently, whatever may be the result,—is there anything like madness—except, perhaps, in having been betrayed into this confession,—is there anything like madness in a devoted admiration of qualities, talents, virtues, and accomplishments like yours? My whole heart and soul, I repeat it, are devoted to you; and if the tenderest care and affection—if a life consecrated to you, can justify the appeal, assure yourself that no human being can be more ardent, more sincere, than I am in——"

"In what?" exclaimed the lady, who appeared rather alarmed at my earnestness, and who, withdrawing her hand, which I had clasped, added, really agitated, "What *do* you mean?—what *can* you mean?"

"Recollect," said I, "dearest woman, your axiom of last night as to faint hearts. You have made me bold; do not make me entirely wretched."

"Good heavens! are you in your senses?" said Mrs. Fletcher Green.

"Perfectly," replied I. "All I seek on earth is a return of that feeling which you have inspired. To plight my faith at the altar—to vow eternal fidelity—to pledge my soul to my affection—is the height of my ambition."

The moment I had uttered these words, the look of astonishment and dismay which had characterized her countenance disappeared: a totally different expression illumined her features; I saw my advantage. Judge my delight when my fair companion took my hand in hers, and said, in a tone of exquisite sweetness, "Are you in earnest, Mr. Gilbert? Am I to attribute to such an honourable sentiment, and such a desperate resolution, the conversation which has just passed between us?"

"Indeed, indeed you may," said I. "Only let me have the permission to hope from your sweet lips, and my happiness is complete."

"My dear Mr. Gurney," said Mrs. Fletcher Green, with one of her sweetest looks, her bright eyes twinkling like stars—"my dear Mr. Gurney, what can I say?"

And at this particular juncture the door opened, and Miss Kitty Carter appeared, habited for her ride.

I never wished a pretty girl at Old Nick till that moment.

"What!" said Miss Kate, "you two here all this time! Upon my word, rather a lengthened *tête-à-tête*. I hope your conversation has been interesting."

I hated her still more.

"It has, my dear Catherine," said Mrs. Green.—I wondered whether she would tell her before my face what we had been talking about.—"And it has excited me very much; and, at all events, shown me the necessity of taking one step which I had hitherto omitted to take."

Then I anticipated her ordering me out of the house; but I was mistaken. I confess I thought that my fair Amelia appeared to be struggling hard to conceal a laugh, and *that* I considered rather as a display of want of feeling; yet she certainly was struggling. Perhaps I was wrong in my judgment. And while I was debating as to what I ought to do, having just worked up to the very *dénouement* of my affair, she turned to me, after having made a signal to her sister, no doubt perfectly understood by *her*,—every family has its private code,—and said, with as much composure as if nothing whatever had occurred, "I must leave you *now*; but remember you dine with us at seven."

I bowed—blushed up to the eyes—she shook hands with me—the result was evident—I was accepted. Upon the strength of this encouragement I shook hands sociably with Kate, and bounded rather than walked down the stairs, and so forth into the street.

It is true I would have much rather that the fair rider had been quite as long habiting herself as her sister said she would be, so that I might have concluded my treaty, and signed and sealed it on the lips of my dearest Amelia. I had a strong notion at that time of signing and sealing—however, the last shake of the hand was enough. The not showing me up to her sister, too, was conclusive. She was not angry,—no, not she; it was, in fact, a settled thing. Never was man so happy, so elated. Wit, beauty, accomplishments, seven thousand a-year, and a delightful sister-in-law to break the *toujours perdrixism* of a matrimonial *tête-à tête*,—all this, and a fine place in the country, horses, hounds, battues, archeries, races, *fêtes, soirées dansantes*, and *déjeûnés dinatoires*;—what a vision! Should not I be popular?—should not I be a star of the first magnitude with such a wife, so well known in the gay and learned world, without one bit of the Prussic acid of bluism about herself? Harps, honeysuckles, nectar, postilions, love, ecstasy, champagne, bowers, flowers, music, painting,—all—everything. Gold cornices, ten-guinea boot-jacks, and every other necessary of life could be afforded with seven thousand pounds a-year; at least, so I thought then; having only, at that period of my existence, four hundred and thirty pounds per annum—just enough to find a moderately well-dressing man in shoe-strings.

How the hours seemed to crawl from four until seven! Absorbed in a dream of delight, I lay on my sofa, and conjured up the events of the evening,—Captain Lark dying of envy; Count Sko Sky, or whatever it was, in an agony of despair; and I handing my Amelia to table, sitting next her, whispering soft things, and looking still softer ones. "Remember seven!" said my Amelia, with a witchery more impressive than the "Remember twelve!" of the illustrious Siddons. I never was quite so near being mad as during those two hours; but, as the Italian proverb

says, "Non vien di che non venga sera;" and at length seven o'clock came.

I flattered myself, although no beauty, I had made the best of myself. My neckcloth was a pattern; my hair assiduously curled; my coat, of Stultz's best, displayed, with an under-waistcoat of cerulean blue,—I speak of years in which the more recent splendour of the outer waistcoat was unknown;—and thus elated, I proceeded to the scene of my past triumph and my future glory. The very servants in the hall seemed to have obtained information of the result of my assault of the forenoon. I was received with marked attention, deference, and civility; ushered into the drawing-room, where I found Lark, the Count, and Lord Somebody, whose name I could not make out, and a learned philosopher, who had been invited, not more for his own merits than because it was pleasant to a very agreeable lady, who was also present, to meet him; a young, awkward cousin of my Amelia's, just from Eton, was the sixth of the party, besides myself, neither our fair hostess nor her sister having yet made their appearance.

We stood about the room looking at each other as if we could gladly have cut each other's throats, Lark and the Count remaining aloof and talking apart, the philosopher flirting with the blue lady, and the lord and the lout appearing not to be conscious that I was made of the same materials as themselves. It was a painful quarter of an hour, broken only by the arrival of a Mr. Flanneky, a red-faced gentleman from the Sister Island, with powder and brass buttons, looking very much like a second or third-rate butler—what part of the play he was to act I did not exactly know, but I very soon determined, let his province be what it might, that he should have his *congé* within ten days of my accession to the throne of that establishment.

At length my darling woman appeared, and with her, Catherine. Her presence, like that of the sun, diffused a genial warmth around—everybody seemed animated at her approach, and I said to myself, "How delightful it will be, when I call this creature my own, to see her adorning and delighting every circle of which she will be the centre!"

"Well, Mr. Gurney," said the fascinating woman, "how is your head?"

"Oh," said Miss Carter, "upon my word it is not fair to worry him with questions after that long *tête-à-tête*. What do you think, Lord Melancourt? My sister and Mr. Gurney were actually closeted three quarters of an hour to-day; and do what I will, I cannot get her to tell me what the subject of their conversation was, and in general she is the most candid creature alive."

His Lordship made a sort of unintelligible noise, without moving a muscle of his face, and looked at me as if I had been a pickpocket. I felt annoyed and gratified—gratified that Amelia had not confided our conversation to her sister, and annoyed at the playfulness of manner in which she inquired after my head.

Dinner was announced. Of course Lord Melancourt took Mrs. Green—I wished him anywhere but where he was; the Sko Sky count took the blue lady who had rank; the philosopher took Catherine; and Lark, the lout, and I, brought up the rear—Mr. Flanneky bowing to me as I motioned him to go forward, with a whispered "Oh no, I am at home." Are you? thought I; then make the most of it, for if you make this your

home this day three months, I'll eat you. I never saw such an odious mulberry-faced animal in my life; he seemed to me as ugly as Lucifer, and as old as Methuselah—I believe, from what I have since heard, he was then about five-and-forty, and I was five-and-twenty—*voilà la différence.*

Mr. Flanneky took the bottom of the table; Lord Melancourt the top, having my Amelia on one side of him, and the blue on the other; Kate was separated from me by Lark, so that between him and my aversion, the croupier, was I posted—seeing Paradise, and feeling something quite the contrary. I never passed a more unpleasant two hours in my life. I kept my eye fixed on my beloved widow, and once or twice I caught a responsive glance, but I did not half like her manner to the viscount—it was clear they were old acquaintances; they used conventional jokes, and made references to other days, and to events of which I was ignorant. The blue lady began to lecture on geology, and the learned professor descanted much upon certain affinities and combinations, which, with a head full of affinities and combinations of a very different nature, did not in the slightest degree interest me. Indeed I was so tormented by what appeared to me Amelia's inconsiderate conduct, that I rejoiced rather than regretted when the ladies retired.

The after-dinner conversation was flat; the Count entertained us with a history of his various houses in different parts of Europe—the professor drew his chair near Mr. Flannecky's, and conversed with him in an under tone of voice—the lout went away, and the lord went to sleep; and much after this fashion did we dissipate another hour, when we repaired to the drawing-room. Here we found several "refreshers," and the party began to assume a liveliness which it did not possess before; but to me its increase was of no avail, for Mrs. Fletcher Green was so occupied with her different female visiters that I could not get an opportunity of saying a word to her confidentially; she however rallied my spirits, by coming up to me and bidding me stay, for there would be a *Thé* and some music, late. This was balm to my wounds, and I fell into conversation with Captain Lark, who was really an agreeable person, and who appeared more amiable to me from not having apparently any design either upon Amelia or Catherine.

Things went on in this way till about eleven o'clock, when a gentleman past the middle age made his appearance in the drawing-room, whom I had never seen before: he seemed to know everybody, and everybody seemed to know him—he was in a morning dress, and had evidently just arrived from a journey. I did not half like his manner, either to Amelia or Catherine; he had a free and easy way of speaking, which sounded extremely unpleasant to my ears, and the sort of swaggering command he appeared to assume perfectly disgusted me. He made no apology for appearing in boots; and called Miss Carter, Kitty, as if he were upon the best terms not only with himself, but her.

I availed myself of the earliest opportunity of making inquiries as to this self-important gentleman, at the fountain-head; and indeed I intended to let Amelia see, without displaying any symptoms either of jealousy or bad temper, that I did not quite like this coarse man's familiarity.

"Pray," said I, stopping her, as she was passing into the other room, "who is your friend in the boots?"

"Mercy on me!" said Amelia, "that's just it,"—this was a favourite phrase of hers,—"now I can account for it all—don't you know?—"

"Not I, upon my word," said I.

"I have been very remiss, then," replied she; "come, let me introduce you to him—he is an excellent creature—a little tired now, and perhaps not in the best humour; however, he will, I am sure, be delighted to make your acquaintance."

"Yes," said I, "but I am not so sure that I am so anxious to make his."

"Oh fie, Mr. Gurney," said Catherine, who was standing close by; "why Amelia will murder you!"

We had sidled forwards to the chair in which the respectable gentleman had ensconced himself, and stood before him.

"Fletcher, dear," said my Amelia, "this is Mr. Gurney, an acquaintance we have made since you left town. Mr. Gurney—my husband."

Now I only put it to any human being just to imagine what my feelings were at this moment. It would have been mercy in anybody to have killed me instantly. In the morning I had opened my heart to the beautiful widow—had, as I fancied, been accepted; and here, in the evening, was presented to her great fat living husband. The folly, the stupidity of which I had been guilty—I had never seen the man—I had never heard his name mentioned. I concluded there was no Fletcher Green. Daly never told me there was a husband—not a soul ever referred to him. Mrs. Fletcher always talked of *her* house, and *her* horses, and will ye come to see *me?* It seemed he was ill matched—lived much in the country—his pursuits were diametrically opposite to hers—they never interfered, and very seldom met, although on the best possible terms—but how should I know *that?* and how singularly applicable were her conversations about widows and faint hearts! I bowed, and stammered out something—the *coup de grace* was only wanting. Mrs. Fletcher Green gave it with one of her sweetest smiles—

"Perhaps you will come here to luncheon to-morrow, Mr. Gurney, and improve your acquaintance with Fletcher?"

She saw the shot had told—the kindness of her heart had overcome her love of mischief—and withdrawing me for a moment, she said—

"Forgive me for not having explained all this before. It is somewhat a severe reflection upon me that you should have heard so little of my husband as to have fallen into the mistake of this morning—forget it altogether—assure yourself I appreciate your good opinion. I have not breathed a syllable to Catherine, for both our sakes. It is useless talking of what might be, but which cannot be. Do, in kindness and sincerity, be what you may, and what I am sure you *will* be, my friend. Now let us see if the *Thé* is ready; and mind you are in good spirits—else I shall think you are offended with me, and, what would be still more painful, that you think ill of me."

I could make no answer to this soothing speech, and suffered her to lead me like a child to the table, where some of the laughing guests were already seated. All the rest of the affair was chaos. I heard sounds, but understood nothing; and, despite of my kind hostess's encouraging speeches, got away as soon as I possibly could. Of Mr. Fletcher Green I saw no more that night; and of Mrs. Fletcher Green, agreeable and delightful as she was, I never had courage or spirits to see more, after the next morning.

DON AND ROTHER:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Again we meet, where often we have met,
 Dear Rother! native Don!
We meet again to talk, with vain regret,
Of deedless aims! and years, remember'd yet—
 The past and gone!

We meet again—perchance, to meet no more!
 Oh! rivers of the heart!
I hear a voice, unvoyaged billows o'er,
That bids me hasten to their pathless shore,
 And cries, "Depart!"

"Depart!" it cries; "why linger on the stage
 Where virtues are veil'd crimes?
Have I not read thee, ev'n from youth to age,
Thou blotted book, with only one bright page—
 Thy honest rhymes?

"Depart, pale Drone! what fruit-producing flower
 Hast thou rear'd on the plain?
What useful moments count'st thou in thine hour?
What victim hast thou snatch'd from cruel power?
 What tyrant slain?"

I will obey the Power whom all obey.
 Yes, rivers of the heart!
O'er that blind deep where morning casts no ray,
To cheer the helmless wanderer on his way,
 I will depart.

But first, oh, rivers of my childhood! first,
 My soul shall talk with you;
For on your banks my infant thoughts were nursed;
Here, from the bud the spirit's petals burst,
 When life was new.

Before my fingers learn'd to play with flowers,
 My feet through flowers to stray;
Ere my tongue lisp'd, amid your dewy bowers,
Its first glad hymn to mercy's sunny showers,
 And air, and day;

When, in my mother's arms, an infant frail,
 Along your windings borne,
My blue eye caught your glimmer in the vale,
Where halcyons darted o'er your willows pale,
 On wings like morn;

Ye saw my *feelings* round that mother grow,
 Like green leaves round the root.
Then *thoughts* with danger came, and flowered like woe;
But *deeds*—the odorous deeds, that blush and glow—
 Deeds are the *fruit*.

What doth the man but what the child hath done?
We live, we speak, we move!
The best of all who prate beneath the sun,
The praised of all who smile, and talk, and run,
But live and love.

And if the best are like the useless gem
That shines in idle state,
Heavy on them who crush the useful stem—
Heavy will fall the hand of God on *them*
Who live and hate!

Who bruise the weak, but bind no broken reed,—
Who know nor ruth, nor shame,—
Who, flowerless, ban the flower, to plant the weed,
And curse the toiling worms on whom they feed,
In God's great name!

Can I not crush them? No! Then, Warning Voice,
Teach me to welcome thee.
I *cannot* crush them. Let me, then, rejoice,
Because thou call'st; and make my fate my choice,
Bound, and yet free.

Is it not love to loathe the loveless? Yea,
'Tis love, like God's for man!
The love of angels for their God! Away!
Such love alone repayeth them who pay:
No other can.

They love not God who do not hate man's foes
With hatred—not like mine,
But deep as hell, and blacker. To loathe those
Who blast the hope of Freedom as it blows,
Is love divine!

But hath no hope cheer'd man's despair, since first
I trod thy margin, Don?
Yea, mighty links of Evil's chain are burst;
And they who curse, and will not bless, accurs'd,
Fall, one by one.

Though Poland bleeds where Kosciusko died,
Hark! France and Belgium say
To thrones crime-sceptred, "Lo, you are defied!"
And at my birth Redemption's angel cried,
"America!"

Then, Rivers, tell my mother Earth I come
To slumber on her breast;
For lo! my drooping thoughts refuse to bloom,—
My spirit shakes its fetters! I crave room
For rest, for rest.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

Yankee-land, or the New England portion of the United States, does not make a great figure in the map of the American Republic; yet the traveller who leaves it out of his route can tell you but little of what the Americans are. The history of the Yankees is the history of the Republic; the character of the Yankees has influenced and continues to influence that of every part of the nation; and their name, from a provincial designation, has become among foreigners the popular appellation of the whole people. Such is the predominance of character and civilization; the other States are becoming like the Yankees, while the Yankees are keeping like themselves. It is in New England, therefore, that you find the most original, operative, and distinctly-marked American character. Here should the traveller begin and end; whoever leaves the Yankees out of his "United States as they are," will find he has left Hamlet out of Hamlet's tragedy; and the person who, upon a short intimacy with the pork-merchants of Cincinnati and the kitchen wenches of New York, pretends to write a book on the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," will show the same degree of modesty with him who touches at Liverpool and the Hebrides, and then spawns his quarto, entitled "John Bull at Home."

It is in New England that you find Jonathan at home. In the other States there is a mixture, greater or less, of foreign population, but in New England the population is homogereous and native—the emigrant does not settle there—the country is too full of people, while the more fertile soil of the west holds out superior attractions to the stranger. It is no lubber land; there is no getting half-a-dollar a day for sleeping, in Massachusetts or Vermont; the rocky soil and rough climate of this region require thrift and industry in the occupant. In the west he may scratch the ground, throw in the seed, and leave the rest to nature; but here his toil must never be remitted; and, as valour comes of sherris, so doth prosperity come of industry. The southern planter who visits the east and finds the whole land a garden, wonders why the fat fields and the warm sky of his own region do not produce the same picture, and in his endeavours at an explanation, ascribes it to the tariff, whereas the difference in the two regions arises from the regular and natural operation of things; it is solely the effect of industry.

What is Cape Cod but a heap of sand? yet it maintains thirty thousand people, and there is not a beggar among them. All the tariffs that could be devised never would ruin New England, were they framed *ex proprio motu* of Georgia or South Carolina. While the Yankees are themselves, they will hold their own, let politics twist about as they will. They are like cats; throw them up as you please, they will come down upon their feet. Shut their industry out from one career, and it will force itself into another. Dry up twenty sources of their prosperity, and they will open twenty more. They have a perseverance that will never languish while anything remains to be tried; they have a resolution that will try anything, if need be, and when a Yankee says "I'll try," the thing is done.

Boston is but the fourth city in the Union as to population, yet in

many points it may be considered the chief: a metropolis there never will be in the United States—I mean for practical purposes—as London is to Great Britain, or Paris to France,—for Washington will never be a great city. There may be an overgrown population at New York, and there may be a Federal Government for ever within the ten miles square, but neither of these, nor any other spot, will ever be able to assume to itself the whole powers of a metropolis. No city will exercise a moral dictation over the rest, or over the country: no city will give the tone in politics, or set the fashions in literature, for the whole Union.

New York and Philadelphia owe their great population to the numbers whom they receive from the other portions of the Union and the other side of the Atlantic. Boston has grown by internal augmentation only, or accretion from its immediate neighbourhood; in consequence, it exhibits nothing of that shifting and heterogeneous character which marks the great cities of the south. In those cities you find masses of people who know little of each other, diverse in origin, dissimilar in habits, discordant in tastes, difficult to calculate upon, or to combine for any common end: but the Bostonians are as one man—they know each other, understand each other; whatever affects one portion of their community, affects the whole; they have a perfect unity of feeling and stability of character. This has ever been their peculiarity, and to this it is owing that the revolution first exploded in their city. Had Boston been as New York, Fanevil Hall would never have been the cradle of American liberty. Whatever the Bostonians do, they do commonly with great unanimity and effect. To do a thing "in Boston style" is proverbial throughout the country, as signifying a thing done with superior promptness and execution. With sixty odd thousand inhabitants, Boston will raise more money in a given time, for any public purpose, than either New York or Philadelphia, with more than 200,000 each. It is the chief city, too, for literature and the fine arts; for your Yankee, with all his thriftiness, is a huge buyer of books, and will bid higher for pictures than anybody else on the western side of the Atlantic. As New England is to America what Tuscany is to Italy, so may we continue the parallel, and compare Boston to Florence, which cities resemble each other in more points than one. Boston, like Florence, is distinguished for letters and the polite arts, for polish and civility of manners, for the talent of its citizens, for their early love of liberty, and for the external appearance of the city, the beauty of its situation, the splendour of its edifices, the cleanliness of the streets, and the general appearance of industry, wealth, and comfort; while for the orderly character of the population, their sobriety of habits, and the correct tone of moral feeling that prevails among all classes, it may challenge a comparison with any city, large or small, upon the earth. Some well-intentioned but ignorant people, in their zeal to encourage the consumption of cold water, have been in the habit of telling one another that much intemperance has prevailed there; this is a totally wrong impression. I have seen more persons intoxicated at Rome in ten days, than I have seen in Boston for ten years.

It is remarkable that the descendants of the rigid, and, as we are apt to call them, bigoted puritans, should have become the most tolerant in religion of all the American people. There is a liberty of conscience,

it is true, throughout the Union, but religious prejudice is mighty in many parts. In Boston, the severe and strait-laced Calvinism of former times has disappeared. The Unitarians now form the largest sect in the city, and, as is well known, number in their ranks some of the ablest men in the western world. With this sect there is no intolerance; the opposing sects have learnt forbearance from their example, and the *odium theologicum* has lost its bitterness here. The Yankee is cool, cautious, and calculating; he wants a reason for everything; an old prejudice is no obstacle in his way to improvement; his opinions must rest upon solid, tangible ground. His religion must be a religion of the understanding. He is not credulous, he is not enthusiastic. There are no Catholics in New England, save a few foreigners, and there never will be any. The New Englander is eminently a religious man, but his religion never will be a religion of ceremonies. The Episcopalians are much less numerous here than in other parts. Methodists are rare, and the other enthusiastic sects still more so.

Boston, however, is by no means the whole of Yankee-land. Paris, we know, is all France, and London may carry all England whithersoever she listeth. Not so in America. Brother Jonathan, with all his guesses, is another guess sort of a person; the Yankees of the country cannot be led by those of the capital, except perhaps in the fashion of a go-to-meeting coat, or the hue of a riband. There is a watchful jealousy among them which is for ever on the look-out, lest the capital should get an undue ascendancy; no matter what the point in question may be, it would create an alarm among the lowest yeomen of Berkshire and Worcester counties, were it to be noised abroad that Boston had one feather's weight more influence than was allowed her by chapter and section of the constitution. Urban influence can thus get no ascendancy; the city has not, like a great heart, all the life blood of the community at command; the country is all heart. All the great cities were occupied by the enemy during the revolutionary war, yet was not the land conquered,—I should rather say the *people* were not conquered. "Men," says Sir William Jones, "and not cities, constitute a state."

There does not exist that difference between town and country manners in New England which you find in most other countries. Education, books, newspapers, and the facilities of communication between all parts, bring the different classes upon a level. The rustic dresses the same as the cit—when he undertakes to be dressed; discusses the same topics of news, and shows the same degree of information on common matters; and as to his speech and behaviour, be must be a rare animal among his neighbours who displays boorish manners, or talks bad English. "The land of steady habits" has sometimes been used as a nickname for the country; but nothing is more applicable. Habits are so stable, and the whole moral frame of society is so well organized among these people, that, were all restraints of law removed, things would go on as usual: they are a law to themselves.

In European countries, he that is born a peasant will be a peasant all his life; his chance of forming an exception to the rule is exceedingly small. But, on beholding the most rustical clown of all Yankee-land, it would not be safe to affirm that he would not be numbered, at some future day, among the most eminent men of the country. There is no burying a man of genius here; the humblest birth shuts out no one

either from the hopes or the facilities of rising to that station for which his native talent has qualified him. Rare, indeed, is it to find an individual who cannot read and write; every one has therefore that modicum of knowledge placed within his reach which will enable him to obtain more, should his wishes aspire. Clowns, properly speaking, there are none among the Yankees: a Yankee is emphatically a civil man, though his civility may not produce all the bows and grimaces and unmeaning compliments which accompany or constitute that quality among the French; rudeness of manners could be charged against these people only by those who know nothing about them. "Countries," says Goldsmith, "wear very different appearances to persons in different circumstances. A traveller who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and a pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions." Now, sundry people have been whirled from Boston to New York in a mail-coach, and said I know not what about manners. I have travelled over the New England States on foot—over highways and byways; supped at the most splendid hotels and the most paltry inns; entered every farmer's door that offered as a resting-place; and crossed any man's garden, or corn-field, or orchard, that lay in my way, without receiving an uncivil word on my whole route. On one occasion I lost myself in the woods among the Green Mountains of Vermont, where I imagined there was no living creature to be encountered for miles, except black bears, catamounts, and similar country gentlemen; but on a sudden I emerged from the wood into an open spot where stood a log hut. A little flaxen-headed urchin espied me coming, and began to scramble with all speed—to hide himself, as I supposed: but no—it was to gain the summit of an immense log of wood, which lay by the little pathway, where he greeted me, as I passed, with as profound a bow as I ever received.

A Yankee is cautious,—more so than a Scotchman. He will make no bulls, but take especial care not to be caught tripping in his speech. It is amusing often to see the dexterity with which he will avoid giving a direct answer to a question, where he suspects it may not be altogether safe to speak positively; and as to answering an abrupt query, without knowing why it is put, catch him there if you can. Guessing, after all, is not so unprofitable a practice: it is no small undertaking, at times, to extract evidence from a witness in court.

"Did you ever see the man drunk?" asked a counsel of a fellow on the stand.

"Why, I've seen him jolly."

"But did you ever see him drunk?"

"I've seen him pretty well to live."

"But did you ever see him drunk?"

"I've seen him when I thought he had full enough."

"But was he drunk, or was he not?"

"Why, he might have been drunk; and then, again, he might not. I can't say he wasn't, and I can't say he was."

"Pray," asked another, "did you see the defendant throw the stone?"

"Why, I saw him have a stone, and I suppose he might have thrown it."

"How large a stone was it?"

"Why, I should call it a largish stone."

"But say how big it was."

"It appeared to me to be a stone of some bigness."

"But describe the bigness of it."

"As near as I can recollect, it was a considerable of a stone."

"But can't you compare it, and say it was as big as this thing or that thing?"

"Why, if I should say now, I should say it was as big—as big—as a piece of chalk."

The highest praise which a Frenchman imagines he can bestow upon an individual is to call him *un homme d'esprit*. An Englishman describes his best friend as a "good-natured, sensible fellow;" a special Yankee's commendation from his neighbours is, that he is a "smart, enterprising man." Nothing for a Yankee like enterprise; and good qualities to him are worth little without it. I think it is in Cicero's newly-discovered "Republic," *nec vero satis est habere virtutem nisi utare*. This is a true Yankee maxim,—give your good qualities action. To him it is inconceivable that a man should be good for anything who does not make his presence felt among those around him. A stirring spirit, stirring deeds, a stirring life,—these form the common theme of praise; and if a man is said to be good, it will be necessary to answer the question, "Good for what?" "Qu'est ce qu'il a fait?—What has he done?" was Napoleon's query when any man was said to possess talent; and your Yankee is pretty much of the same way of thinking, being accustomed to require constant evidence of a man's usefulness, ere he allows him the praise of doing his duty among men. And well that it is so: he has seen the soil which gives him subsistence conquered, by his own unremitted exertions, from the wilderness; he has seen those political institutions which are his happiness and his boast built up by his own hands; and he is sensible that prudent and industrious habits can alone preserve to him and his posterity the blessings they have gained.

When America shall produce a writer of truly original genius, it is five to one that man will be a Yankee. Franklin was a man whose genius, more than that of any other of his countrymen, marked the age in which he lived; and there is not a trait of his character but is true to New England. The most eminent public man of the present day is Webster; and, in spite of party animosities and sectional prejudice, there is not one whose influence is so powerful, or whose superiority is so universally admitted. The mind of this eminent man is of the true New England stamp: his eloquence is not showy, dazzling, nor elaborate; he does not seek to surprise you by ingenious paradoxes, nor fill your ears with a furious sound of mighty words. You never think of exclaiming between his periods, "How fine!" but you find him persuasive, convincing, and effectual in argument, such as no other man to whom you ever listened. Sincerity, and earnest, full conviction of the truth, distinguish the manners of this orator; and plain sound sense is the characteristic of his matter;—without plain sound sense, indeed, can there be any true eloquence? He does not waste his strength in attempts to utter merely striking things; he is not a brilliant speaker, as the epithet is commonly understood. Your brilliant orators are amusing, but they are not powerful; they are seldom effective to any

good purpose. John Randolph was as brilliant a crackskull as ever sparkled; he shone among the American orators a star of the first magnitude, though by no means a fixed star. No speaker in Congress could draw an audience like him: his sayings were in every man's mouth, his reputation filled every corner of the Union. But Randolph was brilliant, and nothing more; he lacked sound sense, and thus lacked the most efficient weapon of his warfare. People listened to him, but never heeded him; for though he had talent, he had no wisdom. With all his fame, he was without influence; for while the multitude crowded to hear his brilliant speeches, no man valued his opinion a corn-stalk. He was no statesman; though whatever party could count him among its numbers for the moment, commonly thrust him into the van as a forlorn hope; yet, to every interest he espoused, he did as much mischief as good. Never was a more useless man of genius. After a long and restless life, devoted solely to political affairs, what has he done? Nothing. He is gathered to his fathers; and nought is left to perpetuate his memory but the reputation of a brilliant talker. Words, not deeds, have signalized his career. No great public act is marked with the name of him whose voice was loudest and longest in the councils of the nation during the most critical period of its existence. Such is a brilliant man!

> " Si tu brillais sans être utile,
> A ton dernier jour on dirait,—
> Ce n'est qu'une étoile qui file,
> Qui file, file, et disparaît."

Randolph could never have been a New Englandman; the production of such a being in this country would have been an anomaly in the operations of Nature; and had the thing occurred, he would not have found himself in a congenial element; he could not have gained eminence here; the Yankees would have put his brilliant qualities to a trial too rigid and severe before they greeted him with the title of " New England's favourite son." The eccentric sallies of the man of Roanoke would not have passed for wisdom at Boston; and most assuredly no forty thousand inhabitants of Massachusetts would have returned him to Congress year after year, without more evidence of his usefulness than he was accustomed to bear home at the end of the session. A Yankee will choose his representative as he chooses his minister or his every-day coat—taking care that he wears well and does good service.

" Holloa! you man taking a nap!" cried a fellow from the gallery to a representative whom he spied treating himself to a doze during a narcotic discourse; " wake up there! the State don't pay you three dollars a day for sleeping." Neither is the Yankee disposed to pay his representatives for talking. The Congress gentlemen, it is notorious, are terrible long talkers, but among these the New England members are the least offenders.

In spite of this predominant inclination toward the useful, the Yankee is no despiser of those arts which adorn and embellish life. The liberal sciences have nowhere in the country received such encouragement as in New England. The cities, the towns, the villages, the country seats, the private dwellings display more elegance and taste than those of any other part of the Union. If the New Englander is prudent, he is also charitable: he has not, like the European, the daily spectacle of

poverty and suffering before his eyes, to render him callous to human misery: nothing is more prompt and effectual than the succour which is here afforded to the needy or unfortunate. Some travellers have pronounced the Americans a sordid people, wholly occupied with the thoughts of gain, because no two men can be heard talking in the streets without using the word "dollar"—as if people in the streets were accustomed to talk of anything except what brought them there. The Americans mind their business while they are about it, and do not mix that with their studies or amusements. Is "pound" or "shilling" the most uncommon sound that strikes your ear in the great thoroughfares of London? Is the mention of a "sou" never heard upon the quays and boulevards of Paris? Go where you will, the common business of life will occupy most men's thoughts and language. In the eternal city itself, your ear is struck with the perpetual iteration of the word "baioc," and the Romans, I fancy, never were charged with a predominant passion for heaping up pauls and scudi. But some people, when they get abroad, appear never to have had their eyes or ears open before; they espy marvels which have been common sights to them in their own land ever since they were born. Doctor Johnson had these persons in his mind when he spoke of an individual, not remarkable for his shrewdness, who proposed to travel into Asia for the purpose of ascertaining what curious inventions might exist there unknown to Europe—"He will bring home a wheelbarrow, and think he has made a wonderful discovery."

Some one has remarked that the distinguishing characteristic of the American is his "want of loyalty." This of course was uttered as a reproach, and as the word is not American, it was a pretty safe device to make use of it. What is the loyalty of an American? Is it a respect for the chief magistrate?—He is sure to get all he deserves. Is it an attachment to the institutions of the country?—Nobody ever denied the American this. Is it a love for his native soil?—Nor can he be proved deficient in this affection, till you find him, like the European, leaving his country for ever. If it be meant that the American does not possess that feeling which would "stand by the crown, though it hung upon a bush," the charge may be true enough; for unless the crown hangs upon a head-piece, Jonathan will *guess* very shrewdly that it is not worth standing by. To drop the metaphor, he will not fight in support of an old institution that has become useless. This, in fact, is the very head and front of his offending in the eye of many of his "unfriends," and they were accustomed to lay to his charge some years ago that he had a sad and disloyal trick of throwing aside whatever he found did not suit him. We hear less about this at the present day, now that some other people have begun to follow his example.

The Yankees are distinguished, above all other men, for a certain capacity which, in the language of the country, is termed *contrivance;* this is that sort of ingenuity, invention, or skill, which enables an individual to turn his hand to any occupation, or to devise a scheme for any sudden emergency. Thus, if a Yankee is crossing the Alleganies on horseback, and is overtaken by a snow-storm, he will jump into the woods with his hatchet, and in three hours' time will be riding over the snow upon a sledge of his own construction. The records of the Patent Office at Washington exhibit a striking testimony of the superiority of

these people in ingenuity; by far the greater number of inventions are from New England. A Yankee farmer is a sort of Jack at all trades; he not only delves the soil and goes to market, but he is carpenter, shoemaker, weaver, cooper, soap-boiler, and more trades than these. He turns wooden bowls, makes buckets, sets up shooks, weaves baskets, manufactures brooms, and invents washing-machines. In this last-mentioned matter the New England ingenuity is inexhaustible, and one would imagine that the "second virtue" of cleanliness had been elevated to the first rank in this land, such a wilderness of patent gimcracks have sprung up in the attempt to usurp the honours of old Dumb Betty. It is a Yankee's main study to be "improving" everything; his very language breathes this spirit, for he who occupies a tenement is said to "improve" it. To leave a thing no better than he found it, seems to him no fair usage of the globe we inhabit.

In travelling over the kingdom of Naples, and contemplating the wonders of that favoured land, its fertile soil, its genial climate, its admirable capacities for commerce, and the contrast exhibited to all these advantages by the sloth and ignorance of its population, its beggars, and brigands,—I have been struck with the whimsical imagination of the scene that might ensue, were a plain Yankee taken from his plough-tail and placed on the throne of the Two Sicilies. His Majesty would begin a regular overhaul of the whole body-politic the morning after his coronation. "What's this I see?" says the king. "Where are your overseers of the highways—your school-committees—your select-men? What idle fellows are these in the streets? What are these bells ringing every day? What means this crowd of ships lying behind the mole with nothing to do? or this *marina*, the water's edge of my great city, where I see no piles of merchandise, no trucks nor dray-carts driving about with goods, nor half the business doing in a month that is done on Boston Long Wharf in two hours? Come, bustle, occupy; set the lazzaroni to work upon the roads; send the children to school; make a railroad here and a turnpike there; bridge this river and canal that; hang the Calabrian robbers; give the monks a rouse; go into the churches, and strip me those trumpery shrines; sell the gold and silver and jewels with which they are heaped; and the interest of the money will support all the poor of the kingdom, for I'll have no beggars nor idlers while my title is Jonathan the First. People shall mind their business, for I will abolish these *festas*, which come every other day, and are good for nothing but to promote idleness. Henceforth there shall be no festas but fast, thanksgiving, and independence. Set me up a newspaper in every town; take me a census of the population; fine every district that don't send a representative to the General Court. I'll have everything thrashed and set a-bucking, even to the vernacular speech, for *dolce far niente* shall be routed from the Italian."

Now Jonathan the First might not understand quite so much of the antiquities of Pompeii or the beauties of the Callipygian Venus as Ferdinand the Second; yet, if the Neapolitan would not make a profitable *swap* by the exchange, mine is no true "Yankee notion."

Q. Q.

MY DÉJEÛNER À LA FOURCHETTE.

What a beautiful day! Had the weather been wet,
What a damp on my Déjeûner à la Fourchette!
There is but one drawback, I own, to my bliss,—
'Tis late in the year for a party like this;
So I've stuck paper roses on every bush,
And my garden has quite got a Midsummer blush;
And I've calico lilies judiciously set,
To embellish my Déjeûner à la Fourchette.

I've ordered the people to water the road
All the way from the town to my rural abode.
'Till three, I suppose, not a soul will arrive.—
Bless me! there's a chaise at the end of the drive!
'Tis old Mrs. Smith!—what *can* bring her so soon?
She thinks herself late, too,—a breakfast at noon!
And dress'd, I protest, in her best tabinet,—
What a blot on my Déjeûner à la Fourchette!

Here's a three-corner'd note, (how excited I feel!)
What an elegant hand! and a coronet seal!
From the Duchess, confined to her room with a cough;
Had I known, I'd have put my sweet Déjeûner off.
An excuse from Sir Thomas,—"A touch of the gout!"
And one from Lord Harry,—"Too ill to go out!"
I declare, I have lost all the cream of the set
That I asked to my Déjeûner à la Fourchette!

But the guests are arriving. My villa has got
Quite a park-like appearance—a beautiful spot!
The singers, equipp'd in a foreign costume,—
The horns in that arbour, too loud for a room,—
The band on the lawn in the pretty marquee,—
This tent for the dinner, and *that* for the tea.
(Though *breakfast* they *call* it, no dinner they'll get,
Except at my Déjeûner à la Fourchette.)

What's Harris, my butler, attempting to say?
"Champagne!" why we gave out ten dozen to-day!
"All gone! and the officers calling for more!"
Go open the tent for quadrilles, I implore;—
Go, Harris, and *hint* we're expecting them soon,
And tell Mr. Tweedle to strike up a tune.
I'm certain my husband will never forget
The cost of my Déjeûner à la Fourchette.

'Tis getting quite dark; that unfortunate breeze
Blows out all the lamps that we placed in the trees.
The dew is so heavy, my rockets won't go;
And my Catherine-wheels are exceedingly slow.
But I heed not the darkness,—if people are lost,
What accounts there will be in the *Herald* and *Post!*
And 'twill give *me éclat*, if a Lord is upset
On his way from my Déjeûner à la Fourchette.

T. H. B

REVOLUTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The title of this paper may lead the reader to imagine that it is political—it is not—at least not exclusively. Its object is to bring before the eye a brief review of the wonderful change which has taken place in governments, institutions, manners, arts, science, and manufactures since the year 1800. The result of such a review, in itself by no means uninteresting, will be, in our opinion, a conviction that never was so much done, in the same space of time, since the world began, especially as those revolutions more particularly relate to, and affect Britain and British society.

Before we bring this inquiry to bear directly upon our own circumstances, and the position of our own country in the scale of European nations, it may be necessary to take a cursory view of other states, and the alterations which their characters and constitutions have undergone during the last thirty-four years.

In France, at the commencement of the century, there existed a Consular Government,—Buonaparte being First Consul—a Government raised upon the ruins of a sad and memorable revolution; in 1802, Buonaparte became Consul for life; in 1804, Emperor; in 1808, he deprived the Pope, who crowned him, of his territories; in 1809, he divorced his wife; in 1810, he married Marie Louise. Between the commencement of his career and its close, he created three kingdoms; Bavaria, Saxony, and Wirtemberg. He made his brother Joseph, King of Spain; his brother Louis, King of Holland; his brother Jerome, King of Westphalia; his brother-in-law Murat, King of Naples; and his son-in-law Eugene, Viceroy of Italy.—Facts, astounding in themselves, not more strongly illustrative of the revolutions of the present century, as connected with France and its Emperor, than as exhibiting the *generality* of revolutions as to the other nations in which those family promotions were made.

Keeping our eye then upon France, we see in 1814, the exiled and denounced Bourbons restored to their throne—Russian cossacks bivouac in the Champs Elysées, and English soldiers mount guard at the Tuileries—Buonaparte is banished to Elba—his family are dethroned and degraded—from Elba he escapes, returns to Paris, is again in the ascendant; reigns for his Hundred Days, and then, by a series of victories, crowned and consummated by that of Waterloo, is beaten down never to rise again: unable to escape, he makes a merit of surrendering to England, and for the sake of peace in Europe, is sent to St. Helena, where he dies. On his departure, the Bourbons again succeed; Louis XVIII. dies at a good old age in his palace; and is succeeded by Charles X. The son of the Duc de Berri, murdered before his infant's birth, is heir presumptive to the throne—a new revolution breaks out—Charles X. abdicates—his ministers are tried and imprisoned for life—the throne is occupied by his nephew, as Citizen King of the French—the son of Buonaparte dies—the widow of the Duc de Berri is imprisoned—marries a second husband—has another child,—and France, altogether in the strictest alliance with England, her oldest and most inveterate enemy, is only kept from a new revolution, by the unflinching severity

of the "liberal" King, who was forced upon the throne by the last one. All these events have occurred during this century.

In Portugal, after the measures of the French had driven the Prince Regent and his family to the Brazils, the English rescued that country from French tyranny. In 1821, the King (as he had then become by the death of his father) returned to his throne; in 1820, his eldest son, Don Pedro, having formally dissolved the union between Brazil and Portugal, caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of Brazil; Don John VI. died in 1826, when Don Pedro claimed the crown of Portugal for his daughter, Donna Maria; Don Miguel, second son of Don John, claimed the throne as the law of the land and the decree of Lamego warranted. In the meantime, a revolution occurred in Brazil, and the Emperor took to flight—his son, a *child*, is now the Emperor. The struggle between the brothers is too familiar to need a word of remark; the claim of Don Pedro for his daughter is at present successful, and Donna Maria, a *child*, occupies the Portuguese throne.

Spain, on the renewal of the war in 1803, was compelled by France to take active measures against England; in 1804, she declared war against us; in 1805, Nelson, with his heart's-blood, bought us the glorious victory of Trafalgar, in which the Spanish fleet, combined with that of France, was destroyed; in 1808, Buonaparte threw off the mask as to Spanish affairs; Charles IV. abdicated, and Ferdinand VII. was proclaimed. At this period, Charles IV. having been induced to declare his abdication, a compulsory act, was also induced to throw himself for safety upon Buonaparte's kindness. Then it was that Buonaparte invited Ferdinand to come and meet him on his road to Madrid—the King was deceived and went—he arrived at Vittoria, where he was surrounded by French troops, and where he received a letter from Buonaparte, addressed to him, *not as King*, but as Prince of Asturias, assuring him that he, Buonaparte, not only as *his* friend, but as the general protector and benefactor of Europe, was visiting Spain merely with a view to make such reforms as might be most agreeable to the popular feeling, and best tend to the pacification of the country.

Upon the receipt of this friendly communication, Ferdinand continued his journey to Bayonne, where he dined with his illustrious friend and patron; and, after dinner, heard from his Imperial host that he thought it good to fill the throne of Spain by placing one of his own brothers on it. Ferdinand found himself, in fact, a prisoner, and was shortly after compelled to renounce his crown at the desire of his father, expressed in the presence of Buonaparte himself, to whom that father had the day before sold his kingdom and his birth-right for a stipulated sum.

This compulsory step caused the patriotic revolution in Spain. Joseph Buonaparte arrived at Madrid to assume the regal power; but the inherent force of the nation was irresistible, and he was driven from his precarious dignity. Then came the Peninsular war, with all its glories, and its expenditure of blood and treasure. In 1814, Ferdinand returned to his country. He married four times; and by his last wife had one daughter, which daughter he proclaimed heir to the throne, to the exclusion of his brother, Don Carlos. This declaration he subsequently annulled, but, eventually, finally confirmed. Don Carlos, at his brother's death, asserted his claim to the sovereignty, with, as it is said, the sup-

port and concurrence of a great majority of the people. Foreign interference has hitherto thwarted the views of Don Carlos, whose consort, harassed by misfortunes, privations, and anxieties, has fallen a victim to persecution, and died in the parsonage-house of a village near Gosport. The success of the widow of Don Ferdinand has enabled her to proclaim her daughter as Queen of Spain, she herself assuming the title and character of Regent. By this revolution, for such it is, the Spanish throne is occupied *by a child.*

Belgium and Holland have been separated; Antwerp has been besieged by the French; the Prince of Saxe Coburg, widower of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, has been made King of the Belgians, and married a daughter of the occupier of the French throne. The affairs of Greece, which have been so long unsettled, are as unsettled still, with this difference, that England has furnished her with a king, in the person of Prince Otho of Bavaria, whose revenue is derived from this country, but whose period of domination is fortunately not to be calculated upon with any degree of certainty.

In Russia, after the murder of Paul, Alexander succeeded, and did not die without some suspicion of foul play. He was succeeded by his brother, Nicholas the First, whose elder brother, Constantine, with a most remarkable diffidence, or indifference to imperial sway, declined the throne in his favour.

It must be evident that, if the extent or pretensions of this paper would admit of our taking a review of the public affairs of all the nations in the world during the period to which it refers, it would exhibit a series of mutations calculated equally to justify our opinion of the eventfulness of the last thirty-four years with those we have hastily touched. Our chief object is, however, to look to results as relating to England herself.

In England, the circumstances connected with the succession have been complicated and extraordinary. In 1820, George the Third died, having survived his fifth son, the Duke of Kent, six days. The Princess Charlotte died, with her infant, in 1817; Queen Charlotte in 1818; the Duchess of York in 1820; in 1821, Queen Caroline; in 1827, the lamented Duke of York; in 1828, the Queen of Wirtemberg, Princess Royal of England; and in 1830, his late most Excellent Majesty. The present King has no surviving issue; and the crown devolves hereafter upon the daughter of his late Majesty's fifth son—*a child.*

In 1814, the electorate of Hanover was erected into a kingdom, the crown of which belongs to the King of England, but is separated from it whenever a queen governs this empire; consequently, upon the accession of the Princess Victoria to the British throne, the Duke of Cumberland, as next heir to the crown, becomes King of Hanover—the Salic law, in that kingdom, excluding females.

There are peculiarities of circumstance in this mortality of the royal family (which it would neither be right, nor, indeed, have we space to enter into them, even if it were) which render the course and order of these events very remarkable. Not less so have been the casualties by which the Ministers of the Crown and many eminent men have been removed from their stations during the period to which these observations refer. After the death of Pitt, avowedly accelerated, if not actually caused, by

his devotion to his country, how soon died his great opponent, Fox? Lord Grenville is dead: Perceval was murdered; Lord Liverpool stricken by a calamity which left his body living after the mind was dead; Windham and Huskisson, both victims of accidents; Canning prematurely lost; and Lord Londonderry fallen by his own hand; Nelson, and Moore, and Abercrombie in battle; with a host of heroes equally deserving the tears and praises of their countrymen.*

Remember that such men as Thurlow, Erskine, Gifford, Law, Kenyon, Grattan, Curran, have lived and died within this century. In literature, and wit, and poetry, can we forget Sheridan, Murphy, Cumberland, Cowper, Byron, and Scott! in science, Banks and Davy; in art, West and Lawrence; or the stage, Siddons and Kemble. All these are gone, —faded from the scenes which they exalted and adorned. We mention but the very leaders, but, taking every branch of art and science into calculation, the aggregate amount of loss within the last thirty-four years will, hereafter, when time and reflection shall have overcome jealousy and envy, be found vastly to exceed that which this country ever sustained during any other period of equal duration.†

But now let us look at things less questionable. In the present century, the bright career of the Duke of Wellington may be said to have been run; for although his services before and up to the capture of Seringapatam, in 1799, had raised his character and spread his fame, it was in this century that his celebrated battle of Assaye was fought. From his arrival in Europe, until the year 1815, he gained that series of victories which have immortalised him. But that is not all that we have to illustrate our point; besides the glorious days of Oporto, Vimiera, Talavera, Buzaco, Salamanca, Badajos, Vittoria, Nive, Toulouse, St. Jean de Luz, the Pyrenees, and Waterloo, we are prepared to show that more general actions were fought, and more lives lost by the fortune of war from 1800, to 1815 than ever were fought in a period of ten times the same extent;—amongst them, Marengo, Alexandria, Austerlitz, Corunna, Aspen and Essling, Wagram, Barossa, Albuera, Borodino, Lutzen, Toplitz, Leipzic, Orthes, Ligny, besides others, amounting *to nearly two hundred general actions*. It has been only because Nelson at Trafalgar established the sovereignty of England on the seas that we have not to record equal triumphs of our navy to those which have graced our army.

But, then, let us see what has taken place in civil life. England has been united with Ireland; the Test and Corporation Acts have been repealed;

* In the melancholy record of suicides may be inserted the names of Romilly, Whitbread, and Calcraft.

† Where there is not space to give the entire list of those eminent in each line, it might appear invidious to name any except the acknowledged "heads" of professions; but in the two instances of art and the drama, we think no thirty-four years in the annals of the nation possessed and lost so many, and such distinguished men in the former, as Opie, Owen, Copley, Romney, Jackson, Harlowe, Northcote, Hamilton, Cosway, Wheatley, Smirke, Stothard, Hoppner, and others, no doubt, which at the moment do not occur; or in the latter, such a combination of talent as was to be found in the genius and powers of Elliston, Munden, Johnstone, Cooke, Emery, Suett, Palmer, Lewis, Holman, Quick, Knight, King, Moody, Wroughton, Kean, Mrs. Mattocks, Miss Pope, Mrs. Billington, Madame Storace, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Davenport (alive, but retired), and Bannister, similarly situated. This, we say, is but an imperfect catalogue, but it is sufficiently extensive to illustrate our principle.

thirty millions of taxes have been removed; the Roman Catholics have been emancipated; slavery has been abolished; Parliament has been reformed; the poor-laws have been changed; the constitution of the Church of Ireland has been altered; several Bishops have been reduced; the East India Company's privileges have been abrogated; the Bank has resumed cash payments; bank-notes are now a legal tender; the game-laws have been repealed, since which time poaching has increased in a ten-fold degree; beer-houses have been permitted in order to better the morals of the lower classes, which have produced drunkenness and all its evils to an unparalleled extent; for humanity's sake, forgery has been made punishable with transportation and not death, since which forgery has increased very much in the same ratio as drunkenness and poaching. It would, however, greatly exceed our limits, as we have already said, to enter into minute details of the wonderful alterations which have been worked during the century; we shall, therefore, select a few of those which strike the senses most forcibly, and which, from circumstances and localities, are most familiar, reserving to ourselves for some other opportunity a more elaborate working-out of our proposition.

During this century, England has acquired the Cape, Ceylon, Curaçoa, Demerara, St. Eustatius, Mauritius, Bourbon, Madeira, Malta, Martinique, Senegal, and Surinam—several of which have been ceded. But what are these?—what are her conquests in Egypt?—what her successful warfare at Nepaul or in the Burmese country?—what her wonderful extension of territory in India?—what her capture of Algiers? —what her sovereignty of the Ionian Islands?—what the recollections of the share she has borne in the glories of the world, under Providence, compared with the strides she has made in art, science, and mechanism since 1800?

In 1800, would any man have believed—and in 1800 men fancied they travelled at a most extraordinary pace—would any man have believed that he could leave London in a stage-coach in the morning, and eat his supper by eleven o'clock at night in Manchester? or if his credulity could have been stretched so as to admit of such a possibility, would he have suffered himself to be told with impunity that if he chose, instead of supping at Manchester, he might proceed to Liverpool in one hour and three-quarters—a distance of upwards of thirty miles—that he might steam himself over to Dublin in time for breakfast the next morning, all of which he may now do supposing the conveyances ready? but, as it is, and without any hurry or trouble, a man breakfasts at the Bull and Mouth in London on the Monday, and breakfasts in Dublin on the Wednesday, according to the ordinary and established rules of stage-coach, rail-road, and steam-boat travelling.

Well then, say we, this introduction of steam, or rather its adaptation to vessels and locomotive carriages, has been—and it is in its infancy yet —one of the greatest strides ever made in so short a space of time. Next comes gas. Let anybody read Mr. Davies Giddy's, now Mr. Davies Gilbert's, formal denunciation in the House of Commons of the bare idea of obtaining light and profit from gas, and the case will be made as strong as we can wish it. Not only is the use of gas as a light universal, but if anybody will take the trouble, or rather give themselves the pleasure, of visiting the Gallery of National Sciences, in the Lowther Arcade, they will find cookery performed by gas in the most perfect and satisfactory manner.

Within the present century, vaccination has superseded, nay, annihilated, that tremendous affliction the small-pox—an event to which the wonderful decrease in the mortality of all classes, proportionably to the general increase of the population, may, in a great degree, be attributed, despite the evidence to the contrary afforded in the maudlin report of the Drunken Parliamentary Committee of the present year. Again, reducing, as we must, our sphere of observation, for want of room, let us look at our own metropolis within the present century; hovels and alleys have disappeared, and palaces and terraces risen in their places. Look at those splendid bridges, Waterloo and London—the vast iron bridge across the Thames in the city, and the extremely useful one at Vauxhall—see those stupendous works, the West India Docks, East India Docks, London Docks, St. Catherine Docks, Surry Canal Docks, all erected within this century—the magnificent Custom-house, the healthy and spacious Bedlam, the London University, the King's College. Within this century, Ranelagh has vanished from the earth, the Pantheon has become a bazaar, every theatre in London, except the Opera House, which had just risen from a conflagration, has been either burned or pulled down—Covent-garden, Drury-lane, the English Opera House, the Surry Theatre once, and Astley's twice, have been burned and rebuilt—the Haymarket pulled down, the Royalty pulled down, both rebuilt, and the latter, under the title of the Brunswick, destroyed in the twinkling of an eye.

Carlton House, with all its splendour and gaieties, and all the associations of wit and mirth, has, with the noble and joyous company which made its walls ring with festivity, vanished. The Prince! Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, Hanger, Erskine, the Duke of Norfolk, and fifty others, are in their graves, the scene of their revels exists no more, splendid terraces and magnificent squares occupy its site. The wretched streets between Pall-Mall and Oxford-street have given place to grand and commodious drives and promenades.

The interior of St. James's Park, which was a swampy meadow for the dull diversion of smoke-dried cows, has become a beautiful garden; and Buckingham House, built in the full uniform of bad taste—"red with white facings"—has given place to a palace much censured originally, and latterly much disfigured; but which still *is* a palace worthy of the country. In the Regent's Park, groves, canals, villas, parades, dioramas, (what did we know of dioramas in 1800?) crescents, and terraces, ranges of splendid buildings, occupy a space previously monopolized by grazing cattle; while a navigable canal, which circumvents London, and forms a military ditch round her assailable parts, in case of rebellion, brings all the commodities of the world floating to the very doors of warehouses in the most *inland* part of the metropolis.

In order to tranquillize the country, we have fifteen judges instead of "the twelve"—we have also "a vice-chancellor" to moderate the rigours of the law; and we have, what is more to the point, a Sir Somebody Macadam, who, by breaking the stones over which we used to travel has more successfully conduced to *tranquillize the town* than anything else in the world, except, perhaps, the New Metropolitan Police, which has utterly and entirely exterminated the ancient race of watchmen, except, we believe, in the case of one deluded veteran, who, under the special auspices of the Protestant Bishop of London, and the Popish Duke of Norfolk, still continues to howl at the moon in St. James's-square. In consequence of this Macadamization, the Londoners

no longer measure distances by being on or off the stones, and are whisked in wet weather over noiseless masses of mud-pudding, in hearses painted of lively colours, called omnibuses,—vehicles of French origin, —in which they are packed by dozens; or whirled through the thoroughfares in hack cabriolets, carriages of which no human being in 1800 had any defined or undefined notion.

Of greater things, look at the Breakwater at Plymouth, at the Tunnel under the Thames,—even unfinished as it is, and unprofitable as it ever will be, it is a triumph of science and perseverance—look at those bridges, hanging, as it were, in air, spanning arms of the sea, which, in 1800, no man would have thought possible by such means. That pretty toy, the Chain Pier at Brighton, is a toy that no man would have imagined in 1800. Who, in 1800, would have expected to find water without digging for it? Who would have engraved upon stone? Who would have thought of calculating sums by machinery? Who would have thought of stuffing cushions with iron for softness? Who would have worn a caoutchouc cloak or Indian rubber shoes to keep them from the wet, or who would have fancied it possible to make gin up the chimney while he was making bread in the oven?

Look, too, at society. The young men drink nothing—in 1800 they drank deeply; in 1800, a man who smoked would have been voted a beast; now the vulgar under-bred shop-boys smoke about the streets, because they have heard that their betters do it elsewhere. Smoking was introduced during those campaigns to which we have already alluded, and then there were millions of reasons for its use; now nobody but the lowest and vulgarest continue the practice;—and what makes this custom as absurd as it is filthy, is the justification which these simpletons offer, by quoting it as a foreign custom: in no foreign city is this nastiness permitted in the streets—it may be in Paris, but that under the citizen-king is exactly the place for it.

Look at our balls: in 1800, modest women danced modestly, and let the conversation which passed between two partners, standing as far distant from each other as people ordinarily do in a drawing-room, be what it might, it could do no harm in the way of example. Within this century it has become the fashion for a delicate girl, who would, as Fielding's "Huncamunca" says, "shudder at the gross idea" of man's advance, to permit herself, and be permitted by her mother—ay, or her husband—to flourish about a room to a wriggling German air, with a strange man's arm round her waist, and her delicate hand upon his brawny shoulder. This thing is called a waltz; there is another of the same character, called a gallopade, where the same operations are performed, and in which, instead of turning the woman about till she gets giddy, the fellow makes no more ado, but claps her up in his paws, and hurries her right on end from one corner of the room to the other.

A dance, to be sure, existed in the time of the "Spectator," which must have been something of the same sort, for the old gentleman says (No. 67, vol. i.) "I suppose this diversion was first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women, but I am sure, had you been here, you would have seen great matter for speculation." This appears aptly to describe those irritating indecencies—the modern waltz and gallopade.

Another extraordinary change has taken place in London society; we

mean the universal introduction of clubs and hotels. In 1800 it was remarkable that London had scarcely any hotels, while all other cities were full of them; now almost every second house in the streets below Grosvenor-square is an hotel. Clubs were rare, and used by no means as clubs are now; White's, as old as Hogarth's time—Brookes's and Boodle's—the Cocoa Tree, Graham's, and another, were all. The Union, which existed within this century, was a regular gambling club, and was held first at what is now the Ordnance Office, Pall Mall, and subsequently in the House now occupied by the Bishop of Winchester, in St. James's-square; but all these were clubs of recreation and amusement, of conversation or dissipation. Now see the difference. Crockford's, with the best cook and coffee-room, rears a splendid front, and well may, for its members are of the first class, and the aspersions cast upon it of the falsest character. The Travellers' is a magnificent house; they play high in the evenings, but no game of chance that we know of. The Junior and Senior United Service Clubs—invaluable institutions—where our gallant defenders are enabled, upon their shamefully small half-pay, to enjoy the comforts and luxuries they have so gallantly earned, at an easy rate. The Union, a resort of wealthy citizens, who just fetch Charing-cross to inhale the fresh air as it draws from the Park through the funnel by Berkeley House, out of Spring Gardens, into their bay window; and the Athenæum, where the mixture of whigs, radicals, savans, foreigners, dandies, authors, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, artists, doctors, and Members of both Houses of Parliament, together with an exceedingly good average supply of Bishops, renders the melange very agreeable, despite of some two or three bores who "continually do dine," and who, not satisfied with getting a six-shilling dinner for three and sixpence, "continually do complain."

Then there is the Wyndham Club, held at Lord Blessington's house, in St. James's-square, and called after Lord Nugent, who founded it; the two University Clubs; the Clarence, mischievously called the Clearance, because it was established upon getting rid of some disagreeable members; and the Oriental Club, which, as its name implies, consists of the curry and rice gentlemen from India, with their calico shirts and limber legs, and which the young women who sweep the crossing at Tenterden-street (where, *par parenthèse*, there has been within this century founded a Royal Academy of Music) invariably call the Horizontal Club. All these places—and there are one or two others, especially one called the Garrick, near Covent-garden, and another in Broad-street, called "the City,"—have been established upon a principle of economy, and on a scale of comfort and elegance which would have sounded like Hebrew to the unaccustomed ears of the world of 1800. The Carlton Club we have not noticed, because its splendid house in Pall Mall remains unfinished, owing to, what certainly was not known in 1800, a strike amongst the unionists. However, the Carlton is altogether a superior body, and ranks with, and perhaps above, the original White's, Brookes's and Boodle's.

We must restrain ourselves—mercy to our readers compels us to stop, at least for the present, satisfied that, as far as we have gone, we have made out our case, and promising to continue what we flatter ourselves is not an altogether uninteresting subject, upon some future occasion.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

Why don't the men propose, mamma?
  Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
  And then away he goes!
It is no fault of yours mamma,
  That ev'ry body knows;
You *fête* the finest men in town,
  Yet, oh! they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
  To make a proper match;
For coronets and eldest sons
  I'm ever on the watch:
I've hopes when some *distingué* beau
  A glance upon me throws;
But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,
  Alas! he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing
  And dressing like a blue;
I've bought big books, and talk'd of them
  As if I'd read them through!
With hair cropp'd like a man, I've felt
  The heads of all the beaux;
But Spurtzheim could not touch their *hearts*,
  And oh! they won't propose!

I threw aside the books, and thought
  That ignorance was bliss;
I felt convinced that men preferred
  A simple sort of Miss;
And so I lisp'd out naught beyond
  Plain "yeses" or plain "noes,"
And wore a sweet unmeaning smile;
  Yet, oh! they won't propose!

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,
  I heard Sir Harry Gale
Exclaim, "Now I *propose* again;"
  I started, turning pale;
I really thought my time was come,
  I blush'd like any rose;
But oh! I found 'twas only at
  Ecarté he'd *propose!*

And what is to be done, mamma?
  Oh what is to be done?
I really have no time to lose,
  For I am thirty-one:
At balls I am too often left
  Where spinsters sit in rows;
Why won't the men propose, mamma?
  Why *won't* the men propose?

T. H. B.

REALP;

A TALE OF THE SWISS MOUNTAINS.

It is many years ago that I surmounted the terrors of an Oxford "great go," and assumed the long-sleeved gown; but the day is now as fresh in my recollection as the events of yesterday. A few weeks intervened between the completion of the examination and the commemoration, which is to the *gens togata* the signal for dispersion. These weeks were spent in the enjoyment of friendships, formed in the buoyancy of youth, cemented by a community of feelings and pursuits, and now about to be broken off ere their freshness had worn away.

It was, therefore, with saddened feelings that I met, on the evening of the commemoration day, a farewell wine party in a friend's rooms. All our *set* were there. Most of them were joyful in the anticipation of the warm welcome, the happy home which a few hours would bring. My thoughts were of a more gloomy cast. I had none upon whose affection I might throw myself. Left an orphan at an early age, with property, indeed, to save me from neglect, but with none to extend the hand of disinterested affections, Oxford was the little world in which all my feelings centred, by which all my knowledge of society was bounded.

The mails were starting, the post-chaises were ready, great-coats buttoned, cigars lighted, loud jokes and warm shakes of the hand exchanged, the whips cracked and wheels rattled, and the only friendships I had ever formed, the only friends who might ever bear my name in their remembrance, were gone, perhaps, for ever.

I have since met many of them in the great world;—but, alas! how changed. The reckless youth has now subsided into the steady man of business, the reverend pastor, or the grave magistrate. Yet even to these the accidental meeting of a college crony seems to revive all the freshness of youth. We recall the scenes of early life, and their flitting phantoms, as they rise, seem to bid the heart grow young again.

But I digress. The connexions of my youth were broken; I was now to form others for manhood; I determined to travel. This would appear an infallible resource to one who was a professed hater of solitude; every one you meet is a companion, every countryman you encounter is a friend. My first attempt was not, however, very successful. My health was tender, and a dreadful passage from London to Rotterdam brought on a fit of sickness, that confined me to a room, which nobody approached but Rotterdam apotheeks, the most ignorant bipeds, by-the-by, I ever had the misfortune to be subjected to, and big broad-faced women in wooden shoes, who insisted upon swilling the room out, and setting all the furniture afloat twice or thrice a week. Of course, as I could speak nothing but French, I had no voice in the matter. I took the earliest opportunity of making my escape from the land of dykes, and sought the more genial atmosphere of *la belle* France. I fluttered long, and singed myself a little, in the dangerous glare of Parisian gaiety; but still I was alone—companions I had plenty—but my heart yet yearned for some one to whom I might pour out my secret thoughts—but there was none. I had no friend. Pursued by a

feeling of loneliness, which is no where so insupportable as in a crowd, I tired of dandyism and dissipation, and longed for green hills and mountain breezes.—I traced the majestic Rhine through all his windings, rambled among his vine-clad mounts, and climbed his ruin-crested hills; now skirted his banks upon some wretched hack, and now tugged desperately, but with little avail, against the headlong stream. Their boats are like the canoes of the Mohawks, propelled by paddles—how different from our graceful, gliding, college eight-oar! There were at that time no friendly steam-boats, where a youth a little enthusiastic, or a maiden a little sentimental, might read Byron at leisure, or sketch ruins by moonlight. Every yard must be won by dint of muscle. I gave it up, and betook me alternately to my hack and my car, soliloquized upon the mutability of human grandeur, speculated upon the fortunes of the former inhabitants of the ruins above me, or tried to draw from the driver traditions of the loves and frays of the chieftain robbers who once held iron rule over these verdant valleys.

A sort of morbid restlessness had possessed me; I never liked to remain a day in a town: the excitement arising from mere motion seemed all my pleasure. Even the beautiful banks of the Rhine soon became tedious to me. Amid the clustering vine and the waving woods of the Rhine hills, I imaged and longed for the rugged ravines, the rushing torrents, the bare peaks and the frozen seas of Alpine scenery. I followed the fickleness of my humour, and in a few days arrived at Schaffhausen. Here it was all before me. Even the unbroken fall of the mighty river, which thundered above my head and enveloped me in its spray, could hardly divert my gaze from the scene of snows and mountains which glittered in the distance. They were the very mountains I had thought of, read of, dreamt of, in my childhood;—not like our mysterious monsters, Nevis and Snowdon, shrouding their altitude in clouds, but shooting their glancing snowy peaks far, far into the immensity of ether. I rushed among them with all the impetuosity of youth. There were few spots where human foot could attain, where I did not stand. There was not a lake where boat had floated that I did not traverse. I loved, too, to bound from my tiny bark into the fathomless depths, to dash back the little curling waves, and buffet with the mimic billows.

The summer passed, and I was still ranging the mountains, wild as their native chamois. Autumn was now setting in; the snow-fed torrents grew less impetuous; the glacier ice more rigid. The wind was beginning to be heard among the mountains, and the fallen foliage of the pine was swept along the valleys. These were warnings which bade me seek the banks of Lacheman before the winter closed upon me—but I could not resist lingering yet another week. With this intention, after a day's walk under the peaks of the Jungfrau, the Shreckhorn, the Eiger Aarhorn, and other of the highest of the Alps, I arrived at the Spital upon the Grimsel. He who has never wandered in Switzerland can have little idea of the savage scenery which surrounds this rude solitary cot, perched upon a height far above the reach even of the mountain pine, in a spot where, during half the year, the foot of man never penetrates. The spirit of humanity, so necessary and so general among the inhabitants of these perilous regions, gave rise to the establishment of an inn in this forlorn place. In summer it serves as a homely but a welcome resting-place

for the traveller; in the winter as a refuge to the benighted wanderer. When the inhabitants are forced by the storms to desert it, they leave a supply of food and fuel, that, should any erring wayfarer stray hither, he may at least be supplied with the necessaries of life to help him onwards on his solitary journey.

When I arrived there, it was a sunny autumnal evening, but the sun shone only against bare rocks, or glanced amid the spray of the tumbling torrent. There was not a shrub to take from the bleak and savage character of the scene. The season for tourists was passed, and a single chamois-hunter, who had opened his wallet in the cottage to take his evening meal, was, except my guide, my only companion. My day's walk had been long and arduous, and I slept soundly, notwithstanding the indifferent accommodation which the Spital afforded. The next morning was fine, so, summoning my guide, I prepared to start. There is a small, deep lake just behind the cottage, beautifully clear; I could not resist the temptation to a plunge before I started; but I did not remember, until too late, that it was fed from the snows immediately above us, and was of course dangerously cold. I had no sooner jumped in than I felt a chill which seemed to freeze the very fountains of my blood; but it went off and I thought no more of it. As we proceeded upon our journey, the route lay over the Furka and by the glacier whence the infant Rhone issues with a turbulence which gives early promise of the headlong rapidity that marks its further course. Under other circumstances, I could have dwelt long and rapturously upon the scenery of these rugged spots, but I was now becoming tardily convinced that the consequences of my bath were more important than I had anticipated—I felt seriously ill—ill upon a bare mountain, without a friend near, or a human habitation within many miles. It is in hours like these that the horrid sense of utter friendlessness seems to overcome the mind. I rallied, however, against the despair which was momentarily creeping upon me; and at the expense of efforts, which I even now remember with pain, reached the little hamlet of Realp. Realp possessed no inn; but a Carthusian monk, the pastor of the little village, proffered a humble hospitality to those who sought it. Gladly did I embrace it. I was scarcely sensible, when I was rather borne by my guide, than walked into his cottage.

The conduct of this old man might shame many who profess a purer faith; whatever his little store afforded, he welcomed me to. Like many of his brethren, he was conversant with the simple remedies which the simple diseases of his country-people require; and he tended me so judiciously and so tenderly, that I had no cause to regret being so remote from hopes of surgical aid. The early stage of my disorder was violent, I believe dangerous, but it gradually subsided. I shall at present pass over the slow progress of my recovery and the tedium of my confinement; suffice it, that when I was enabled to leave my bed, and to venture beyond the walls of my host's cottage, winter had raised a chain of ice-hills round our little valley. Those who visit Realp in the summer think it bare and bleak; had they seen it when those snows are gathering upon the mountains which a thaw of six months cannot dissolve, and when those waters are congealing which, set free in summer, tumble in headlong torrents from every hill, and uniting, give birth to those mighty ocean tributaries, the Rhine and the Rhone—had they seen Realp then, so bleak, so drear, so comfortless, their hearts would

almost have frozen in sympathy with the objects around. But in scenes so desolate, the soul will, like the starving plant, throw out tendrils in search of an object around which its sympathies may entwine—and I was not at all alone. My host was devoted to his flock, and they were ardently attached to him. He encouraged their simple gaieties, approved their innocent amusements, and presided at their holiday festivities. Separated from all without, by the rigour of the elements, their sympathies seemed to strike inwards, and blend all in a community and harmony of feeling. It is not strange, therefore, that many of the maidens of the little hamlet should repair frequently to the cottage of the worthy father. It is not strange, that with the innate tenderness of woman, they should offer to tend the stranger whom he had made his charge; and that stranger, you will please to remember, my fair reader, was then, whatever he may be now, neither old nor ugly; not that I would insinuate that these two trifling contingencies would have for a moment relaxed the charitable attentions of the fair maidens of Realp—but my vanity was ready enough to whisper that they might have made those attentions more arduous.

During the early stage of my malady, the reverend physician prescribed silence and repose as the most indispensable of his remedies, and when he was absent there was little temptation to disobey his injunctions. However disposed I might have been to converse with my fair nurses, (and I was never famed for taciturnity,) I here received little encouragement. My first overture was invariably met by placing the finger upon the lip, my next by a five minutes' answer of villainous German. I always hated German, perhaps for the very sufficient reason that I never understood a word of it. So I gave up conversation with the Switzers, and contented myself with speculating upon the probable circumference of their ancles, studying Keller's map, and wondering when the roads would be open.

This was, as I said, in the early and more violent stage of my disorder; soon afterwards my speculations were diverted to another channel. I was surprised to observe, among my ever-varying train of nurses, one who appeared indeed but at intervals, but who never seemed far distant. She flitted occasionally through my little chamber, and her light step and timorous manner, so different from her companions, told that she was "among them, but not of them." I remarked also that her dress was different from the others; they wore the costumes of the canton, which, by-the-by, although pretty and picturesque, particularly upon a holiday, look very different in reality from what they appear on paper. My fitful fairy, however, betrayed, as far as my transient opportunities enabled me to discover, nothing of the canton costume in her dress, and but little of the Swiss. True, the fashion of the country had abridged the drapery a little of its flowing length, but not without reason, as I soon discovered. I had never seen her face; my eye could never even rest a moment upon her form, ere she was gone. She seemed to appear only to whisper some instruction to my nurse, and was flown ere the eye could catch her; by some strange coincidence she never came except when my head was turned away, and I was apparently dozing, though perhaps only indulging in some day-dream of the happy past or the doubtful future. The slightest movement was sufficient to make her vanish, quick as a sprite before the first beam of morning. Is it wonderful that a mind so void of object as mine should become feverishly

interested in the solution of this enigma? How often I feigned sleep—how many stratagems did I devise—how often did I make up my mind to inquire her name of my host, and to acknowledge to him how much she had raised my——curiosity; yes, it must be curiosity, for I had never seen her; to me she was only an image, nay, less than that; and the horrid idea obtruded upon my mind that it was possible she was afflicted with goître. That would certainly account for her disliking to be noticed, and its possibility forbade my first mentioning her to my host, with whom she was evidently connected. One day I nearly caught her; I had been dreaming that I saw her skipping across a lawn, hotly pursued by an old tutor of mine, who was insisting upon a kiss; poor man, he used to walk every day in his thick shoes and worsted stockings from his rooms to Summer Town, and I verily believe never pursued anything more feminine or corporeal than a digamma. However, I had mingled them up together, and, as I awoke, I saw one of the parties, not the tutor, making all speed to escape; but I was all alive in a moment, and by a little adroit alteration in my position, caught a glimpse of as pretty an ancle stealing pit-a-pat out at the door as ever tripped to Weippert's strains upon the boards of Almack's. This decided my fate; for in spite of gallantry and gratitude, truth obliges me to declare that the feet and ancles of peasant girls in La Suisse are the very reverse of those which appertain to the Venus de Medici. Must I own it? I had fallen in love. But what else had I to do? To be sure it was only with a pretty ancle; but then the face to match that ancle—how beautiful she must be! But who was she? who *could* she be? where could she have come from? with many other equally edifying ideas, tormented me so, that I would have taken another plunge in the snow-lake upon the Grimsel rather than have left Realp, unsatisfied.

I was now rapidly recovering; in a few days I should leave my room, and then little Miss Flit-about and I *must* become better acquainted. I was convinced she was an inmate of the house, and, since my suspicion had become awakened, I thought I detected in the furniture of the chamber several marks of a feminine taste, far superior to what a Swiss cottage ordinarily exhibits. The dear creature, then, thought I, has resigned her chamber to me; how generous—how compassionate—how lovely is woman! I was immediately in a passion with myself that I had not discovered this before, and I determined to suffer it no longer. I would introduce the subject that very evening, when my host paid me his customary visit. After I had made up my mind, I thought no mid-summer day had ever been so long—the hours seemed ages—my repeater must have stopped—no, it answered to the touch, but it was the same hour which I had made it strike so often before. At last night *did* come, and with it came the venerable Carthusian. After the first greetings were over, I watched eagerly for an opportunity of introducing my subject, but I found now the temper of my host seemed changed. I observed upon his brow, usually so open and cheerful, traces of thought and anxiety. Gratitude prompted me to inquire and seek to remove the cause of his evident uneasiness; perhaps love, too, may have whispered that my fair incognita might have something to do with it; and I really was in love, despite any ill-natured objections which any matter-of-fact sort of antiquated spinster may raise; I'm sure every young and pretty one will believe me. I had ever found the good *Père* frank

and open-hearted; now he seemed timorous and reserved. I told him the circumstances of my life—how devoid I was of any object of affection—how destitute of friends. I dwelt with energy and pleasure upon his kindness towards me; he was the only being upon earth who had claims upon my gratitude.

At length he yielded to my solicitation, and opened to me his heart. "I can have little claim," said he, "to trouble you with my own peculiar anxieties; but since you have yourself observed them, and seem interested in their cause, I will tell you. You have possibly observed, among the girls who have occasionally attended you, one who does not wear the costume of our canton."

I suppressed the rising exclamation of interest and impatience, and replied simply that I had.

"She is," resumed the priest, "my sister's child. I thought you may not have noticed her, for her delicacy would never permit her to enter your chamber except when necessity obliged her; but she has been no less watchful for your recovery. Her mother's instructions have taught her to look upon as indecorous many things that are thought blameless among our simple peasantry; but I have employed her in mingling all the remedies I have used for you."

What a blockhead I was, thought I, to think them so nasty!

The priest continued. "Circumstances called me last spring to Lausanne, her native city, and while there, my importunities, her own romantic disposition, and perhaps the wish of her parents that she should profit by my instructions, induced them to allow her to return for a short time with me. Their parting was a bitter one, and though the circumstances of her parents continue to render it advantageous to both that she should remain with me, Louise casts many a wishful glance towards Lausanne; but I know not what I shall do when she leaves me. Her kindness and gaiety have rendered her almost necessary to me. Although her stay was at first to have been but short, I cannot even yet think of parting with her.

"The summer passed quickly away, with her as the companion of my walks—for to her I could communicate feelings and sentiments which none other around me could share. Like her mother, alas! she refuses to be reconciled with the only true Church; but still she is a good, a very good girl; and I feel that when we part, as part we must, I shall mourn as if I were severed from an only child. But this is not all. Her father is a Frenchman, one of those whom the late revolutions have driven from their country and their patrimony. But, although of noble birth, the nobles of France were too numerous to be rich, and he was enabled to save only a wreck sufficient, with frugal economy, to support him upon the beautiful banks of the Lake of Geneva. It would be long to tell you how, during a former residence in Switzerland, he had seen and loved my younger sister, who was," said the old man, rather proudly, "then his equal in birth, and even his superior in fortune; and how she, with all the disinterested love of woman, consented to share his poverty. Love long supplied the only luxury they needed, and content the place of wealth; but lately misfortune has pursued them, even to their humble home, and embarrassments have obliged them unwillingly to consent that Louise shall remain with me while they are struggling to overcome them. But although we are now fallen, we cannot but still

remember what we have been—poor though she be, Louise is still a daughter of the family of Wüflens.

"This, my friend, is the cause of all my fears. The girl has a little spark of coquetry about her, and makes the most of her slender opportunities, by playing the belle at our holiday dances. She has enough of the pride of her father to assure me that the amusement of the moment is her only motive, but the effects are not so harmless. The boldest chamois-hunter of our canton, Carl Zwey, had this morning the assurance to make her an offer of his hand."

"The devil!" I muttered, between my teeth; but my friend did not seem to recognize his Satanic Majesty by his English cognomen, and proceeded.

"Louise laughed, but Carl was serious; and the girl was at last obliged to interpose my authority to rid her of his importunities. The young man is strong and daring, but I know him to be rough and ignorant, and his companions say he is morose in temper, and violent in his resentments. I confess I dread some evil at his hands. But," said the old man, and his eye sparkled, and a flush which I had never before seen overspread his countenance, "come what may, peasant or chamois-hunter shall never wed the grand-daughter of the Lord of Wüflens. You see I am not without reason for the anxiety you have observed: I am as anxious now to return my niece to the protection of her father as I was before desirous of detaining her, and I shall have but little peace until the opportunity occurs."

If I was much touched by the confidence of the good priest, I was more interested by his recital; and ere we parted I made use of every topic I could suggest to banish his forebodings. The next morning I persuaded myself, and with more difficulty my host, that I was quite well enough to leave my room, and return my thanks to my invisible benefactress. Between two inmates of a Swiss cottage there is little ceremony of introduction. Reader, had you seen Louise as I first saw her, you would have confessed she was the most arch little rosy rogue that ever turned man's head or stole his heart. We soon got intimate. She had learned of her mother accomplishments which had never been heard of among her rude companions; and she had imbibed from her father sentiments which found no response in the breasts of the cottagers among whom she now was. Was it not natural then that she should welcome the society of one who could admire with her her favourite poets, read to her the romantic love-tale, and share her rapture at the sublimity of the surrounding scenery? Besides, she had tended me when sick, and women always feel a deep interest in what they have preserved. All the paths by which a woman could journey were yet impassable for the snow, and it would probably be many weeks ere they would be clear. The capuchin was employed in his pastoral duties, and, I suppose because I was neither "peasant nor chamois-hunter," we were left almost always together.

While I was yet weak, she amused me by singing—as to music, nothing more sophisticated than a Swiss horn had ever been seen or heard in the hamlet; and I in my turn read from our rather slender store of books some oft-repeated favourite morceau. Time never hung heavily with us—we had many resources: I taught her a little English, she perfected me in French; we rehearsed the incidents of our past lives, and

often spoke wistfully of the future. Her nursing did more than the College of Physicians could have done to complete my recovery. In spite of the wintry blasts, we began to stray abroad. The Reuss, the impetuous torrent in which Tell was drowned, ran very near our cottage, and by its side would we ramble and review the circumstances of the patriot's life, which Louise would recount with all the animation and delight the Swiss ever feel in dwelling upon his exploits.

Now I felt myself supremely happy. The aching void was filled up —I had an object around which my heart-strings might twine themselves. Ordinary minds, whose affections are shared by many relatives, can form no conception of the intensity, the devotedness of my love. Louise was the only being who had ever loved me—the smile of affection was new to me, for I had never known a mother's love. It was in one of these rambles that I first spoke of what had long been anticipated by both;—I pressed our immediate union; but Louise, who was usually gentle as the young gazelle, was here firm in her refusal: she made no objection, however, to my returning with her to Lausanne as soon as the journey was practicable, and then, if papa thought as favourably upon the matter as our worthy host did—and Louise, I shrewdly suspect, had no very serious doubts upon that point—why, then, &c. &c.

I would rather she had been immediately and indissolubly mine, for I had some strange presentiment of evil always weighing upon my mind. Often did I fear for our happiness, when I marked the angry glances which were directed at the stranger who had withdrawn the belle from the Sunday dance. Among these resentful youths there was one we never passed but Louise pressed closer to my side, and I could feel her tremble. She confessed to me afterwards that she had begun to share in her uncle's fears. Carl, since his rejection, had repeated his importunities whenever he could meet her alone; and the laughing Louise was at last frightened by the altered demeanour of the man. The last time they met, she repulsed him with a dignity which she could well assume, and he left her muttering something, of which "rival" and "revenge" were all she heard. I endeavoured to laugh away her fears, but I was not altogether easy myself under the scowl which this morose-looking vagabond thought fit to indulge me with: the smile of contempt with which I met it was rather assumed than real. I had heard that Zwey was the best shot in the canton, and my experience with our own club had taught me with what precision a man might be picked off among these crags; and as to his body, it might be hurled into depths which human vision has never penetrated. But although I had such strong personal reasons for disliking his company, I dreaded infinitely more some act of violence to my Louise. Carl was that determined sort of dog, that I held him capable of any scheme; and it was whispered in the valley that some of his hunting expeditions had brought him more profit than they would have done had the chamois been his only game. But what could I do? He never obtruded himself upon me; we never even exchanged words. I had no pretence, therefore, to quarrel with him; and, since his final repulse, he had never even sought to speak to Louise.

In a little time our suspicions appeared groundless, and were almost forgotten; the winter was gradually disappearing, and the day for our journey was fixed. In the joy and bustle of preparation we forgot there

was such a person as Carl Zwey in existence. In the afternoon preceding the day before our departure, I determined to leave Louise alone with her uncle, and sallied forth to take a last view of the surrounding scenery of Realp. The magnificent road which now passes so near the hamlet had not then been formed; a few rugged paths offered the only means of conveyance or travelling. I wished also to satisfy myself that the path we were to take to-morrow was sufficiently clear. After exploring it to the distance of about two miles from the village, I left it and crossed the shallow bed of a torrent tributary of the Reuss, to gain a cliff which seemed to offer a commanding view of the scenery around. After I had crossed, I turned and leant upon my climbing-pole to examine the curious appearance of the road I had left.

It had been rudely cut along the side of the mountains which rose above the stream, except in one place where a narrow gorge appeared like a fissure in the rock, running back to a chasm which seemed to extend downwards into the very bowels of the mountain. The whole appeared as though the mountain had been rent asunder by some terrible convulsion of nature. Over the brink of the gorge, which ran even into the bed of the torrent, but not far enough to draw into it the then shrunk stream, a rude and frail-looking arch had been thrown, to continue the road; and its tottering insecurity struck me as happily in character with the wild objects around. I mused a moment upon the scene, and then turned to pursue my walk; but I saw little of the mountains or the dells. I was indulging in day-dreams of happiness and Louise. I was retracing the progress of our love, and recalling to mind (as easily as I could) every ingenuous confession she had made, since I had drawn from her an acceptance of my suit. These meditations were, however most unpleasantly interrupted by a sudden fall of hail and rain. I looked up, and my eye, rendered skilful by a winter's experience, detected all the symptoms of an approaching tempest.

My reverie had carried me beyond my bounds. I was far from any habitation, and had little hope of obtaining shelter before its fury burst. Nor were my fears vain. I had hardly returned a mile, before the hurricane broke over me with frightful violence; the winds rushed like demons through the valleys; the rain fell in continued streams to the earth, and the reverberated roar of the conflicting elements seemed to shake the rooted mountains to their base. The scene had been wild before: now it was frightful. The little stealing rills were in a moment swollen to mighty rushing cataracts, which roared onwards in a mantling cloud of spray, and hurled down in their headlong course uprooted pines and detached masses of rock. It was by slow degrees, and by desperate effort, that I won my way along: now throwing myself flat upon my face, and now striking the spike of my climbing-pole deep into the fissures of the rocks, and sustaining myself upon it against the whirlwind. At length I gained the spot where, two hours before, I had paused to notice the wild ravine, and the romantic bridge which strode across it. Now my heart sickened as I gazed upon its heightened horrors. The torrent had risen beyond its bed, and was swollen to a level with the top of the arch of the bridge; it was rushing down the ravine, and tumbling headlong into that awful chasm, whose depths mortal eye had never beheld. And through that torrent lay my only

path homewards. As I held on by the rock for support against the driving storm, and looked around, I thought nothing could heighten my despair. But I was wrong. Suddenly I heard a low, hoarse laugh behind me. I turned: it was Carl, the rejected lover of Louise. He seemed to me the presiding spirit of the storm. A demon might envy the smile of triumphant malice which lit up his features. He said not a word, but pointed with his rifle to the torrent, and beckoned me onward.

Though fully alive to the perils of my situation, I was in no humour to endure the insolent triumph of this hateful peasant. I turned haughtily from him, and leant, as listlessly as the storm would let me, upon my staff. I had stood in this position some minutes, watching in vain for some sign of the tempest abating, when that horrid laugh again grated upon my ear. This time it was loud and exulting. It was followed by a piercing scream. Gracious heaven! it was Louise upon the road across the torrent; she was bound upon the back of a mule, which two men were urging forward in the teeth of the storm. We were hardly fifty yards apart: she saw me,—called to me by my name. Zwey hallooed in German to the men upon the road, and, when they answered him, he advanced towards me, I know not for what purpose; but rage and madness had nerved my arm, and I struck him with my fist to the earth. It was the impulse of the moment; but Louise had all my thoughts. I paused not to take advantage of my blow: ere he could rise I had rushed forwards, struck my pole into the ground, and sprang desperately at the torrent. But it was not in human power to clear it. The whelming waters below received me. I rose, but only to become alive to the horrors of my situation. I was hurrying headlong towards the arch,—towards that horrible abyss;—I still held with desperate grasp my pole, but stone after stone gave way as I caught by it. In spite of all my efforts I was being drawn under the centre of the arch;—a moment more, and I should have been engulphed for ever. But that moment was not destined. A sudden eddy of the whirling stream dashed me violently against the bridge, and I clung to the projecting buttress. 'Twas well it was the buttress, for at that moment the centre part of the arch gave way, and rolled with the now unopposed waters down the precipice. Still I held on: the waters had gained a copious vent, and would, I dared to hope, subside a little; but all my remaining strength was still requisite, to keep me from being whirled along with them. Once I dared to look up towards the bank above me; but there was no hope of escape until the flood should subside. Once, too, the waters threw me upon my back, and, as I turned in the struggle, I saw Zwey standing, with folded arms and a grin of gratified malice, upon the bank I had leaped from. But I recovered my position;—my immediate peril was passed. I had fixed my spiked pole firmly into the still enduring buttress, and clasped it with my feet and disengaged arm. I now looked upwards again towards the bank upon which I supposed Louise still was, but my position allowed me no view of the road, and I turned again to try to gather intelligence from the movements of Zwey. No sooner did he catch my eye, than he raised his rifle to his shoulder: I saw it pointed full at me, and grew dizzy with despair again. But the storm, which had so nearly destroyed, preserved me. The cock clicked,

but no bullet came winged with death. Imagine my state of horrible suspense as I heard the wretch hammering the flint. But suddenly I heard the sharp crack of a rifle in the road; it was followed by a shout, and the noise of conflict. Zwey could see all that passed, and evidently now feared his victim might escape him. He hurled his rifle from him with an oath, and plunged reckless into the still unabated stream. Whether he expected to leap the torrent and join in the fray, I know not. If he did, he failed. He was not a more skilful swimmer than myself, and, since the main part of the bridge was gone, the solitary piece of masonry by which I clung was the only object which could arrest his progress to destruction. Whatever was his original object, it was evidently now his frantic purpose that I or both should perish; and, should he approach me, I could not prevent it. I was completely occupied in clinging to my post. I watched him with panting interest; and he did approach! A moment he was by my side! He thought my pole was my chief stay, —caught at and grasped it;—but he was wrong. I relinquished it, and clung closer to the buttress. It was too late for even him to retrieve his error: the torrent bore him away, while I was safe. I shuddered as I saw his vain, but frightful struggles. I saw him upon the brink of the gulph. How dreadful was the yell of rage and agony which rose even above the roar of the cataract, as he disappeared for ever!

The tumult above me had now subsided, and my calls brought me assistance. By the aid of ropes I was with difficulty rescued from my perilous situation, and the first voice I heard was an assurance of the safety of my loved one. I had anticipated her rescue from the noise above me and the madness of my rival, but I had to hear from the villagers the tale of her abduction. They had taken one of the fellows who carried her off, and killed the other. They learned from their prisoner, who had confessed, that the whispers as to the late occupations of Zwey were not without foundation. Despairing of success in his suit by fair means, he determined to have recourse to force, and to carry Louise far beyond pursuit. As the price of their assistance to his scheme, he offered his adherence to a band who infested the Italian mountains. With their aid he determined to put his design into execution the day before that appointed for our departure: a rifle ball was to have dispatched his rival, and Louise was to have been severely taught the duties of a bandit's bride amid the recesses of the Abruzzi. The cottage of the Carthusian was daringly entered, he was bound, and his niece was borne off. The cries of the old man, after some time, brought his neighbours to his assistance, and a pursuit was commenced; but it was the breaking of the bridge alone which defeated the attempt of the villains. That cut off their only retreat. Louise was found in a swoon, into which she had fallen upon witnessing the ill success of my mad leap at the torrent, and had been conveyed home by her uncle. As I in my turn recounted the death of Zwey, which my friends had been too much occupied to observe, the little knot crossed themselves, and looked fearfully towards the scene of his fate. While dogging me, he had doubtless welcomed the storm as a powerful auxiliary. It proved the minister of avenging Heaven.

Reader, would you know more? Then I must tell you that the occurrences of that day are the only theme that can cloud the smile, or hush

the merry repartee, of one whose youthful beauty is emulated by that of a daughter, just stepping from childhood into girlhood. I pass my summers amid the sunny vineyards of Lausanne, and sometimes try to keep up with my two boys in a ramble among the mountains. But, during the winters, I always take care to be as remote as possible from cataracts and catastrophes in the hospitable heart of old England, or else at the château of my noble father-in-law. Summer, however, always finds me at Lausanne, and, should any of my fair readers feel a passion to sketch Mont Blanc from Morges, or Chillon from the Lake, or to view

"The deep-blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,"

if they will call in La Grande Chaine, I will show them my Louise.

G. W. C.

THE POOR SCHOLAR'S LAMENT.

Death,—old fellow! have we, then,
Come at last so near each other?
Well, shake hands, and be to me
A quiet friend, a faithful brother.

All those merry days are gone,—
Gone with cash and health, old fellow!
When I read long days and nights,
(Save, now and then, when I got mellow.)

Newton! Euclid! fine old ghosts;
Fine was't thou too, classic learning,—
Though thou left'st huge aches behind,
Head, and heart, and temples burning.

How I toiled! I wore my brain,
Wasting o'er the midnight taper,
Dreaming—dreaming! till one day
I woke, and found my life—a vapour!

Once I hoped (ah, laugh not yet!)
For wealth, and health, and fame—the bubble!
So I toiled up Wisdom's steeps,
And got a fall, boy, for my trouble!

Now all's over! no one came—
Not one cheered my strong endeavour;
So I sank, and called on *thee*:
Come, boy, let's be friends for ever!

Ere we go, let's curse this den,
Where worth ne'er was yet befriended:
I'll cry "*Curse!*" and thou "*Amen!*"
Soh,—I'm blind: our chant is ended.

C. L.

SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

"A beautiful car! Won't yer honour go with Shaun Langly? Sorra such a horse from Passage to Waterford. Stand out o' the way, ye pack of impostors! Sure it isn't such a garron as that you'd put before his honour? Look at his shandrumdandy! Whew! it hangs together by nothing at all!—it'll go to pieces the first bit of bad road that comes in its way."

This was the first specimen of genuine Irish brogue I had heard for more than sixteen years, and I felt an indescribable sensation as it fell upon my ear, while once more standing on my native soil. Our reply to the invitation was,—"We don't want a car."

"Oh! I ax yer honour's pardon. Then it's for you the Swish car is waitin there all the mornin forenint us at the side o' the hill. Holloa! Misther Ally's man! Come down, will ye? Here's the English company. Come, step out. Holloo! holloo!"

The truth is, our friend "hollooed" so loudly, that he would have been invaluable on board the steam-boat we had just quitted, as a speaking-trumpet. In answer to his summons, half tumbling, whole galloping down the hill, came the "Swiss car."

Many years had passed since I visited my native land; and sooth to say, I had a sort of intuitive dread that my remembrances would lose much of their *couleur de rose* if brought into actual contact with the realities of Irish life. My poetry and patriotism received a severe shock on perceiving that the inhabitants of Passage had whitewashed the *roofs* instead of the *walls* of their cabins; and that the pigs roved from dwelling to dwelling in unrestrained freedom and loquacity. I wonder what Turner would make of the village of Passage in one of his foregrounds? Would it be possible to idealize it?—that little church upon the hill looks really as if Protestantism was decaying as fast as its adversaries could desire. But then the pigs,—the everlasting pigs,—long-backed, grunting, dirty animals. One would be led to imagine from a peep into Passage that Ireland was a vast pigstye.

"This will never do," thought I to myself, shutting my eyes upon the ugly village of Ballyhack,—on the opposite side of the river—when fairly stowed away in the very pretty and convenient machine sent for us by our friends. "I shall hate the country before I arrive at my journey's end."

"Is the sun too much in yer eyes, Ma'am, dear?" exclaimed a kind voice at my elbow, just as the driver was mounting. "Put up yer *mimparal*, my darlint. Yer bonnet's too small, my lady: which, though an advantage to *me*, is the contrary to *you*. It's a beautiful sun, God bless it, for the harvest;—but I'm doubtin if it's as bright over the wather as it is here. Well, glory be to God, they can't take the bames of the sun from us, any way. There, now you're not *so sinsible* of the heat! A safe and plisant journey to yez here and hereafther! Take the baste asy, Michael, up the hill. Sure Ireland's bothered entirely wid the hills,—but the roads are as smooth as wax from this to Bannow." And on we went.

How very, very delightful is a small kindness, garnished by a little bit

of flattery. The church upon the opposite hill became absolutely picturesque; and so would have been the village,—but for the pigs; an old lady with thirteen young ones had taken undisputed possession of a Kish of potatoes under shelter of what was called a cottage *door*, while its kind mistress, intent upon my not being incommoded by the sun-beams, either did not see, or seeing did not heed their ravages. I thought of the happy pigs of Mulinevat, who have the clean straw to lie upon, while their lords and masters put up with the dirty,—who eat that Irish luxury, a *maley* potato, while their mistresses are content with the damp ones,—and who go to bed by candlelight, while the family sit in the dark.

The pretty Swiss car conveyed us to a house where the cordial welcome of people I had never before seen, assured me I was *not* in England. I mean no offence to a nation I esteem—ay, and love—more than any other in the world; but I must say the English have not the art of making strangers feel at their ease. The French have acquired it by study; but an Irishman is born with it,—it is found in the peasant's hut, as well as in nobler dwellings. The moment you set foot on Irish ground you feel "at home;" that domestic epithet is the only one I can find to convey a perfect idea of the freedom and hospitality which prevail there among all classes of society.

When the time came for us to proceed on our journey, it was found that the Swiss car could not take our luggage, so we determined to hire a machine which we heard was "wonderful strong," and a horse that "would go to Bannow and back in less than no time."

Now I am anxious that my experience should warn others against the evils of Irish travelling,—at least in so far as concerns the confiding of life and limb to the tender mercies of "an outside jaunting car." Public or private, they are all execrable. Had my English readers ever the good fortune to behold one? If not, let them imagine a long box, elevated upon what are called springs; this long box forms the centre of the machine, and, to confess the truth, is a convenient place for conveying luggage; at each side of the under part of this box projects a board, which forms the seats, and from these depend narrow, moveable steps, upon which it was intended the feet of the travellers shall rest; the driver's seat is elevated over one end of the box, and is generally composed of crooked bars of iron, while the harness, perfectly independent of oil or blacking, is twisted and patched, and tied so as to leave but little trace of what it originally was, either in formation or quality. Upon one of these atrocities was I seated, my feet hanging down upon the "step,"—if I leaned back, I bumped my head against the driver's seat; if I sat forward, I must inevitably have fallen upon what our charioteer called "*Bran new powdher pavement*," the said *powdher pavement* consisting of a quantity of red granite broken into lumps the size of a giant's hand, and strewn thickly over the hills and hollows of a most wicked road.

Our party consisted of three. Now, on these cars you are placed *dos-a-dos*, and as three could not possibly sit on a side intended for two, I had half the vehicle to myself; the gentlemen chatting of politics on the back *opposite* (to invent an Irishism) seat.

"I hope ye'r honour's comfortable?" inquired the driver, after a terrific jolt, with that familiar, yet respectful manner, which distinguishes a race now almost extinct even in primitive Ireland—the race of old

servants. "I hope your honour's comfortable. I think this a dale pleasanter than them Swish cars, though I did my best to make that easy for you this morning."

"Indeed! What did you do to it, Michael?"

"Faith, then, just put half a hundred of stones in the bottom of it, and plenty of straw over them to keep it steady, which you'd ha' never knowd—only I'm afther telling you—these mighty fly-away cars, them *furrin* ones, are not asy and steady like these"—(another terrific jolt that would have destroyed the springs of the best made London phaeton.)—Michael looked round at me, and then repeated, "I hope yer honour's comfortable!" It seemed a bitter mockery of comfort, and yet poor Michael did not mean it so. At last we got over the "powdher pavement," and even the gentlemen congratulated themselves on the event. When, lo and behold! we stood at the foot of what I was told was a "*little hill;*" the poor horse eyed it with strong symptoms of dislike.

"It's a fine mornin'," said Mike, pulling the horse to a dead stop.

"So it is," said I.

"Gintlemin, there's a beautiful view from this hill," persisted our driver, "and the sweetest of fresh air—and to walk it up would do ye a dale of good. You might travel long enough in England widout comin' across such a prospict."

"Shall I walk also, Michael?"

"Oh, sorra a step! Sure Nimble (that's the baste's name) will go a dale the better from havin' a lady to carry. Gee up, my man! Cushla machree was every inch of ye. Nimble, my darlint! it's yerself that *was* the beauty—onct!"

"It is a long time ago, then," replied I, looking with compassion upon the poor, long-boned animal.

"Indeed you may say that, lady dear. You see he's kilt entirely with the hard work; and the poor appetite, though that last is lucky, for it's little the man that owns him has to give him to eat."

"How is that, Michael?"

"Faith, it's myself can't tell you, my lady, only *sorrow has long legs*, and his landlord's as hard as the devil's forehead"—(another jolt, I thought the car was broken to atoms.)

"Michael, what *is* the matter?"

"Troth, Ma'am, we're done for! I wish I hadn't sent the gintlemin on; but you wouldn't have a knife, or a piece of ould leather, or a taste o' rope in yer pocket—asy, Nimble—bad luck to ye, will ye stand asy? Small blame to the baste to want to get on; there's a black cloud comin' over Knocknaughdowly will soak every tack on our backs in five minutes, and sorra a house nearer than Kilborristhane. Come here do, you little gossoon, run afther thim gintlemin, and call thim back; and harkee! give me that piece of string that's round yer hat. Now run, run for the dear life. Och, faith, we're in for it; this harness 'ill never reach Bannow; an' deed an' deed poor Nimble seems unasy."

"Was he in harness to-day, before?"

"He was."

"Did he go far?"

"Not to say far, only three mile. I mean three goin' and three comin."

"Had he a heavy load?"

"Faith, he had. Mrs. Graham and seven of her children, and two nurses, and the bathin' woman, goin' and comin' to the salt wather, to say nothin' of the fish and stones and things they brings home afther bathin'."

"I think," I replied, jumping off the car, "that I will walk on to the next village, and send you some assistance; it is evident the horse can never achieve the hill."

"God bless you, Ma'am, dear, isn't he like ourselves, *used to all manner of slavery!* I ax yer pardon! but if yer ladyship would lend me a loan of the string of your cloak, it would mend this little fray in the harness, and the never a bit of harm would I do it."

To Michael's great astonishment, I did not feel disposed to part with what he so irreverently termed the *string* of my cloak, but climbed up the hill until I overtook my companions. One of them, a native of the soil, only laughed at my dilemma; he was accustomed to such adventures; and said that, within less than a quarter of a mile he would procure a capital horse from a Mr. Matty Byrne; and the poor animal, who had been previously worn out in the service of Mrs. Graham and her countless children, might fare as he best could by the road-side till the jaunting-car returned.

We posted on as fast as possible to Master Byrne's, and found his residence in good time, that is, just before the pelting of the pitiless storm commenced.

"Had he a horse?" "To be sure he had—three—beauties! Would flog the country to produce three such!" "Would he lend it?" "To Mr. Alley troth he would, and the veins of his heart with it, to one of the name;" and immediately he hallooed to a strapping youth, who popped up his head from out a potato pit, and commanded him forthwith to bring "Spanker" from the plough.

"Upon this, Mrs. Byrne, the worthy man's mother, a venerable-looking old crone, withered and wrinkled, but whose jet black eyes glittered and glimmered from beneath her shaggy brows, exclaimed,

"God bless you, Matty! lave Spanker alone and take Jude—Spanker 'ill spill ye entirely."

"Mother, hould yer whisht and mind the paytees. Sure ye know Jude's knees are broke and her hind leg splintered with kicking; barrin' that, she's the finest baste in the counthry."

"Take Lilly, then," persisted the old lady.

"I think ye might turn yer tongue and say Miss Lilly, considerin' whose daughter she is," retorted Matty.

"The divil fetch me before I say Miss to a horse," continued Mrs. Byrne, "only this I will say, though you are making purty faces at me behind the door, that if you put Spanker under a jaunting-car, he'll make it jaunt, that's all."

"Mother, dear, hould yer tongue, and I'll bring ye a quarter of tea from Taghmon. What do *you* know about Spanker? Didn't he go under a car from this to Ross and back in six hours, and never turned into a ditch or a haporth but onct, and that was when he backed off Wellington Bridge?"

"Why, that wasn't Spanker," persisted the crone.

"Well, 'twas his sister," replied Matty: "all the same—the same

flesh and blood—they're as like as two peas; only Spanker has a dale more sperit."

The old woman beckoned me aside. "Ma'am, dear, for God's sake don't let him get down at any of the houses to have drink. He has been on *the batter* these ten days. Sorra a better boy in the counthry when the drink's not in him; but when it is, he's worse than a troop o' horse, and more roaring and dangerous than a score of mad bulls."

"But our friend's servant will drive."

"Och, musha, don't attempt it; Spanker wouldn't let man or baste drive him, barrin' Matty."

An agreeable position!—the prospect of being dashed to pieces by a mad Irish horse, or upset by a wild Irish driver! There was no help for it.

The shower was over; "the valley lay smiling before us." Michael and the car had arrived; the luggage, which was piled up in what they called—just then very appropriately—*the well*, soaked through. Spanker, a bright bay, bony horse, with an exceedingly quick eye, stood meek and quiet enough at the door. I resumed my seat, and looked on the beautiful prospect, which, as the road was tolerably good, I was enabled to enjoy. To the right stretched St. George's Channel, blue as the heavens that overshadowed it; and sleeping calmly in its waters lay the Saltee Islands, smiling and gentle as if no treacherous rock sentinelled their shores. Nearer to the land, rich in many-tinted cornfields, and bordered by soft green meadows, stretched far and away the island of Bannow—my dear native home; and in a glen to the left rose high the arches and turrets of Tintern Abbey. So enchanting was the prospect, that we had almost passed unnoticed the pretty village of Saltmills,—a miracle of cleanliness and comfort. Roses, vying with ambitious honeysuckles, clambered to the roofs of every cottage—few pigs—no *dirty* children—no dunghills,—all as well ordered to the eye as in dear England, and far, far more picturesque. The handsome peasants, in bright red waistcoats, and slouched straw hats, confined beneath the chin by a broad black riband, looking animated and intelligent, and withal so polite, so truly courteous. Then the shy, modest maidens—rosy, awkward, and blushing; totally deficient in that delicacy of form and self-possession which distinguishes the girls of my adopted country, and yet so *Noraish* (if I may be permitted to coin a word); curtseying and smiling, and exchanging glances, and even innocent jests, with the few travellers who pass their way,—and yet all with such pure modesty and genuine good-nature, that it is impossible to misunderstand either them or their motives.

"Master Byrne," I inquired, "is your landlord resident here?"

"No, *thank* God, Ma'am!"

"Indeed: who is your agent then?"

"A born gentleman—God's fresh blessing be about him! As long as he is over us, we'll make a free present of the landlord to the English; and much good may he do them!"

At this moment Spanker made a dead stop opposite the door of a small public-house.

"Make the horse go on," said our friend in a cold, determined tone. Byrne looked round at him precisely with the expression of a dog when disappointed of a long-expected bone.

"He has a *laning* this way," he replied.

"I fear, Byrne, you go there more than once a-week."

"Sometimes I do, my lady."

"Every day, Byrne?"

"Not always, Ma'am, dear."

"Twice a-day, Byrne?"

"Faith, Ma'am, if I do it's Spanker's fault, and not mine. When I gets on his back, thinking a trifle of exercise would do me good, as sure as fate he makes for the public—and no mistake."

"Believe me, it is a ruinous habit."

"No disputin' it, my lady; but ruin has followed ould Ireland so long, that it would be heart-breakin' to part company now." We were at the commencement of another hill. "I must trouble ye all to get off," said Byrne. "It would take more wit than would reach from this to Cape Clear to make Spanker go either up or down a hill with anybody behind him."

We submitted to necessity, and walked.

"Byrne," inquired our friend,—who thought it high time that the driver as well as the horse should be "trotted out,"—"What pretty blunder was that you made about the books Miss Caroline told you to bring from the Waterford circulating library?"

"Oh, don't *thread on my corns* before the English quality entirely, Masther, honey!"

"Very well, Byrne; they will certainly hear the story in Bannow."

"Then I may as well tell it at onct," said Matty: "and sure the mistake was all on her side; for I'll go bail what I brought her was more value than what she wanted.—'Any commands, Miss, for Watherford?' says I. 'Yes,' says she; 'go to the library, and bring me Hogg's Tales; I want them very much.' 'To the library to fetch hog's tails!' says I; 'that's a quare place to get them.' 'Not at all,' says she; 'at the English library. Where else would you get Hogg's Tales?' 'Oh! very well, Miss,' says I; 'as it's the *English* library, I suppose they keep all *sortings* there.' 'To be sure they do,' says she; 'you won't forget.' 'Did I ever forget anything you bid me?' says I. 'When I do,' says I, 'it'll be time enough for you to be backbiting me,' says I; 'which is a thing no young lady ought to do to a dacent man.' And off I went in a huff. Well, the bustle of the town and one thing or another bothered me so, that I forget *where* she said I was to get the hog's tails; so I walked off to the shambles, and hunted every stall in the place, but never a man there would cut off the tail of his pig for me, because they all said the *tail* was the beauty of the baste. So, whin I couldn't get the tails, I bought two of the *prettiest bacon faces* you ever saw, thinking they'd do for Miss Car'line as well as the hog's tails! And to be sure the laugh they riz agin me, for it turned out that what she wanted was a story-book, written by one Mister Hogg—and sure that's a queer name for a Christian! You may get on the car now, Ma'am, dear.—Spanker, stand still, will ye?—Up wid yez now, while he's picking Jimy Rape's barley through that hole in the hedge, for if he knowd you were getting up, all the saints in the calendar wouldn't hold him."

Another mile or two of bad road—*not* powder pavement, however, but an odd jumbling together of sand and stones upon a foundation

which had never been properly levelled; our driver commenced chattering at a great rate. The horse either could not or would not increase his speed beyond a walk; and to the oft-repeated question of "How far are we from Bannow now?" the changes were rung as follows:—"Near upon four miles."—"Three miles and a perch."—"Four miles good."—"Whatever you may think, the baste counts it four mile and a quarter." And once, when I inquired of a smith who had left his iron cooling at the door of his forge to run and look at us, he replied, after the true Irish fashion, "Why, thin, is it to Bannow ye're going?"

They certainly are the most amusing and the most provoking people in the whole world. My patience began to ebb; I think—I do not mind confessing it now—but I *do* think I was getting out of humour; I was fatigued beyond the power of saying what fatigue was. The evening clouds were overshadowing us, and the road looking dreary, and the cabins very unlike the sweet cottages at Saltmills.

"How far is it, as the crow flies, from Ballyhay to Bannow?"

"About three miles."

"And by your road?"

"Faith, Ma'am, dear, I wouldn't say but its eleven!"

"One would think you delighted in making long instead of short roads."

"So we do—that is, the County does; the longer the road the longer the job—the longer the job the more money for the job-makers."

Our friend asked Master Byrne if he had been at the last election?

"Sure was I: and if the horse was in a good humour I'd make time to tell the lady how below there at Nelson's Bridge a pack of rascals wanted to bury me under it for a monument, (the bridge, I mean,) but I had my revenge out of them, (the ringleader,)—I met him whin Andy Capel was with me, and a spik-and-span new hatchet in his hand—and I riz up a discourse with him and contradicted him twice, which he couldn't abide; and so he gave me the lie, *which was all* I wanted for an excuse to knock him dead in the ditch with Andy's new hatchet.—Oh, don't look frightened, lady jewel; 'twasn't with the sharp end I hit him; he wasn't to say hurt, only *fractioned* a little—he'll not give me the lie again in a hurry, that's all. But murder in Irish——if there isn't a stream!"

"Well, it is not a foot deep."

"Sure I know that; but Counsellor Dan himself wouldn't argufy Spanker over a running stream, though he says to the King, they say, 'William, my dear, do this—and Billy, my darlint, sign tother;' yet he wouldn't get Spanker over a stream."

What was to be done? Off jumped Matty and commenced unharnessing the abominable horse.

"What do you intend to do?" we inquired.

"Just then carry him over."

"Carry what over?"

"The baste, to be sure."

"What, that vicious brute?"

"Ay, or go back to Ballyhay?"

The man was perfectly in earnest; he succeeded in assembling two or three countrymen, who fairly lifted the horse over, and then pushed the car on to the opposite side.

"And now," says Byrne, turning to me with no gentle countenance, "if you wasn't every inch a lady, i'd tell you that it was very cruel to call that sinsible baste a vicious brute—he has come a'most the whole road wid ye without a kick or a stumble to signify, or a stoppage, or anything but the heart's blood of good manners. Didn't I rare him from a foal, trotting at my knee with my own childre? and hasn't he the sense of a Christian? It's little I thought a lady would turn her tongue to call him a brute."

I wish M'Clise, who has already immortalized his name, while immortalizing the humours of his countrymen, had seen our good friend Byrne while pleading the merits of his horse; it was that strange mingling of the ludicrous and the pathetic which brings tears to the eyes, while the smile is on the lip. His figure, tall and erect, was drawn to its full height; he stood with his arm resting on the neck of his favourite; and the *picture* he drew of his *reason* for the affection he bore the creature was perfection—"Didn't I rare him from a foal, trotting at my knee with my own childre?"—Spanker might have knocked me down after that, and I would not have called him a brute for the world!

"I believe, Ma'am," inquired Matty, after a pause occasioned by the car's jolting so loudly over a quantity of bad road that it would have been impossible for us to hear the discharge of a cannon, "I believe you have no such convanient ways of travellin' in your country as this? You are always shut up in coaches—and such kind of things—so that the fresh air can't get about ye, and you have no sort of exercise: the English people as well as the English carriages are mighty asy going: there's no such thing as a post-chay used this side o' the country on account of the cars."

The Irish are very cunning; one glance at my countenance convinced Matty that I was not of his opinion, and he immediately tacked about.

"But to be sure they have a mighty purty way of building their houses; and such powers of fine cattle—I had a masther onct, who had two beautiful English horses, and he wanted a careful man to drive them; he was a mighty pleasant gintleman—the sort of master would knock a man down for the least thing in the world—and so good-hearted when the passion was over. Well, there was as many as fifteen afther the place, and the first that wint up to him, 'Well, my man,' says he, 'how near the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?' So the boy considered, and he says, says he, 'Within a foot, plaze yer honor, and no harm.'—'Very well,' says he, 'go down, and I'll give ye yer answer by-and-by.' So the next came up, and said he'd be bound to carry 'em within half a foot; and the next said six inches; and another—a dandyfied chap intirely—was so mighty nice, that he would drive it within 'three inches and a half he'd go bail.' Well, at last my turn came, and when his honour asked me how nigh I would drive his carriage to a precipice, I said, says I, 'Plaze yer honour, *I'd keep as far off it as I could.*'—'Very well, Misther Byrne,' says he, 'you're my coachman,' says he. Och, the roar there was in the kitchen whin I wint down and tould the joke! Well, I was there better nor two years, and at the end I lost it through a little mistake. I was drowsy one night coming home, and faith the horses had a spite to me, on account of my counthry, and they took a wrong

turn, and stuck fast in a gap; and sure it's rewarded I ought to have been instead of punished, for sorra a one but myself would ever have got the horses and carriage out of the gap without a scratch or a brack upon them; but there's no justice in the world!"

As if to illustrate the truth of this last sentence, Byrne gave Spanker a smart tap with the whip, which the horse resented immediately, and began to plunge and kick at a most furious rate. How anxiously did I long for the termination of my journey! what visions of well-stuffed pillows and comfortable cushions came upon me. I thought what an exquisite figure we should cut on this broken "shandrumdandy," horse, coachman, and all, about six o'clock, in the drive at Hyde-park, in the merry month of May. I began to make up my mind that the time of my sojourn in this poor country would be one of extreme discomfort; the road at that particular point afforded no resting-place for hope or sentiment—dark and dirty hovels, fields stretching far and away, covered with that yellow pestilence the plants and blossoms of the "*bouclauns*" that devour the strength of the earth. Yet, to confess the truth, the county of Wexford, more particularly that portion of it to which I was journeying, and which is advantageously known, through more than one channel, to the English public, affords but comparatively few instances of Irish poverty and Irish crime; and the shadows past from me as we came in sight of the venerable castles of Clonmines, and of the hospitable and beautiful country-seats which still abound in the neighbourhood. How sweet, yet how sad are the records of the past!—the many years I had spent in dear England were but as a single week—a month—a month at most; every rock, every tree I recognised—every house, every turning of the road; the changes effected by time and cultivation appeared as nought.

While my heart felt swelling within me, a sad train of thought was broken, by our driver exclaiming to one of my companions—

"What did you say, Sir?"

"I was observing," was the reply, "what you can know little about, Matty; that it is supposed the lost books of Spenser's 'Fairy Queen' are still in Ireland."

Byrne cast a contemptuous look upon the gentleman, as well as to say "Maybe I don't know indeed!" then with a changed expression of countenance, while with his whip he pointed exultingly to a neat pretty cottage whose white chimneys peered above the trees which clustered round it, he replied—

"There's the man that has them!"

"What!" exclaimed my companions, in natural astonishment, "do you mean the man who lives in that cottage possesses the lost books of Spenser's 'Fairy Queen?'"

"Faith, I do—mean what I say, the very books. Every book that's *printed* at all at all, he gets, and the 'Dublin Pinny Magazine;' and a mighty fine man he is, own brother's son to Father Goram, with a power o' larnin; and since yer honor's so curos about thim books, shall I step down and say you want a sight of them? he'll lend them to you with all the pleasure in life, I'll go bail."

At first the gentlemen's blank look of disappointment was exceedingly amusing. Matty's earnestness had misled them; they forgot for a moment that an Irishman pretends to know everything—that he is

never at fault; and within that moment, brief as it was, visions of the extreme splendour with which the concluding books of the "Fairy Queen" would burst upon the reading public in this time of poetic drought, dazzled their imaginations; even the mention of the "Dublin Penny Magazine" hardly reduced them to sober prose. Poor Byrne! he was much annoyed at not being permitted to display his friend's store of information to the "Strange English."

We had entered upon our last mile; we were in the "charmed district," where the benefits arising from resident landlords, and the advantages of education and cleanliness, are too evident to be for a moment questioned. The roads were smooth and level; plantations fringed the highways; the cottages had severally obtained premiums for superior cleanliness and good order from the Agricultural Society; there were neither beggars nor pigs to annoy the wayfarer; and dozens of well-fed, well-clad peasantry grouped at each other's doors, or sung and chatted beneath the shadow of their own trees, and in the perfume of their own flowers. Many who had heard that I was coming pressed forward with tears and kindly greetings: and the opinion was unanimous that I wasn't like the child who had gone away; but I was wonderfully like some who are even yet unforgotten, whose good deeds, like the essence of the flower, have out-lived Death—who are still spoken of with mingled tears and blessings, as the friends of the poor. The tide of Irish affection was flowing rapidly. In such mood, and under such excitement, would I desire the Irish to be seen by strangers. • •

Poor Spanker had climbed his last hill, and stood panting at the summit. The sun had sunk behind the old church of Bannow, and steeped the ocean in a flood of golden light. What had once been, and still is called, the Moor, lay beneath our feet, gemmed with neat and tranquil cottages, inhabited by contented and cheerful inmates. In the back-ground rose the mountain of Forth, celebrated in the history of the Irish Rebellion; and somewhat in the shadow of the windmill which crowns the hill stood a tall, picturesque figure, his hands folded, and resting on the top of his staff, and a pretty little sylph-like girl, of about five or six years old, clinging to the skirt of his coat, which was belted round his waist by a leather belt.

"I'd be mighty grateful to ye, Ma'am, if ye'd walk down this bit of a hill. Ye seem to know right well the ould place, and can't mistake it; and I'll lade the baste down. It's small throuble, I'm thinking, to ye to be done with the jaunting car?" said Matty Byrne.

He was very right; the dwelling where I had passed my early days was in my sight; I felt as if I could have pressed unto my heart every stone of those old walls, every leaf of those dear trees. The old man, who I now saw was blind, advanced into our path. I thought I remembered the features: I stopped; he paused also, and took off his hat. I knew him then; I remembered him as a true and faithful servant of my family.

"Is your name Furlong?"

In an instant the staff dropped from his hands, which he clasped together. Tears burst from his poor sightless eyes.

"Sure it is," he replied. "God bless you for remembering me! If you hadn't known me, I'd never have told you who I was. I can't see how tall yer grown; but yer voice is *higher* than it used to be. Oh!

the sound of it rises my spirit up to the memory of the good ould times. God be thanked, I hear it once more! Sure I'm gone stone-blind: but maybe so best; for I can't see the throuble that's come upon some who I thought war above throuble."

There was so much feeling in this salutation that it was more than I could bear. I was glad to take refuge, and I hope for the last time, on the outside jaunting-car.

He lived in a cottage by the highway leading to the old church, and apologized for the want of neatness in the exterior of his dwelling—"It isn't my own house at all; the neighbours would build me one if I had the bit of land; the gentry's very good, they can't give to all;—but maybe the great landlord will one day look with pity upon me, and give the bit of ground to blind Furlong as he did to blind Brien," was his unrepining observation.

It was, however, on a subsequent visit that a communication of vast import was made to me. I will finish my sketch by relating to my readers the story of the old man, and the discovery to which it led.

"What I want most to say to your honour is this," he observed, "would you be plazed just to take my eldest daughter Nora from me, and bring her up, afther yer own fashion, to be an Englishwoman. My heart isn't very asy about her here—though she's a good girl—and I'd be very glad she was out of the counthry."

Nora was summoned from an inner room to undergo a personal scrutiny. She came forth with her knitting on her fingers, and her face steeped in blushes. I had seldom seen a creature more lovely; yet her beauty was of that peculiar character which neither painter nor author can describe—resembling a field-violet more nearly than aught else, the charm of which consists partly in its perfume, partly in its colour, but chiefly in the modesty of its aspect and bearing.

My seat was opposite a little window overshadowed by an elder tree. One of the panes was broken, and a portion of dilapidated hat had been thrust into the aperture. As the blind father discoursed upon what the pretty Nora might, could, would, and should do, I perceived the hat move, at first gently, and finally drop to the ground. I suspected that this was occasioned by some one outside who wanted to hear what was going forward within; the slight noise arrested Furlong's attention, and Nora's blushes deepened when he inquired what it was.

"The cat, father," she replied, "is iver after the bits o' birdeens that build in the tree."

I thought Furlong looked as if he did not quite believe her; and while he expatiated upon the maid's good qualities, and the extraordinary benefits I should derive from confiding in Irish servants, I kept my eye fixed on the window. The poor fellow was so earnest, so anxious, I should take his daughter, that I hardly knew how to refuse—it is very difficult to say "No"—and all the while there stood Nora, looking so pretty and graceful that I was fairly at fault, when, just at the moment, the face of a singularly handsome youth peeped into the window, and was instantly withdrawn. The motion, though slighter than before, attracted the father's attention, and again he demanded what occasioned the noise. Nora saw I had noted how matters really were; she clasped her hands and looked earnestly at me, and I was both annoyed and amused by the extreme readiness of her reply—

"The mottled hen would never lay an egg but in the thatch, and had just flown up."

I looked very grave, and Nora saw I was displeased. A few minutes afterwards I left the cottage, but had not gone far before I perceived the very youth, leaning over the parapet of a bridge, industriously employed in picking out fragments of mortar and tufts of the pretty maiden-hair that crept amid the stones, and throwing them into the stream beneath. As I drew nearer he removed his hat, and making an exceedingly awkward bow, while his blushes were as deep almost as the cunning Nora's, he inquired,—

"If I wanted a boy in London to look afther the farm—If I did—he'd go to the world's end to sarve me."

I told him I had not the good fortune to possess a farm, and consequently did not need his services.

"God bless you, Ma'am, dear! whether or no; but I hope you'r not going to take Norry away from us. She'd never be any use in life to you,—she's not up to the English ways—her father thinks she is—but she is not—she'd never do you any good."

"I quite agree with you," I replied, somewhat maliciously, "in thinking her exactly what you say—a girl who will never do any good."

"Oh, Blessed Virgin!" he exclaimed, his entire countenance expressing astonishment and displeasure, "I never said that of Norry. She that's been the comfort to her mother, the hands and eyes of her whole family—she, that her poor blind father turned against. And for what?—just because she'd a heart with feeling in it. Oh, Ma'am, dear! if ever you war in love yerself—which, in course, you war—think of poor Norry!" This argument was unanswerable; and the young man followed it up with the "story of his love," in a strain of eloquence and fervour which proved his sincerity. "I'm as good as her in the way of family," he continued, "and as to her father talking about her being too young, her mother was younger by seven months when she married. And, haven't I,"—and he stood firmly on the ground, and stretched his long muscular arms upwards as he spoke—"*harn't I these four bones to work for her;* and if he wants her to travel, why we'll go to America, and never be behoulden to any thing or any one but ourselves. God is good! and the world's wide enough to hould all the people—if they'd accommodate each other; but as to saying Norry would do no good, you mistook me, Ma'am, entirely. She's good and a blessing to every one, only, I think, somehow she wouldn't suit the English, she's too *lifey* and not used to seriousness."

Here was a love affair! The same evening, as I was meditating upon the *ouvert* opposition of the Irish to the discipline of Malthus, Nora, with streaming eyes, tapped gently at the window of my dressing-room.

"I thought, lady, dear," she said, after many prefatory hems, "I might as well insense you into the rights of it; for I saw you thought bad o' me, for the bit of a lie I tould about the windy. Well, you see, all my life I've had nothing but throuble; the darkness came on my father before I was nine years old, and he lost his sweet temper along with the light, and my mother's heart would have been broken with the crossness, only I come between her and it. Well, I used to lead him about all day, and nurse the children all night, with maybe not a shoe to my foot; but the heart was always light within me for all that; and of a sunny Sunday, Harry (that's the boy's name) though he was only a bit of a boy then, used to lend me his shoes that I might

go dacent to Mass. 'And at last,' he says, 'Norry, I had a mind for the sea, but I'll not go—I'll be a shoemaker, as my father was before me, and then you shall never want shoes.' Well, out of that, the kindness grew, and my father knew it, but never said a word against it until lately, when the crossness overcame him entirely; and then he wanted to send me with you, my lady, which I'd have been proud and happy of, only for Harry, my lady. Poor boy—he'd take on with the low-ness of spirits—so he would!"

"Has he any way of supporting you if you were married?"

Supporting! Oh, sure two together would'nt eat more than two by themselves: it's the one expense, married or single. Besides, he has a trade,—and if he could get any work——"

This "if" appeared to me of much importance, and I was foolish enough to think of reasoning with a young girl in love.

"What are you to do if he were unable to get any?"

"We could only do as we did before," replied Nora, rolling up the corner of her apron.

"But suppose you had a parcel of children?"

"Oh! it would be a long time first."

"But, again, you would be in the midst of trouble."

"Well, sure; it's only what I'm used to."

"I think your wisest plan, Nora, will be to get a situation in some gentleman's family. I will speak to my friends about you. You can save a little money, perhaps,—Harry might do the same,—and I will make your father promise that then he will not object to your union."

"God bless you, Ma'am, dear,—it's all very true. You see Harry was mighty kind to me entirely; he gave me this new handkerchief, and these new ribands; and his father was as hard upon him as my father was upon me. So, as every one turned again us, why we took the more to each other, and—*got married last week!*"

This is the universal *finale* of Irish love-making; but I was unprepared for it: it electrified me more than the jolting of the everlasting cars which jingle along their highways. The cunning monkey! No wonder Master Harry should rout the hat out of the window at the idea of his wife's going to England,—and she looking so demure and well-behaved all the time;—then she was in such desperate fear about her father's displeasure, and in absolute agony lest he should turn her from his door without a blessing." When I looked upon her exceeding loveliness, and remembered her youth, my heart melted at the knowledge of the probable misery she would have to undergo; but now I hope better things for her: she sailed last week with her handsome husband for America, and her father blest her and forgave them both ere their departure.

I shall hereafter detail a few more incidents in my "My Travels' History."

A. M. H.

MY HOBBY,—RATHER.

"*Antonio.* Get me a conjuror, I say! Inquire me out a man that lets out devils!"
Old Play.

Such a night! It was like a festival of Dian,—a burst of a summer shower at sunset, with a clap or two of thunder, had purified the air to an intoxicating rareness, and the free breathing of the flowers, and the delicious perfume from the earth and grass, and the fresh foliage of the new spring, showed the delight and sympathy of inanimate Nature in the night's beauty. There was no atmosphere—nothing between the eye and the pearly moon,—and she rode through the heavens without a veil, like a queen as she is, giving a glimpse of her nearer beauty for a festal favour to the worshipping stars.

I was a student at the famed university of Connecticut, and the bewilderments of philosophy and poetry were strong upon me, in a place where exquisite natural beauty, and the absence of all other temptation, secure to the classic neophite an almost supernatural wakefulness of fancy. I contracted a taste for the horrible in those days, which still clings to me. I have travelled the world over, with no object but general observation, and have dwindled my hour at courts and operas with little interest, while the sacking and drowning of a woman in the Bosphorus, the impalement of a robber on the Nile, and the insane hospitals from Liverpool to Cathay, are described in my capricious journal with the vividness of the most stirring adventure.

There is a kind of *crystallization* in the circumstances of one's life. A peculiar turn of mind draws to itself events fitted to its particular nucleus, and it is frequently a subject of wonder why one man meets with more remarkable things than another, when it is owing merely to a difference of natural character. I have been thus a singular adventurer in the strange and unnatural. As I intend making my observations in this way the subjects of several papers, I will introduce them at present with my slighter beginnings.

It was, as I was saying, a night of wonderful beauty. I was watching a corpse. In that part of the United States the dead are never left alone till the earth is thrown upon them, and, as a friend of the family, I had been called upon for this melancholy service on the night preceding the interment. It was a death which had left a family of broken hearts; for, beneath the sheet which sank so appalingly to the outline of a human form, lay a wreck of beauty and sweetness whose loss seemed to the survivors to have darkened the face of the earth. The ethereal and touching loveliness of that dying girl, whom I had known only a hopeless victim of consumption, springs up in my memory even yet, and mingles with every conception of female beauty.

Two ladies, friends of the deceased, were to share my vigils. I knew them but slightly, and, having read them to sleep an hour after midnight, I performed my half-hourly duty of entering the room where the corpse lay, to look after the lights, and then strolled into the garden to enjoy the quiet of the summer night. The flowers were glittering in their pearl-drops, and the air was breathless.

The sight of the long, sheeted corpse, the sudden flare of lights as the long snuffs were removed from the candles, the stillness of the close-shuttered room, and my own predisposition to invest death with a supernatural interest, had raised my heart to my throat. I walked backwards and forwards in the garden-path; and the black shadows beneath the lilacs, and even the glittering of the glow-worms within them, seemed weird and fearful.

The clock struck, and I re-entered. My companions still slept, and I passed on to the inner chamber. I trimmed the lights, and stood and looked at the white heap lying so fearfully still within the shadow of the curtains; and my blood seemed to freeze. At the moment when I was turning away with a strong effort at a more composed feeling, a noise like a flutter of wings, followed by a rush and a sudden silence, struck on my startled ear. The street was as quiet as death, and the noise, which was far too audible to be a deception of the fancy, had come from the side toward an uninhabited wing of the house. My heart stood still. Another instant, and the fire-screen was dashed down, and a *white cat* rushed past me, and with the speed of light sprang like a hyena upon the corpse. The flight of a vampyre into the chamber would not have more curdled my veins. A convulsive shudder ran cold over me, but, recovering my self-command, I rushed to the animal (of whose horrible appetite for the flesh of the dead I had read incredulously), and attempted to tear her from the body. With her claws fixed in the breast, and a *yowl* like the wail of an infernal spirit, she crouched fearlessly upon it, and the stains already upon the sheet convinced me that it would be impossible to remove her without shockingly disfiguring the corpse. I seized her by the throat, in the hope of choking her, but, with the first pressure of my fingers, she flew into my face, and the infuriated animal seemed persuaded that it was a contest for life. Half-blinded by the fury of her attack, I loosed her for a moment, and she immediately leaped again upon the corpse, and had covered her feet and face with blood before I could recover my hold upon her. The body was no longer in a situation to be spared, and I seized her with a desperate grasp to draw her off; but to my horror, the half-covered and bloody corpse rose upright in her fangs, and, while I paused in fear, sat with drooping arms, and head fallen with ghastly helplessness over the shoulder. Years have not removed that fearful spectacle from my eyes.

The corpse sank back, and I succeeded in throttling the insane monster, and threw her at last lifeless from the window. I then composed the disturbed limbs, laid the hair away once more smoothly on the forehead, and, crossing the hands over the bosom, covered the violated remains, and left them again to their repose. My companions, strangely enough, slept on, and I paced the garden-walk alone, till the day, to my inexpressible relief, dawned over the mountains.

II.

I was called upon in my senior year to watch with an insane student. He was a man who had attracted a great deal of attention in College; he appeared in an extraordinary costume at the beginning of our Freshman Term, and wrote himself down as Washington Greyling, of ——, an unheard-of settlement somewhere beyond the Mississippi. His coat

and other gear might have been the work of a Chickasaw tailor, aided by the superintending taste of some white huntsman, who remembered faintly the outline of habiliments he had not seen for half a century; it was a body of green cloth, eked out with wampum and otter-skin, and would have been ridiculous if it had not encased one of the finest models of a manly frame that ever trod the earth. With close-curling black hair, a fine weather-browned complexion, Spanish features (from his mother—a frequent physiognomy in the countries bordering on Spanish America), and the port and lithe motion of a lion, he was a figure to look upon in any disguise, with warm admiration. He was soon put into the hands of a tailor-proper, and, with the facility which belongs to his countrymen, became in a month the best-dressed man in College. His manners were of a gentleman-like mildness, energetic, but courteous and chivalresque, and, unlike most savages and all coins, he polished without "losing his mark." At the end of his first term, he would have been called a high-bred gentleman at any Court in Europe.

The opening of his mind was almost as rapid and extraordinary. He seized everything with an ardour and freshness that habit and difficulty never deadened. He was like a man who had tumbled into a new star, and was collecting knowledge for a world to which he was to return. The first in all games, the wildest in all adventure, the most distinguished even in the elegant society for which the town is remarkable, and unfailingly brilliant in his recitations and college performances, he was looked upon as a sort of admirable phenomenon, and neither envied nor opposed in anything. I have often thought, in looking on him, that his sensations at coming fresh from a wild, western prairie, and at the first measure of his capacities with men of better advantages, finding himself so uniformly superior, must have been stirringly delightful. It is a wonder he never became arrogant; but it was the last foible of which he could have been accused.

We were reading hard for the honours in the senior year, when Greyling suddenly lost his reason. He had not been otherwise ill, and had, apparently in the midst of high health, gone mad at a moment's warning. The physicians scarce knew how to treat him. The confinement to which he was at first subjected, however, was thought inexpedient, and he seemed to justify their lenity by the gentlest behaviour when at liberty. He seemed oppressed by a heart-breaking melancholy. We took our turns in guarding and watching with him, and it was upon my first night of duty that the incident happened which I have thus endeavoured to introduce.

It was scarce like a vigil with a sick man, for our patient went regularly to bed, and usually slept well. I took my "Lucretius" and the "Book of the Martyrs," which was just then my favourite reading, and with hot punch, a cold chicken, books and a fire, I looked forward to it as merely a studious night; and, as the wintry wind of January rattled in at the old college windows, I thrust my feet into slippers, drew my dressing-gown about me, and congratulated myself on the excessive comfortableness of my position. The Sybarite's bed of roses would have been no temptation.

It had snowed all day, but the sun had set with a red rift in the clouds, and the face of the sky was swept in an hour to the clearness of—I want

a comparison—your own blue eye, dear Mary! The all-glorious arch of heaven was a mass of sparkling stars.

Greyling slept, and I, wearied of the cold philosophy of the Latin poet, took to my "Book of Martyrs." I read on, and read on. The college clock struck, it seemed to me, the quarters rather than the hours. Time flew: it was three.

"Horrible!, most horrible!" I started from my chair with the exclamation, and felt as if my scalp were self-lifted from my head. It was a description in the harrowing faithfulness of the language of olden time, painting almost the articulate groans of an impaled Christian. I clasped the old iron-bound book, and rushed to the window as if my heart was stifling for fresh air.

Again at the fire. The large walnut faggots had burnt to a bed of bright coals, and I sat gazing into it, totally unable to shake off the fearful incubus from my breast. The martyr was there,—on the very hearth,—with the stakes scornfully crossed in his body; and as the large coals cracked asunder and revealed the brightness within, I seemed to follow the nerve-rending instrument from hip to shoulder, and suffer with him pang for pang, as if the burning redness were the pools of his fevered blood.

"Aha!"

It struck on my ear like the cry of an exulting fiend.

"Aha!"

I shrunk into the chair as the awful cry was repeated, and looked slowly and with difficult courage over my shoulder. A single fierce eye was fixed upon me from the mass of bed-clothes, and, for a moment, the relief from the fear of some supernatural presence was like water to a parched tongue. I sank back relieved into the chair.

There was a rustling immediately in the bed, and, starting again, I found the wild eyes of my patient fixed still steadfastly upon me. He was creeping stealthily out of bed. His bare foot touched the floor, and his toes worked upon it as if he was feeling its strength, and in a moment he stood upright on his feet, and, with his head forward and his pale face livid with rage, stepped towards me. I looked to the door. He observed the glance, and in the next instant he sprang clear over the bed, turned the key, and dashed it furiously through the window.

"Now!" said he.

"Greyling!" I said. I had heard that a calm and fixed gaze would control a madman, and with the most difficult exertion of nerve, I met his lowering eye, and we stood looking at each other for a full minute, like men of marble.

"Why have you left your bed?" I mildly asked.

"To kill you!" was the appalling answer; and in another moment the light-stand was swept from between us, and he struck me down with a blow that would have felled a giant. Naked as he was, I had no hold upon him, even if in muscular strength I had been his match; and with a minute's struggle I yielded, for resistance was vain. His knee was now upon my breast and his left hand in my hair, and he seemed by the tremulousness of his clutch to be hesitating whether he should dash my brains out on the hearth. I could scarce breathe with his weight upon my chest, but I tried, with the broken words I could command, to move his pity. He laughed, as only maniacs can, and

placed his hand on my throat. Oh, God! shall I ever forget the fiendish deliberation with which he closed those feverish fingers?

"Greyling! for God's sake! Greyling!"

"Die! curse you!"

In the agonies of suffocation I struck out my arm, and almost buried it in the fire upon the hearth. With an expiring thought, I grasped a handful of the red-hot coals, and had just strength sufficient to press them hard against his side.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed with my first breath, as my eyes recovered from their sickness, and I looked upon the familiar objects of my chamber once more.

The madman sat crouched liked a whipped dog in the farthest corner of the room, gibbering and moaning, with his hands upon his burnt side. I felt that I had escaped death by a miracle.

The door was locked, and, in dread of another attack, I threw up the broken window, and to my unutterable joy the figure of a man was visible upon the snow near the out-buildings of the college. It was a charity-student, risen before day to labour in the wood-yard. I shouted to him, and Greyling leapt to his feet.

"There is time yet!" said the madman; but as he came towards me again, with the same panther-like caution as before, I seized a heavy stone pitcher standing in the window-seat, and, hurling it at him with a fortunate force and aim, he fell stunned and bleeding on the floor. The door was burst open at the next moment, and, calling for assistance, we tied the wild Missourian into his bed, bound up his head and side, and committed him to fresh watchers. . . . .

We have killed bears together at a Missouri Salt Lick since then; but I never see Wash. Greyling with the smile off his face, without a disposition to look around for the door. H.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

I.—Rufinus.

In Reason's breast-plate arm'd I stand,
And fight with Cupid, hand to hand;
Nor shall the Immortal overthrow,
Whilst one to one, his mortal foe.
But vain is all my proud defiance
When Bacchus joins him in alliance,
Then yield I to the fearful odds—
How can *one man* withstand *two gods?*

II.—Archius*.

On a Statue of the Nymph Echo.

Pan's comrade, she who dwells amongst the rocks,
Echo, the nymph whose song the singer mocks
With his own notes made softer,—mimic gay,
Who keeps the laughing shepherd-boy at play,—
The vocal mirror, as it were, of sounds
Who sends their image back with true rebounds,—
Here is she—this her statue! To it say
Whate'er you will, your greeting she'll repay.

* The friend of Cicero.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

[The interest which continues to exist relative to the character and manners of the Author of Waverley, is in itself more than sufficient excuse for placing the following fragments before the public; compiled as they are from notes taken at the very times to which they relate, and while the writer was filled with admiration of the great man, the honour of whose acquaintance he enjoyed. They rest their claim to attention less upon their literary merit, than as plain statements of facts, and true *traits* of the character of the great man of the nineteenth century.]

My Introduction to Sir Walter Scott.

September, 1820.

* * * At length, after many disappointments from one reason or the other, G—— called on me and offered to introduce me to the Colossus of Literature, the Author of Waverley. This had been the aim and end of all my wishes, almost the chief object of my visit to "the modern Athens;" and now it was about to be accomplished. I was to be introduced to a man whose fame had spread to the very uttermost parts of the earth, where genius was worshipped, and talent appreciated.

You may guess that I was not long in preparing to accompany my friend; and tedious indeed seemed the way through the few streets which separated us from the residence of the 'Great Unknown.' I cannot say that I busied myself in forming conjectures as to his personal appearance, for that was familiar to me from portraits, and the vivid descriptions of such of my acquaintances as had been happier than myself in obtaining the friendship of Sir Walter; but my cogitations were deep and manifold as to the manner in which he would receive us. Literary characters are in general so capricious, especially those spoiled by public indulgence, that there is no reckoning on the mood in which one may find them. Never shall I forget my emotions for the few moments when, after having been ushered into the drawing-room, the servant left us alone to acquaint Sir Walter of our presence. I was half-bewildered; I gazed around on each article of furniture, as if it had been a hallowed thing in the possession of *such* a man; I seemed, in fact, as if in an enchanted palace, waiting in mingled hope and dread the coming of the master-spirit.

At length the door opened, and Sir Walter entered the room. Never was I so struck by the appearance of any living being. No *portrait* that has yet been issued of this great man can in the slightest degree convey the impress of genius on his lofty brow—the fire, even when quiescent, of his fine eye—the fascination of his smile—and the manners, so thoroughly at ease with himself and all around him—self-possession without assurance, that must have struck every one on a first view. He was, I think, in about his 50th or 51st year, nearly six feet high, and though bulky in the upper part of his body, not at all inclining to corpulency. As for his lameness, it was scarcely perceptible,

although many writers have expatiated on it in broad terms. Watson Gordon's portrait* (which I have lately seen) is the best likeness of Sir Walter Scott, but even that is feeble; we have, in all the others, the body without the mind—the fire without the warmth—we have Sir Walter Scott, but not the Author of Waverley.

He advanced with the utmost politeness, shook G—— warmly by the hand, and, on my introduction, bowed to me with urbanity and dignity. We resumed our seats, and, after a few prefatory remarks, and partaking of a slight refreshment, I felt as perfectly at my ease with him as if I had known him for years.

The conversation now turned on politics and the affairs which Parliament was at that time discussing, his sentiments on which he expressed with a fluency and absence of reserve which spoke the man of the world: then, with a tact which only great minds can possess, he turned to the study of the law, in which I was at that time engaged; and lastly, with much pleasure, I perceived the conversation turn on literature.

Sir Walter Scott spoke with admiration of the poems of Southey. "Although," he said, "the peculiar style of his 'Curse of Kehama' was an experiment in literature as bold as he believed it would prove unsuccessful, yet he doubted not the 'Curse of Kehama' would be the alpha and omega of the style."

I remarked that I did not consider, in most cases, that the rhyme added to the charms of poetry, except of the lyrical kind; and instanced the many splendid passages in Shakspeare.

"My dear Sir," said Sir Walter, in a mild, yet decided tone, "the days of Shakspeare are passed—nay, I doubt, if any man living, endued with his powers, were to write a play equal to his finest efforts, and offer it for performance, whether it would be accepted, or if so, whether it would survive for three performances.† But, with regard to rhyme, it has been so long allowed, that it is now almost necessary. I was last year at Abbotsford, training a Virginian creeper, and had placed maple poles to support it. The creeper flourished, and so did the maples, and so pretty had they become, their large green leaves opposed to the more delicate foliage of the creeper, that I resolved to let them remain, and there I believe they are now. It is a parallel case with the rhyme in poetry—having supported it through the various tastes of the darker ages, it has flourished, and is now, a part (and no mean one) of the art. Southey's was a bold attempt to restore poetry to her ancient purity; but I cannot help thinking he has failed in his object."

Sir Walter spoke enthusiastically in favour of Byron—of his stinging powers of satire, and ready turn of wit; but declared that the former was a dangerous weapon, and would always create more foes than friends—and those of the latter class rather from fear than love. Yet, notwithstanding all his faults, Sir Walter considered that Byron possessed a truly poetical mind, and a heart filled with benevolence, although, perhaps, a little weakened and warped by the effects of a badly-directed education, to which, indeed, he attributed all his failings.

Several of the shafts (and those by no means blunt-pointed,) of the

* The engraving prefixed to the revised edition of his novels is from this portrait.

† Has not the fate of Sheridan Knowles, even at the highest theatre of our self-named seat of taste, London, almost rendered Sir Walter's words prophetic?

noble poet's wit having been directed against Sir Walter himself, I expressed my surprise to find him so warm an advocate of Lord Byron.

"Nay, nay, you judge too harshly," replied Sir Walter, "malice, I am convinced, was not the instigator of his pen. Byron's was a mind suffused with sensibility; but the bad reception of his 'Hours of Idleness,' some of the contents of which he really was most ill-advised to publish, rendered that sensibility almost morbid: he considered himself as ill-used by *all* literary men—as a victim to a party composed of every author and critic in England and Scotland; he did not allow himself time to discriminate between friends and foes; and when, in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' he addresses me in the lines beginning—

'And think'st thou, Scott ——'

I know them by heart," (continued Sir Walter, laughing,) "I am rather inclined to think his attack made upon any one but myself; and that the lines he then penned, had he afterwards had the power, would have been obliterated for ever. At all events, I entertain the flattering idea that his opinion of me was not always so bad as at that moment."

G—— now interrupted us by saying that he had an appointment which must put an end to our conference; and, after a few further remarks of trivial importance, accompained by a pressing request from Sir Walter to me to repeat my visit, we made our *congé*.

When we got again into the street, G—— asked me what I thought of the Author of "Waverley?" and I replied—

"The soul is noble, and the very soul
Is speaking in the eyes!"

Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford.

August, 1828.

If I experienced so much gratification from a transient interview with Sir Walter Scott, you will believe how much greater was my delight, even years afterwards, at receiving an invitation to visit the bard in his very *sanctum sanctorum* at Abbotsford—to breathe the inspired air of his temple of the Muses—to be made one of his social circle.

I had hitherto seen Sir Walter only at Edinburgh, whither he was called by business, and during his stay in which, he was much occupied by a host of booksellers, publishers, printers, and the thousand other evils that authorship is heir to—besides the interest which he took in the affairs of the Parliament; and these (although I think I never saw any one who seemed less called from domestic comforts by them than Sir Walter) must necessarily have rendered him more reserved before company: I had seen the author—the politician—the gentleman,—now I was to be introduced to the *man*—the host, in retirement and unreserved.

It was a lovely afternoon when I arrived at Abbotsford; and when I saw the green woods of Yarrow—the gorgeous ruins of Melrose, and, lastly, the picturesque turrets and gabled-roofs of the mansion itself, rising out of the surrounding trees, I felt myself an elevated and superior being from my approximation to the abode of genius; and my heart bounded at the idea of being domesticated with the Author of "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "Waverley."

G—— had arrived before me; and, on my drawing up before the lawn, my host and he approached arm in arm. They had been enjoying

a day's shooting, from which they had apparently but just returned, as Sir Walter's groom, loaded with game, was retreating in another direction, followed by one of those majestic hounds of which Sir Walter was such an admirer, and of which he so enthusiastically speaks in many parts of his works. He was remarkably fond of the sports of the field; and I have frequently known him to turn the most interesting conversation, with a remark upon the strength and beauty of such and such a dog; or the good shot of his master. Both Sir Walter and G—— had their guns; and a noble figure did the former look—a very pattern of a country gentleman, "all of the olden time,"—with his shooting-jacket, belt, galligaskins, and broad-brimmed hat—his portly visage glowing with health and beaming with welcome. I shall not soon forget the cordial manner in which he shook me by the hand, and his frank tone, as he said—

"You are welcome, Mr. H—— to Abbotsford: you are young, and I am growing an aged man; yet I sincerely hope we may still enjoy each other's friendship many years."

We repaired, almost immediately, to the fine antique-fashioned dining-room, where we sat down to a comfortable repast; about twenty in number. James Hogg was one of the company: it was the first time that I had ever seen the "Ettrick Shepherd," and I must own that I was excessively disappointed both in his personal appearance and manners. He is taciturn to a degree, and when he does speak, there is a *brusquerie* in his tone that is anything but prepossessing. He said little during the two or three days he was at Abbotsford; to me, nothing; and seemed to consider all beneath him but Sir Walter.

After dinner, we adjourned to the drawing-room, or went strolling over the grounds, at the option of the guests: the latter party Sir Walter accompanied, and you may be sure that I was one of the number. Our host seemed delighted in pointing out to the attention of his visitors such points of view and objects as were most worthy of observation. The grounds of Abbotsford are (or were, I believe I should say, for I cannot tell what alteration the death of their respected occupant has made in them,) most tastefully laid out: the country is rude and romantic, the principal part of Roxburghshire being almost in the state we may imagine it to have been centuries ago. The nucleus of his fine estate, as Sir Walter informed us, was an insignificant farm, called, I think, Catley or Gatley-Hole, which he had purchased, and endowed with the more lofty-sounding name of Abbotsford. It is naturally very bad and unprofitable land; but with indefatigable pains, Sir Walter had planted and levelled it, until it now presents very many beautiful prospects: not, it is true, so cleanly shaven to the downy herbage, as we behold the "well-behaved" parks of England, but still with sufficient of the roughness preserved, to enable the observer to indulge in ideal pictures of what the *locale* was, before the busy hand of man intruded on the Dryads in their secluded retreats by the banks of Tweed. From one elevated spot, we suddenly came upon a most magnificent *coup d'œil*, in the ruins of Melrose Abbey; the expression of our delight on witnessing the venerable walls of which, gilded by the setting sun, seemed to afford our conductor much gratification.

We had one day proposed a visit to Dryburgh Abbey, then one of the lions of Roxburghshire, and since become even more sacred as the rest-

ing-place of the great bard himself: but the weather was unpropitious for our purpose. Notwithstanding our disappointment, however, the time was neither lost, nor appeared heavy on our hands,—being engaged in inspecting the library, rare specimens of ancient armour, &c., of which Sir Walter Scott was an industrious collector. I sent him, on my return home, an antique Roman ring; he was much pleased, and acknowledged its receipt in a very gracious letter, from which I extract a few remarks.

. . . . "Allow me to assure you how much obliged I am for the ring you sent me, and flattered by the accompanying note. I think with you that the head on the stone (an onyx) is a Julius Cæsar, as the date, illegible as it is, further convinces me. I have given it a place of honour in my collection of specimens of *virtu.*

"Your remarks on the passion for collecting antiquities are very correct, excepting in the stress you appear to place on their *inutility*. There I cannot agree with you, considering the many valuable pieces of information as regards dates, costume, and even in a great measure the manners of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which we derive from a study of their beautiful, though half-obliterated coins. I consider a perfect collection (if such could be obtained) of ancient Roman coins, as capable of supplying many an hiatus in the pages of their history. On the score of an aid and excitement to the imagination of those who (like myself) depend entirely on that 'fiery particle,' the mind, is not the collection of ancient arms and armour excessively useful? You know the anecdote (or fable, as I am inclined to think it) of Fuseli, the painter, who, wishing to portray the *nightmare,* supped on raw pork to give him indigestion during the night, and, as a consequence, the feelings he would transfer to canvass: even so, may you not allow that in the presence of the familiar objects of bygone days, *my* imagination may conduct me back to those days? May I not, gazing at the knightly gear by which I am surrounded, see before me the bounding sons of chivalry? Do not, I pray, then, consider the science of antiquity as useless."

The following morning the sun rose in almost unclouded majesty. There was now no obstacle to our excursion, and about nine o'clock we were mounted and had started. We proceeded by a most beautiful route, passing Melrose Abbey, which the bard has in fancy rebuilt in his splendid poem. At every turn of the way we came on some spot hallowed by him as the theme of his song: the majestic Eildon Hills, celebrated in the history of Michael Scott; Drygrange,—Cowdenknows, where once spear and bonnet

"Glanced gaily through the broom,"

Smailholme Castle in the distance,—all were successively pointed out to our notice by Sir Walter, who seemed, as on every other occasion, to be filled with no desire but that of affording gratification to his guests. At length, after passing through Selkirk, Melrose, Darnick, and one or two other inferior hamlets or villages, we arrived at Dryburgh Abbey, surrounded in umbrageous forest-wood. It is decidedly the most beautiful ruin I ever beheld: the Abbey must have been, in its days of priestly magnificence, a gorgeous pile; even now, we see remains of architectural grandeur which few Gothic ruins exhibit,—oriels, buttresses, screens, massive walls, and carved pillars, lay scattered in splendid confusion. As I stood and gazed at the main area of the Abbey, trains of thought flitted across my mind of the earlier habitants of the gloomy cell, and the former pomps of religious ceremonies that there had been enacted. I could almost fancy, in the mournful whisperings of the

breeze through the moss-grown aisles, that I heard the sigh of some unquiet departed. A raven had built her nest over the spot where we were told the high altar had stood, and her noisy brood, frightened by my approach, flew about, and filled the silent welkin with their harsh screechings.

We partook of a substantial *déjeûner* amidst these picturesque scenes; and about three o'clock prepared to retrace our way by the same beautiful route towards Abbotsford. How little did any of us then think that, in three years time, our revered host would lie a shrouded corpse within those roofless walls!

We had several very pleasant days' sporting among the woods of Yarrow, and along the flats on the banks of the Tweed; on one of which occasions an accident had like to have happened, which would have rendered my visit a painful reminiscence for the remainder of my life, instead of a pleasant recollection of happy moments. Sir Walter, G—, myself, and three or four more of the guests, had proceeded to the lower wood, armed with the implements of destruction to the winged tribes; for although I am no sportsman, and more used to managing briefs than barrels (I mean gun-barrels,) and memorandums than Mantons, I always wore my belt, and cocked my piece, with as desperate a determination as the best sportsman among them. We had been about two hours in the wood, when G——, attracted by something to the left of the path we were pursuing, called us to follow him, and darted through a thick clump of underwood. Our host was next to him; and, unfortunately, G——'s gun got entangled among the brushwood, when, as he rather carelessly was carrying it with the butt foremost, it went off, as we imagined, full in Sir Walter's face. All was consternation on the instant, and we crowded to the spot: the alarm, happily, was the only mischief, as our host was unharmed. The ball, however, had perforated his hat; and, as he lifted it from the ground, and pointed to the orifice, he said with a smile, "Mr. G——, you have nearly done what all the reviewers and critics in the literary world could not effect,—put an end to the Waverley novels." The good-humoured manner in which he said this, however, did not restore the harmony of the party. What *might* have been the consequences of this accident quite depressed our spirits, and we soon returned to Abbotsford. Mr. Hogg had left us the day before this; and I do not think that many of the guests but those with us were made acquainted with the awkward circumstance. Sir Walter plainly perceived how much G—— blamed himself for his carelessness, and avoided touching on the subject.

I remained at Abbotsford more than a week, and should, but for pressing business, have made my stay much longer. The more I saw of this great man, the more my respect and admiration increased for his character and attainments. I little thought, when I parted from him to return home, that I should never see him again! Such a thought would, indeed, have embittered a parting already sufficiently regretted. I have received several familiar letters from him since that period, in most of which were pressing invitations to become once more his guest. I should have repeated my visit in the summer of 1831, but that his failing health compelled him to visit the continent; and when he returned, it was but to cast one long and lingering look at the beloved spot where he had spent so many happy days,—and die!

J. H.

BUBBLES FROM BOULOGNE.

BY AN OLD LADY.

"How are you off for soap?"—*Peter Simple.*

When old gentlemen blow bubbles from Germany, why may not an elderly lady amuse herself in the same manner after a transitory trip to the coast of France? I see nothing to prevent her; and the former having gained by his work "*the bubble reputation,*" I confidently expect that my "*airy nothings*" will eventually cause my name to be enrolled among the Starkes, Morgans, and Trollopes of the day.

Like my predecessor, the Old Man of the Brunnens, "when I got to the Tower stairs I found the wheels of the Queen of the Netherlands already in motion," and scarcely had my two trunks and a band-box been deposited on deck, before

"Fire burn, and cauldron *bubble,*"

round went the paddles, bang, bang, went the engine, and I felt that tremulous vibration in the seat on which I reclined, and in the boards beneath my feet, which never yet failed to give me exceedingly uncomfortable internal sensations. The day was just beginning to dawn, and a fog rendered the morning air unusually chilly for the period of the year, and at the same time veiled from my view the banks of the river. My female fellow-passengers sat enveloped in close bonnets, veils, and cloaks, and hung down their heads, evidently participating in my own aforenamed uncomfortable internal sensations; the men paced the deck, with collars of cloaks raised so high, and travelling caps pulled down so low, that the tips of their noses alone were visible.

The sun at length arose, and gradually the fog, having struggled to obscure him in vain, fled like a vanquished foe. We now began to look about us. The females threw aside their wraps, and began carefully to arrange their ringlets, pull out their sleeves, and smooth down their *canezous.* The men emerged from their cloaks; and the cloth caps that had hitherto enveloped their ears were elevated and placed smartly on one side, showing a portion of hair which had been carefully arranged by the owner's fingers.

But alas! the farther we got out of the river, the greater became the motion of the vessel. Embarking in summer weather *from* Boulogne *to* London may possibly—I say *may,* for even then a commotion of the elements may arise when old ladies least expect it, but still it *may* be safe enough, for you see your way before you; and if you leave the harbour on a clear calm morning, the chances are that no very material change can take place before you are snug in the river. But embarking at the Tower stairs is a very different affair: when paddling along between the banks of the river Thames, how little do the landsmen (and the *watermen* too) dream of the winds that are blowing, and the waves that are tossing, out of sight, and out at sea!

I would advise all elderly ladies to go by coach to Dover. This is my precept, and is much more sage than my example; for, as I have before

intimated, I went by long sea, as they call it, and when I got out of the river, I found myself in a gale! I was speedily carried below in a state bordering on insensibility. I saw nothing of Broadstairs, Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, and Dover; my note-book lay unmolested in my black silk bag; and, from the exhausted state of my feelings, I really began to believe that all my bubbles had burst. Nobody can describe sea-sickness, or rather the sensations that accompany it. The consciousness of going up-up-up, and then down-down-down; the sinking, die-away feel of the stomach; the anxiety to cling for safety to some article or other, which moves all the time with you; and then, if you get a little bit better, and care for drowning, which really sick people utterly disregard, then what a horrible consciousness you have of the one little plank which separates you from the fishes; and above all, what a dread of the great big boiler, full to the brim of scalding water, which lies within a very few feet of you, and which is all the time shaken and tossed about to such a degree, that you cannot but marvel it does not burst!

Let all old ladies of enthusiastic minds, but of sedentary habits, imagine my sensations! I was about to breathe foreign air, to put my foot for the first time on a foreign shore! 'Tis true I had only left the metropolis of England early that morning, and might, if I pleased, again seat myself in my own elbow-chair the next day; but, to a person of my stay-at-home habits, the approaching moment was an awful one!

Gentlemen travellers, who have crossed the Alps or the Atlantic, may sneer at my sensations; travelled ladies, too, may simper in their silken sleeves; but let Mr. Beckford boast of Italy—the Reverend Mr. Kinsey expatiate on Portugal—Captain Skinner rave about the Himalaya Mountains—Mrs. Trollope prate of America—and Lady Morgan lucubrate about all she has ever yet seen, heard, or imagined; all *I* say is this:—every traveller must make a beginning; and until I go farther (and perhaps fare worse) Boulogne-sur-Mer has to me all the charms of novelty, and all the importance incidental to its being the first outlandish place on which a certain elderly lady ever set her eyes.

We at length reached the extremity of the new pier, the two sides of the harbour stretching into the sea like two long dark horns. For half an hour the tide was not sufficiently high for us to venture in, and there we lay rolling and pitching most lamentably. At length a red flag was hoisted as a signal, and we dashed on rapidly between the said two horns towards the customary place of landing. I have now a misery to relate, which cannot fail to excite the sympathy of my readers. After a marine indisposition, what is it that the exhausted sufferer, whether male or female, is most eager to enjoy? surely seclusion,—a temporary retirement from the world, during which to compose the spirits, recruit the body, and restore and embellish the languid, disordered, dishevelled, and cadaverous exterior. Will it be believed that, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, among the fashionable *public amusements* may be reckoned the "going to see the packets come in, and watch the passengers land?" Having left London so very early, we arrived at Boulogne just in good time to make our *début* before a particularly crowded and elegant audience. It was just six o'clock. Those who dined early had come forth for their evening promenade, and those who dined late had not yet retired to dress for dinner. As we approached the landing place, I saw that a very ample space between the water and the custom-house had been marked out with

ropes, within which no one was permitted to intrude; and when the ladder was placed for our disembarkation, I was informed that between these ropes we were to walk to the custom-house, where our passports were to be examined; outside these ropes were ranged the elegantly-dressed and eager audience assembled to witness our farcical arrival; in the front row were pedestrians, and a second and third row peeped over their shoulders; behind these were carriages of all descriptions, coaches, chariots, britchcas, cabs, gigs, and four-wheeled phaetons, all full of people; and beyond these were male and female equestrians, and a tandem or two, driven by some full-grown children, whose pretty playthings, during the ensuing season, might be expected to run over and massacre a man a month!

And what were all these people collected to see? Actually a ship load of sea-sick people, and me, unfortunately, among the number.

Retreating as far as possible from the ladder, I permitted others to commence the entertainment, and silently watched their reception with an anxious palpitating heart.

Up went a very fat man, with his very lean wife and three wretched draggle-tail daughters: at the top of the ladder the fat man had to support the lean lady, and, not well knowing what he was about, he sidled off to the right, intending to get under the ropes, and make the best of his way to the town. Two dark green personages in huge cocked hats, belonging to the Douane, followed them, and stopped their progress, intimating that they must first proceed to the custom-house. The husband, in his hurry and embarrassment, very nearly dropped his lean and languid lady: the three draggle-tail girls curtsied awkwardly to the dark green men, and then, as the whole party followed the leader to the custom-house door, I distinctly heard a titter run round the elegantly-dressed assembly. But their worst trial seemed yet to come, for round the entrance was assembled a crowd of the most vociferous biped nuisances I ever beheld, and these began shrieking into their ears in full chorus, each one endeavouring to drown the voice of the other, and thrusting into their faces little dirty cards. Each had a different cry; and I afterwards learnt that each was endeavouring to entice the victims to the particular hotel to which he belonged. "Hotel du Nord" cried one. "Hughes's Hotel" bellowed an Englishman. "Hotel de Londres" vociferated a third; while a red-haired Londoner contrived to insinuate that "Gentlefolks was always remarkable comfortable at the Shakspeare." I cannot attempt to particularise each individual of our corps dramatique; another and another, and another, passed up the ladder (like criminals going to be turned off), and at length I alone remained behind. The steward, however, instead of whispering "I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the *stem*" (or on the *stern*) of the vessel, cried, "Come marm, it's your turn now, if you please," and, giving me his hand, he assisted me to climb the ladder. People learn wisdom, and when I go a journey, or more particularly a voyage, I always put on my worst clothes. I therefore left London in a very serviceable pepper-and-salt habit, in which I used to ride on horseback five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, and on my head I wore a very large and umbrageous five-year-old Leghorn bonnet, with one long green dog's-tail feather, and a green veil. My whole person had been thoroughly soaked in sea water, therefore the green veil and dog's-tail feather had lost some of

their greenness, and had liberally imparted it to the bonnet, if bonnet it could be called, no longer retaining its shape, but being much more like a large ill-conditioned straw cocked hat: altogether, I believe I looked like a picture of fashions cut out of a Ladies' Magazine, bearing date seventeen hundred and eighty. The moment I got upon terra firma, and fully confronted the audience, there was a unanimous roar. How I walked through my part I know not; indeed, I have no very distinct recollection of anything until I found myself in my own bedroom at the Hotel du Nord.

It is one of the oddities of this place, that though it has a very excellent resident society, and a sufficiently large circle (somewhat difficult of access without the best introductions), everybody seems afraid of avowing that they like it, or that they are going to remain in it. If you meet a man of fashion in London in September, he assures you "'pon his honour" that he is only "passing through:—came last night,—going away to-day." And so it is with Boulogne: all the people are happy to say they are only *en passant*. Yet there they pitch for weeks and months and look very much as if they enjoyed their quarters. And why is it that they enjoy themselves? Because the luxuries of life are cheaper than in England. Fine fat turkeys may be had for three shillings; claret for half-a-crown a bottle; large houses (if taken by the year) at moderate rents; and above all, if they have boys to whip, and girls to make musical, Latin and Greek, and crotchets and quavers are to be had cheap, and a most respectable middle-aged Frenchwoman will dispose of French conversation to you at the low rate of one franc an hour!

To my surprise I found that Boulogne had become during the summer months the resort of many foreigners of rank; they frequented the rooms and promenades, but appeared to avoid any particular intercourse with strangers: and as the English prate about Boulogne's bad name and avoid *one another*, it is but natural that the foreigners who visit the place should suppose that the resident English must be the best judges of its character, and therefore avoid *all* but their own especial party.

There are balls once a week (on Friday nights) at the public rooms,—these are exceedingly crowded, like all assemblies of the kind at large watering-places; but the mixture of French and English, the exquisite dress of the Parisian, in juxtaposition with the costume of a newly-imported Cockney, give an interest to these balls, which I have sought in vain elsewhere. There is of course what smart people call a great mixture; where is there not when money may be taken at the doors? The Rotunda at Cheltenham, the Master of the Ceremonies' ball at Bath, the Race ball at the Long Rooms at Southampton, won't bear sifting, as I by experience can testify. But here, as at the other respectable places I have named, *notoriously* bad characters are excluded. Persons may be present who are known to individuals to be objectionable; but let those individuals point them out to the proprietor of the rooms, stating the reasons why they ought to be ejected, and he will in future shut his doors against them; and this, I take it, is all that can reasonably be expected.

The best English do not dance at these assemblies; neither do, if we may judge from appearances, the best French. The foreign custom of a young man asking any lady to dance, without a previous intro-

duction, is all very well in a private room, where the lady hostess is supposed to guarantee the respectability of her guests; but in a public room at a watering-place, the interesting-looking foreigner, with the black moustache, and the embroidered waistcoat, who asks your eldest daughter to honour him with her hand for the next quadrille, may, for aught you know to the contrary, be the coiffeur from Abbeville, or the pharmacien from Saint Omer.

The music is excellent at these balls, and here again we find one of the cheap luxuries of the place; Violin and two assistants, playing waltzes and quadrilles for a whole evening, in a style that can scarcely be surpassed, for something under one pound! I have paid seven times as much at an English watering-place that shall be nameless, for a band scarce fit to play to a group of dancing dogs.

The English protestant chapel is highly creditable to the English protestant residents. It is a large, handsome, commodious building.* The service is well performed, and the singing, volunteered by ladies (not professional) is accompanied by a good organ. It is truly like an English church, and truly like an English congregation. There is the same squeezing of seven people into a pew which in these days of big sleeves and bustles ought only to hold six; there is the same exhibition of pretty bonnets, and the same discussion of the merits and demerits of the preacher.

But if Boulogne be in some respects an English town, it is in others decidedly French. The costume of the fishwomen, the appearance of the market, and, above all, the open theatre on Sunday nights—to which of course an old lady like myself never went; and I believe I may say that no English of respectability are to be seen there on the sabbath. The theatre is large and handsome, but the architect has taken particular pains to obstruct the view of the stage from many of the boxes, by the largest and most lumbering-looking wooden pillars I ever beheld. The acting and singing taken altogether are better than we find at English country towns; the orchestra very good, and admirably led; and the ballet better than ballets used to be at the large London theatres, before opera and ballet had become the principal features of attraction.

Nothing can be prettier than the market on Wednesdays and Saturdays, particularly the *Marché aux Fleurs*. Women sit with large baskets of bouquets before them; and gardeners are also there, exhibiting japonicas, oleanders, the rarest varieties of geranium, and all the other treasures of their green-houses. The fruit market is also abundantly provided; but the best peaches come from Paris, and the grapes from Fontainbleau.

Let me not forget the bathing, one of the most animated public exhibitions of this very lively place. The sands are excellent, the machines well provided, and, thinking that marine immersion might do my old body good, I subscribed for half a dozen baths at Mansel's establishment, paying for each, with linen, one franc. Gentlemen pay the same, and are given, in addition to their two towels, a little pair of green fustian breeches; and any bather neglecting to put them on is subject to a fine.

This is all very decent and proper, but with swimmers the practice may be attended with danger; indeed, when I was at Boulogne, a gentle-

man having swum some distance from the shore, suddenly discovered that the running string which fastened the garment round his waist had given way; and his two legs were speedily entangled in, and actually tied together by, his own little pair of green fustian breeches. There is, however, always a boat in which two men row up and down, ready to snatch from a watery grave any drowned or drowning person.

Having ascertained the hour at which the tide would serve best, I went down to the sands to take my first dip; I received at the Bureau my bathing dress and towels, and at the same time a card, on which was written number ninety-nine. I was informed that, to prevent confusion, a number was given to each bather, so that everybody was sure to be attended to in his turn. When I got near the bathing machines, I found crowds of ladies and gentlemen all evidently waiting for their turn to come; the ladies in gingham gowns, and hair en papillottes, the gentlemen in slippers and Greek caps, and some wearing blouses. There were also sundry nursery maids with children of all ages, and numerous carriages, in which ladies patiently reclined. In the midst of this motley throng stood a very fat, tall, good-humoured looking man, who called as loud as he could bawl the numbers as they came round, and when I joined the party he was vociferating "*numero neuf*," which proved to me that I had to remain kicking my heels in the sand, while ninety gentlemen and ladies washed themselves, before I had a chance of being washed myself. I must confess, however, that for once in a way the exhibition before me was highly amusing. The gentlemen's bathing place is about one hundred yards distant from that of the ladies. Never in my life did I see so busy a scene as the sands of Boulogne at high water, on a fine summer's morning. In the sea the ladies, hand in hand with the bathing women, are going through all sorts of extraordinary evolutions, jumping, dancing, and swimming. And the shore is equally animated, for groups of men, who do not chuse to go to the expense of a bathing machine, and all the big and little boys' schools in the town, undress under the rocks, and then scamper like mad into the water. Where they all get little green fustian breeches, is more than I can tell; but there assuredly must be a very extensive manufactory in the neighbourhood.

The French lottery is a bait at which few English strangers can resist nibbling; so much may possibly be gained by so very little! But then again, people so repeatedly are induced to put in that same "very little" without even getting "much," or indeed anything at all, that in the end they are apt to find themselves minus a very large sum.

The regular dabblers in the lottery amused me exceedingly; just before my arrival, a very fortunate gentleman, for six francs, had gained eight hundred pounds; and this very naturally set all the young speculators on the *qui vive*. Some of them were dreamers of dreams, and went about telling you of extraordinary visions, which had *all but* secured to them very large fortunes. But there was sure to be some little mistake in the business; either the dreamer had in the morning felt uncertain which of two numbers was the real one of which he had dreamt, and had then chosen the wrong one; or else he deputed some servant or naughty little youngest son to purchase the ticket, and some vile mistake had been made. I certainly never heard of so many bright visions, which however seemed to me generally to end (as they began)

in a dream. But it is time to cease blowing my bubbles, for fear the reader should discover that I have exhausted my soap; in other words, it is well to lay aside the pen before the matter is entirely exhausted. There are many odd people in Boulogne, many who have done very questionable things, and with their faults, follies, and foibles, I could doubtless very much amuse the reader; but I conscientiously avoid personality; I wish to hurt nobody's feelings; I leave the bad here (and elsewhere) to reform, and have no intention, when I blow a "*bubble*," of making any one "squeak."

Boulogne may be the sanctuary for the *swindler*, but it also affords a refuge for the *swindled*; and he who, by the ignorance of an uneducated attorney, or the chicanery of an unprincipled one, finds himself suddenly and fraudulently deprived of an income which he had every reason to suppose had been legally settled on himself, his wife, and children, may at Boulogne effectually retrench his expenditure; and while he may live with comfort on an income which in England would be inadequate, it will be his own fault if he does not enjoy a society quite as good, if not better, than any he could have found in an English country town.

One fact respecting Boulogne may be asserted in its favour,—there is no place where the really respectable are more difficult of access. This is one favourable result of her *bad name*; it renders her residents doubly cautious; and I have seen men and women tolerated in certain English watering-places, who, for the reason I have named, would not be admitted into the best set at Boulogne; but when I speak of the *best set*, I do not by any means refer to those who make the most display.

As a watering-place, Boulogne is delightful: the bathing so good, the town so clean and gay, and so much variety in the neighbouring walks and drives. The views from the ramparts, with the rich strawberry gardens beneath them, the pretty sailing vessels on the Loire—altogether I think it impossible for any good-humoured old body like myself to spend part of a summer at Boulogne, without afterwards remembering the place with satisfaction.

Before I lay aside my note-book, I suppose I ought to follow the example of Master Trollope, and set forth tapping the rocks with a little hammer, that I may be enabled to instruct the reader concerning fossils and strata; but, as there are many land-springs in the cliffs, and they are apt to slip down, and might tumble on my head, I will content myself with hoping that Mrs. Trollope may herself visit this interesting sea-port, and allow her son to tap all the rocks with his little hammer for the edification of the curious.

It is time for me to pack up my two trunks and my band-box, and bubble back to London, where I shall be glad again to repose in my own elbow-chair. And, in conclusion, I must confess (though some may accuse me of blowing hot and cold with the same breath) that though I admire the novelty and vivacity of this pretty town, yet when summer days are over, and the long evenings of winter approach, there is no place so dear to the heart of an old woman as her own fireside.

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.

ODE TO THE AUTHOR OF "BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNENS."

"Blow high, blow low .
Rather OLD SONG.

OH, sweet, untroubling, bubbling, mild old man!
Blessed be all thy talk,—spring-like on springs;
Thy muse,—if muse of prose existence can
Hold and enjoy,—brings healing on its wings!
Thou tellest of the streams not fair, but far,—
And of the wells where no Susannahs are,—
Of waters purely cleansed of all sinnings,
And of the pleasant places,
Where blue eyes and broad faces
Crowd under German sky,
To plash and purify;
In short,—thine are the Bubbles of the Brünnens!

But, mild old man! alas, to thee alone
Is no monopoly of bubbles. Here
In England,—England, the severe, the austere,—
Sere,—beer,—dear England! bubbles ever shone,—
And shine,—still round, and globular, and fair;
Bubbles of earth, and bubbles too of air,
And fire, and every other element:
And it is my intent
In gentle verse (verse-truth the soberest coaxes
To blow an English bubble or two, *in* two,—
And to the imperious, serious reader's view,
Burst the small glossy globes of some inflated hoaxes.

And oh! the greatest round—"the round and top"
(But not "of Sovereignty," as Shakspeare saith)—
Of empty bubbles, is the hollow hope
Blown by Whig breath, which puffs for flimsy faith —
All the high men I see
With basins at the knee,—
With pipes, and political soap, and breath enough
Hour after hour comes placeman's puff, and puff—
Off goes the bubble, brilliant, glowing, floating,
Fore eyes half-oped, half-closed, half-doubting, doating —

And ere it bursts—or while it bursts—another,
"Another, and another, and another"
Succeeds, and satisfies the popular eye,
With the soap'd, watery, frothy policy!
The bubbles that delude men in their path—
I cannot love them!—
"The earth has bubbles as the water hath,
"And these are of them!"

"But let me not," as Roderick Random says,
"Profane the mysteries of Hymen!" not
Dwell on the twistings of the twisted knot!—
I think in satire, but I hope for place,
As all good Whigs do! therefore will I hinge on
Less serious topics,—clip my muse's wings,—
And so, as Pope implores, "Awake my St. John!"
And (by their leave) oh leave all meaner things!
Get out of high-blown bubbles—
With all their troubles!—
And take mankind—not King's or Court's—mankind,
And show the flimsy thinness of their rind!

There's the great South Australian scheme, that rare
Bubble of kangaroo, and smoke, and air:
Oh! what a goodly trick it is to drive
Out of the land that gave them birth,
To some interminable waste of earth,—
The poor profuse alive!
Like to some omnibus sixteen-insider,
When, that the air be better, the space wider,
A few of the jamm'd select contrive a plan
To carry off the sad excess of man!
These with gratuitous labours
Work on their weaker neighbours,—
With language, all seductive, *à la Byron*,
They coax them to abide
No more inside,
And make them, half with wheedling, half with pushing,
To emigrate from comfortable cushion
And colonize their trousers 'gainst cold iron!
—Or hot! Steam-coaches bubble on the road,
(Until their boilers burst) as on they pass in jeers;
And set down by instalments all the passengers—
Leaving but limbs for any man's abode!

The wheels are guarded well against corrosion,—
The springs are easy, and the seats well set,—
The roofs are all impervious to the wet,—
But every now and then occurs explosion!
'Tis true, you go at thirty miles an hour
Along an iron railway—yes, you fly
When you thus run—but now and then the power
Raves, and you sprawl, in no time, in the sky!
Oh, sweet invention! "ever new" as Gray
Calls it; (Invention rarely gets of age)—
Still keep the farce up, ay, play out the play,
Still shake,—break—bubbled man, in his Moth-pilgrimage!

Oh! pleasant writer of all-pleasant books,
In these unpleasant days!
'Tis thy undoubted praise—
That, with no whim like Hood's nor tale like Hook's,
Thou writest like an excellent old man,
All that a green old age in wisdom can.
A good Shakspearian lesson from baths hast earn'd:
Water to wise ends turn'd.

Farewell!—indeed farewell!
Best of old souls! Author whose tellings tell!
Forgive my glittering nothings. They are out!
Gone (I trust) like thy gout!
My Ode's a bubble—and my Muse hath nurs'd
Many an airy, bright delusion,—such
As could not bear the death—material touch!
My Ode hath now been blown—and oh, 'tis burst!
Nothing can come of nothing—so spake Lear,
(The sire of two bright hollow, heartless children,
Two human bubbles all his life bewildering;)
"Nothing can come of nothing"—that is clear!
Thou livest, and wilt live,—"Age cannot stale
Thy infinite variety." In thee
We see how talents o'er the trite prevail;—
How genius charms to wealth mere poverty.
Thy ever pleasant pages, wisdom-bred,
And feeling-nourished, not in my mind only,
But with the light, the thoughtful, and the lonely,
Do equal honour to the heart—and HEAD!

R.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Death of Donna Francisca—The Steinberg Tragedy—The Scientific Show-off—Affair of the Castor—Scotch and Irish Scenes—Recent Accidents—Slave Emancipation.

Death of Donna Francisca.—The past month has been more than ordinarily fertile in events; and although the world of fashion has dissolved, and "left not a rack behind," and London is as empty as its pleasures are when it is full, still enough has occurred of varied character since we last made our bow to our readers to call for our notice and merit their observation.

Amongst the most important events of a domestic character, is the death of Donna Francisca, which occurred at the Rectory House of Alverstoke, near Gosport, at which place her Majesty had been for some time residing. The immediate cause of her death was inflammatory fever, but its fatal effect may be attributed to a weakness of constitution, induced by sufferings of the severest kind, both mental and bodily. Previous to the escape of the Spanish royal family to England in the Donegal, this unfortunate lady, hurried, at all hours of the night, from place to place, frequently sleeping, or trying to sleep, in the open air, having with her own hands cooked the scanty meal for her illustrious husband and her children, gradually sunk under the fatigues she encountered; and when at length, permitted by the grace and favour of our liberal government, she had found a quiet, although humble, retreat on our shores, her anxiety and solicitude for her husband and his cause told fearfully upon her shattered constitution; until at length her bodily disorder having assumed a definite character, it overcame her, and she died a stranger in a foreign land, to whom no honour had been paid, no attention shown, no ordinary civility offered.

No sooner, however, was the illustrious lady dead, than the constituted authorities of Portsmouth made visits of condolence to her royal sister, the Princess Beira,—guards of honour were offered for the funeral,—Spanish ensigns were to be hoisted half-mast high in the men-of-war,—minute guns were to be fired from the batteries,—and muffled drums were to roll in the melancholy march of death,—and, from the highest to the lowest, all the dependents of Government went to work, bowing and cringing to the dust of her whom they had studiously, and under orders, neglected whilst living.

A magnificent funeral ceremony took place, and her Majesty's body was deposited temporarily in a vault built on purpose in the Roman Catholic chapel at Gosport, where a service of nearly four hours and a half was performed. Lord Stuart de Rothsay officiated as one of the mourners.

Her Majesty, who was a daughter of King John IV. of Portugal, and sister to Don Miguel, was born April 22, 1800; was married on the 29th September, 1816; and leaves issue—Don Carlos Louis Marie,

born 31st January, 1818; Don John Carlos Marie, born 15th May, 1822; and Don Ferdinand Marie, born 30th October, 1824.

The Steinberg Tragedy.—The annals of great crime have, during the past month, received a tremendous addition; as far as this country is concerned, we believe its extent and horror are unprecedented. The hero of the bloody tragedy, however, is not an Englishman.

Steinberg was a man whose ostensibly mild manners and apparent regularity of conduct had acquired for him confidence and even respect amongst his acquaintance and neighbours. He married, and lived respectably by his business, which was that of a whip-maker. If, as has since been stated by a son grown up to man's estate, he was at times subject to violent paroxysms of rage,—so violent, indeed, as to lead to the belief that he was of unsound mind,—he must have been an able dissimulator, for his external demeanour was that of a sedate, steady man, an amiable and affectionate husband.

Seven or eight years since, he separated from his wife,—not, as it was stated in the newspapers, on account of an attachment which he had formed for a beautiful young woman, Ellen Lefevre; for it was not until after he had quitted his home, and taken lodgings somewhere in the Hampstead-road, that he first saw her. She then attended him as a servant; but their association produced feelings of a nature different from those which their relative positions, in the first instance, were calculated to inspire. She became his mistress, and bore him a child, in the house where he had originally become a lodger. During the period of her confinement and convalescence, his care and attention were constant and marked. He subsequently removed to another house, where, having by his gentle bearing and regular conduct conciliated the esteem of his neighbours, he remained for two years and a half. Whilst they remained in that house, Ellen brought him two more children, to whom, with herself, he appeared devotedly attached,—never leaving home for relaxation from business without taking her, who was always considered his wife, and his infants, to share in the recreation with which he indulged himself.

Eventually—their course of life appearing everywhere much the same—they removed to a house, No. 17, Southampton-street, Pentonville. There her fourth child was born, and there he remained, until, hearing of the illness of a relation in Germany, he resolved to go thither, in order, as it since appears, in case of that relation's death, to claim some property *in right of his wife*, whom it was his intention to represent as dead. In the execution of this plan, he proceeded to the continent, taking with him his second wife, as he called her, (in order, no doubt, the better to establish the fact of the death of his first,) his children, and an English maid-servant, Harriet Pearson, leaving a young man of the name of Bruneish in charge of his business until he should return.

It now appears—not in evidence, but from statements which seem to be authentic—that Mrs. Steinberg, the real wife, to whom he allowed 10*s.* a-week, and whom, it is said, he periodically visited for the purpose of paying that allowance, had heard of the illness of the relation in

Germany, and had written to her friends there, in order to apprize them of the fact of her being alive, and to undeceive them as to any claim her husband might assert in right of her. The result of this measure was naturally the defeat of his pretensions, and the loss of a suit which he had instituted;—events which, from their effect both upon his character and circumstances, greatly affected his mind. He returned with his family and the servant to his home, where the excitement under which he already laboured was considerably increased by the supposed inattention, during his absence, of the young man Bruneish to the business, which he had left him to superintend. He was heard speaking angrily to him; and, as it appears, the young man, who had in some degree merited his displeasure, was discharged the same day.

This was Saturday. On the Monday, Steinberg, in whose manner or spirits no alteration was perceptible, (indeed, if anything, his spirits were considered better than usual by those who were aware of the difficulties in which he was placed,) went out; between eleven and two o'clock he bought at a cutler's in St. Paul's Church-yard a knife, such as butchers use for slaughtering pigs; this was wrapped in brown paper and deposited in a side-pocket of his coat. He subsequently called on Bruneish, the young man whom he had discharged, and, apparently in a much better humour than Bruneish expected, made an appointment for him to call upon him in Southampton-street at eight o'clock that evening, when he promised, contrary to the young man's anticipations, to pay him two sovereigns which he said he owed him. Steinberg was subsequently seen in a coffee-house near Carey-street, with another man, at which time the landlord noticed the brown paper in his side-pocket, which inclosed the knife.

Monday evening wore on, and Bruneish went to keep his appointment; but when he reached the house he saw a candle burning on the parlour table, and another in the room above. His heart misgave him, and he felt assured that the good nature of his master had been assumed, that his offer of the money was delusive, and that his intention was to inveigle him into the house, and then deliver him over to the police; this was the extent of his suspicion, but so strong was it, that he left an umbrella which belonged to Steinberg at a neighbouring house, and made the best of his way homewards to his lodgings.

At eight o'clock, the hour at which he had appointed to meet Bruneish, Steinberg and his supposed wife were sitting in the kitchen; he was then remarkably cheerful, and had been nursing one of his younger children. He directed Harriet Pearson, the servant girl who had accompanied them to the continent, to fetch some beer and gin, and when she had given them to her master, he complained of being very tired, and said he was anxious to go to bed. In consequence of this declaration, the girl, who never slept in the house, was ordered at half-past eight o'clock to go home, and to come as usual at six o'clock in the morning. Steinberg had previously asked Mrs. Steinberg if she was ready to go to bed, to which she replied it was too soon. She then paid Pearson her wages, and enjoined her to come in time in the morning; the injunction was followed by a laugh from Steinberg. The servant-girl departed, and the doors were closed for the night.

When they were next opened, what was the scene that presented itself!

According to her promise, Harriet Pearson went to the house before six; she knocked, but who was there left to answer? After remaining some time, she returned to her mother; they went back together, but their efforts to obtain admission were unavailing, and at eleven o'clock an entrance to the house of blood was forced. In the kitchen, lay Steinberg on his back, stone-dead, his head nearly severed from his body, and by his side the butcher's knife which he had purchased, reeking in gore.

The police were summoned, and the search after the other inmates pursued. In the bed-room up stairs, they found the hapless beautiful Ellen Lefevre, lying butchered on the floor, in her night-dress, saturated with blood, and at her feet her innocent babe of seven months old, decapitated. The bed and bed-clothes were one mass of blood, and the pillow marked with blood, as if the wretched man had reached over the body of his first victim, for the infant, whom it is believed he laid upon the floor, in order to sever the head from the body.

Yet was not the horrible scene complete. They proceeded to the rooms above, in one of which stood a small cot and a bed; in the bed, Henry, a fine boy of four years and a half old, lay dead, his throat cut from ear to ear; and by the side of the cot lay a lovely innocent, named after her ill-fated mother, Ellen, two years of age, whose head had been severed from her body, in the same manner as that of the infant below.

Still one child was missing—the eldest boy, John; he was not in the room, although he slept with his brother Henry. A momentary glance into the next apartment, which had been fitted up as a workshop, told the sequel; there lay the child, butchered like the rest. The presumption is, that he had seen his father murdering his brother and sister, and had jumped out of bed, in hopes of escaping; for on the shoulder of this victim was the mark of a heavy blow of the knife, probably aimed by the unnatural parent at him as he was endeavouring to evade him; while the evidence is strong that the poor fellow attempted some resistance, since one of the fingers of his left hand had been cut off, and was found at some distance from the body.

Is there anything on record to equal this bloody tragedy? Is there any writer of fiction, be his mind as much as possible imbued with horrid fancies or designs, who could have imagined such a catastrophe? The bodies of Ellen Lefevre and the four innocent partners of her fate have been interred in St. James's Church-yard, and the carcass of the murderer, who was pronounced by the coroner's jury sane at the time of the murders, was borne at night to a deep hole in the poor-ground of the parish, into which it was precipitated head foremost, amidst the execrations of the people, whose groans and yells continued while a man smashed the skull with an iron crow-bar, and the attendant parish-officers shook the flaring filth off the torches, by the light of which he was buried, on the blood-stained body.

Mr. Steinberg, jun., who seemed very much irritated at the verdict of the coroner's jury, contending that his father was mad, called the next day at his late parent's late residence, in Pentonville, with a cart, paid the rent, and took away the furniture, &c.!!!

The mother and sister of Ellen Lefevre are in bad circumstances, and

are, we believe, objects deserving of commiseration and charity. Mr. Lefevre, the father, was at one time a bookbinder in good circumstances, but some years since put an end to his existence under the pressure of embarrassment.

One or two circumstances connected with this horrible affair are particularly striking; one, the certainty that Steinberg's object in enticing Bruneish to his house was to add *him* to the number of his victims. Providence ordained that, as far as that person was concerned, he should over-act his part of serenity and good humour. It was the forced amenity of his manner which staggered the man; and although he never carried his suspicions of his late master to an intention of murdering him, it occurred to him that it was adopted with a design; and as small minds never grasp more than an immediate object, he fancied that his apparent kindness was a trap for the police.

On the other hand, it is clear that Steinberg expected Bruneish; it was for him, as well as the wretched Ellen, that the beer was drugged—it was that he might be alone with him that he was anxious she should go to bed—to sleep he was sure she would go; for him he waited—long after he had dispatched all his other victims above stairs—after that he washed and cleansed himself, disposed of his blood-stained shoes and stockings (which have not yet, it is said, been found), and, purified from the marks of the slaughter he had committed, waited and watched like the filthy yet unsated spider in his web, to catch the last surviving object of his vengeance. Four hours, calculated by the natural appearance of bodies so slaughtered, must have elapsed between the period of his committing the five murders, and that of his own destruction. For two or three of those the monster no doubt lived in hopes that a sixth victim would come—time wore on—the hand of Providence kept the wretched young man away—and Steinberg robbed the hangman by his last and only courageous act.

The Scientific Show-off.—The *Savans* of the world have thought fit this year to meet at Edinburgh, to read papers and talk over matters which they might as well have done at Hogsnorton, Bullock-Smithy, or, which would have been infinitely wiser, in their own small circles, of which each of these prodigiously-inflated personages might have happened to be the centre.

Why, because a man has written a paper very much to his own satisfaction upon the geology of a hill near Birmingham,—or why, because another man has, as a facetious contemporary says, discovered that crocodiles in other days were in the habit of swimming about St. Paul's Church-yard, or that ships two thousand years ago were anchored on the top of the Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope, which, we believe, some sage has actually asserted,—why, we ask, because these admirable persons have made their most serviceable additions to the knowledge of mankind, they should think it necessary to hop about from Cambridge to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to Dublin, we cannot at all imagine. The thing at Edinburgh must have been a very flat shine—at Cambridge, so much nearer London, there were opera-singers, and dancers, and players, and eating, and drinking, and all such things, to keep the ladies in good humour; and as they could get down from town in five hours,

inside or outside, by the cheap opposition coaches, it was all very well, —but in Edinburgh the affair was different: the ladies, by far the wisest, and assuredly the most agreeable of the party, had little to entertain them. It is not the province of women to enter into abstruse subjects, and they never do, except either to please an agreeable husband, or triumph over a stupid one. The ostensible motive to such a congregation may be science—the real one is recreation; and although nothing can be more laudable than the exertions of those whose lives are devoted to scientific pursuits, the display is absurd—printing has superseded the necessity of preaching—and all the things (and few enough there were) which these "show-off" professors thought fit to read at Edinburgh, and summon all the dupes and would-be celebrated admirers to come and hear, if they had been printed, might have been sent round by the twopenny post to the deluded hundreds who put themselves to the trouble and expense of going to Scotland to see Sir * * * * * * *, whom anybody may see going in, or coming out, of the United Service Club any day in the week for nothing: and to hear Mr. Pumpkin, or Mr. Thumpkin, or whatever the gentleman's name may be, read a thing which would be dear at twopence in one of the cheapest periodicals going.

We hate pretension—an elaborate ass is a donkey like Tom Thumb's cow,

"Larger than the largest size,"

and anything more ridiculous than this *learned* meeting at Edinburgh never was foisted upon the country—which, however, is neither moved to the right nor to the left by its absurdities. To crown all, Lord Brougham arrived, and seconded some reverend gentleman's vote of admiration to a Frenchman of the name of Arago—a duty which he complimented himself upon having entrusted to him, because he possessed—*the highest honour he enjoyed*—the distinction of being a member of the French *Institute!* We thought his lordship was a member of the Mechanics' Institute, somewhere in Holborn—does he call *that* nothing?—we have heard that he is a burgess of Aberdeen; nay, we thought he was Lord High Chancellor of England—*n'importe!*

The learned association is to meet in Dublin next year—*i. e.* if anybody will go; perhaps people may, for the announcement of so *great* an assembly serves as an excuse for a number of loose idlers to leave their wives at home to go and see cities and countries, for visiting which, without them, they would not otherwise have any very plausible excuse.

Affair of the Castor.—It is our duty to record one of the most melancholy, and, we must say, extraordinary casualties that has ever occurred since, as we believe, the fatal destruction of life in the Royal George, when off Spithead. That ship went down with the Admiral, Kempenfelt, together with the greatest part of the crew, a hundred women, and a vast number of Jews: there the immense loss of people was occasioned by a want of caution in shifting the guns from one side of the deck to the other, by which she upset, filled, and went down, while the Admiral was sitting writing his letters in his cabin.

The present involved a much smaller loss of life, but to us, as far as a knowledge of nautical skill and discipline goes, is by no means less marvellous. His Majesty's ship Castor, commanded by Lord John Hay,

was sailing down Channel, with a fresh breeze, dead fair, at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, in broad sunshine, at a quarter past six in the morning, when the Chameleon revenue cutter was lying-to, for the purpose, as it appears, of reefing her mainsail. It will scarcely be believed that the cutter should have seen the frigate—as she must have done—from the time it was daylight, and that the frigate saw, or ought to have seen, the cutter for at least an hour or two before the accident took place; and that yet the Castor should sail directly over her, cut her in two, and send her to the bottom, with all her crew, except three men, who threw themselves overboard at the moment of the concussion, and so were picked up by the Castor's boats.

The event seems perfectly unaccountable. Ninety or a hundred men were on the Castor's deck at the time, and long before the time the fatal event happened. Was no one looking out? The cutter, helpless as she was, naturally concluded that the frigate, however nearly she approached her, would keep away from her—the tenth part of a turn of the wheel would have cleared her—a yaw of a dozen yards must have saved her—but no, dash into her she went, and the commander, Mr. Pratton, an old lieutenant in the navy, his mate, and thirteen or fourteen other sufferers, went to the bottom!

A court-martial has been the consequence, and the consequence of the court-martial has been what everybody must have anticipated, the full and entire acquittal of Lord James Hay, who was in his bed at the time, the ship being in charge of Lieutenant M'Cleverty, a most unfortunate name, it must be admitted, for the hero of such an affair. Lieutenant M'Cleverty has been dismissed the service—this is quite just; but even although justice be satisfied as far as the commander of the watch, we cannot satisfy ourselves, morally, of the possibility of such an occurrence happening, while the forecastle was covered with men—employed, perhaps, in different and distinct avocations; but surely not so absorbed as not to see a King's cutter of seventy or eighty tons under the bows of the frigate. The punishment, it is clear, has fallen in the right place, but we think that strict justice would demand that its force should have been more comprehensive.

It is but a short time since we had to record the death of Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, son and pupil of Sir Robert, the architect. This month we have to announce the loss of another of Sir Robert's pupils, a man of first-rate abilities, and, in legal knowledge, second to few of the brightest ornaments of the profession,—Sir John Leach, the Master of the Rolls, who died in Edinburgh a day or two before the political exhibition in that city. The immediate cause of his death was a violent and rapidly-spreading erysipelas, brought on by exposure to the sun during a day's fishing; and, considering the grievous torture of three operations, for a totally different complaint, which Sir John had undergone, and happily overcome, the suddenness with which the country and his numerous friends were deprived of him was very severely felt.

Of the family of Sir John Leach little appears to be known. In the outset of his professional career he studied under Sir Arthur Pigott; and, having got into Parliament upon the Whig interest, distinguished himself by a speech on the state of the nation. When the office of Vice-

Chancellor was proposed to him by Lord Eldon, Mr. Leach opposed the suggestion in the warmest manner. This, however, did not prevent his accepting the Vice-Chancellorship when it was subsequently offered to him, in consequence of the retirement of Sir Thomas Plumer. Sir John was afterwards appointed Master of the Rolls; and the depth of his knowledge, and the soundness of his judgment, have latterly had the effect of very considerably relieving the Court of Chancery from a pressure of business.

Sir John was never married; but he has been described, by those who were most intimate with him, as possessing a remarkably sweet temper and invariably kind disposition. We are not enabled to state his age when he died, but we should place it somewhere about seventy years.

Another eminent man in his line has also been taken from us—Mr. Telford, the well-known engineer, to whose abilities this country is indebted for many of the most important public works which it possesses. Raised, like the subject of the preceding notice, from very humble life, he attained the highest point of his profession, and has left behind him, besides the numerous monuments of his skill and ingenuity, the regrets and respects of a numerous circle of acquaintance.

Scotch and Irish Scenes.—There have been great doings in Ireland and in Scotland during the past month—we mean political doings. Those in Ireland have consisted of a most extraordinary display of Conservative and Protestant feeling, which has evinced itself in numerously attended assemblies of the Protestant Association; in the speeches delivered at those assemblies, and in the contributions which have been made to the funds of the Association. We are not, we confess, very ardent admirers of any such things: we think the laws, when made, are to be obeyed; and that, however much a certain portion of the population of England and Ireland may regret the concession of the Roman Catholic claims, it would be more conducive to the tranquillity so much desired in Ireland, if, so long as the Roman Catholics are contented with toleration, without seeking for ascendency, the Protestants remained tranquil. As it is, however, there is no longer any effort made by Mr. O'Connell and his party to conceal the nature or extent of their pretensions and purposes; indeed, the arch-agitator has favoured the public with two or three voluminous letters, ostensibly addressed to Lord Duncannon, but intended, of course, to explain his opinions and sentiments to his admiring countrymen.

In these papers, Mr. O'Connell bestows the most violent abuse upon Lord Anglesey, Lord Plunket, and Lord Grey, especially on the latter, because he did not take the advice of Lord Duncannon, whose favourable opinion of the measure of giving O'Connell a high legal office is known. The Duke of Wellington, too, gets his share of the agitator's malevolence. Lord Duncannon, however, is in Dublin, and so is Mr. Littleton; and the death of Judge Jebb affords an opportunity for the collected wisdom at the Castle Council-Board to bid up for the agitator's favour. How Mr. Littleton feels in the midst of these proceedings it would be difficult to imagine. Mr. Cobbett has also joined the political circles in Dublin, and was received by a tag-rag-and-bob-tail

procession, which he affected to decline, but for which he was, in fact, panting. The newspapers mention that he is gone to Bray; surely he might have continued to do *that*, in London, without crossing the Channel.

While all these things are fermenting in Ireland, all Edinburgh has been boiling, in order to do honour to Lord Grey, who was invited to a grand dinner, his Grace the Duke of Hamilton in the chair. The Town Council bought him a gold box by subscription, and gave him the freedom of Edinburgh inclosed in it. Lord Roseberry, a most agreeable nobleman, took the chair—as the Duke of Hamilton was suddenly indisposed. The Scots nobility were represented by the Earl of Stair, and the English peerage by Lords Durham and Brougham. Of the cause of his quitting office, Lord Grey steered perfectly clear: and when Lord Brougham came to speak, he observed a precisely similar cautiousness himself. His Lordship begged his *friends* not to applaud or cheer him so much, as the noise drove all his ideas out of his head; and ended one of his comical rigmaroles by warning the people not to *go too fast* in the cause of Reform.

A great many toasts were given from the chair; and very late in the evening, some individual present proposed the health of Lord Durham, who made a regular attack upon Lord Brougham for his moderation, in which he was severally followed by Messrs. Ellice and Abercrombie, at which Brougham only laughed.

Recent Accidents.—Viscount Deerhurst, Lord Coventry's son, has met with a severe accident while shooting at Mr. Cockerell's. His Lordship received several shots in the face from the gun of a companion, which at first excited strong apprehensions for one of his eyes; we believe, however, that those fears were groundless.—Prince Puckler Muskau has shot a Colonel Somebody in the throat, because the Colonel fancied that the Prince referred to him in his last book. The Prince meant no such thing; but was much too brave and wise to say so to the Colonel: he therefore shot him in the throat first, and then explained how needless it was to have fought at all.

Slave Emancipation.—The accounts from our West Indian Colonies, we regret to say, are most unfavourable and alarming. Trinidad and Antigua were, when the last letters arrived, in a state of open revolt. It had been found necessary to resort to extreme measures in order to check the insurrection, and the whole of the white population were under arms. These results of slave emancipation have been so constantly foretold by persons perfectly well informed upon the subject, that, however dreadful the accounts may be, they excite no surprise whatever.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Sketch of the History of China, Ancient and Modern. By the Rev. C. Gutzlaff. 2 vols.

We have often regretted that Alexander the Great, when he subdued Persia and India, did not proceed due east. Had he reached the Chinese sea, instead of the Indian ocean, he might fairly sit down and cry because he had no more worlds to conquer; but when arrived on the confines of the oldest and largest civilized nation on the earth's surface, he turned aside, and proceeded in another direction. What additions would it not have made to the memoirs of his historians, Ptolemy Lagus and Aristobulus, who accompanied him; and what new views of ethics and politics would it not have afforded his preceptor Aristotle! How interesting it would have been to modern times to read in Arrian or Quintus Curtius, an account of the great wall of China, which Alexander would have come across, just as the builders were at work upon it! And how curious would it be to find that, when Babylon, Memphis, and Nineveh have perished, leaving scarce a wreck behind, Pekin, still more ancient than any of them, is now just the same as it was, and the people take their tea just as they did 2161 years ago! Nothing was known of this vast and populous kingdom, that boasts of its being a polished nation for 90,000 years, except that it sent silks to the Greeks and Romans, till about 600 years ago, when that extraordinary person Marco Polo visited the Khan of Tartary, and communicated to the European world some account of this wonderful empire among the *Speciosa Miracula* which he detailed. After him, Roman Catholic ecclesiastics were sent by the Pope to call within the pale of the Church one hundred million of lost souls, who walked only by the light of Confucius. They sent over details of what they heard and saw, and the learned Jesuit Du Halde, about 100 years ago, gave to the world, in four volumes folio, a "Description Historique, Géographique et Physique de l'Empire de la Chine." To this account little was added for some time. The Jesuits were suspected of interfering in the political concerns of China as in other countries, and they were banished; the religion they introduced, which had been freely tolerated, was proscribed, the churches pulled down, and 600,000 Christian converts compelled to abjure their new faith. The jealousy of the Chinese was now excited to an intense degree against all European connexion. The domination which the English had acquired in India particularly alarmed them; but it was hoped that our Embassy, sent thither to conciliate and explain matters, would induce them to open a communication, and the curiosities of this extraordinary country become accessible and familiar to all. But we reckoned, it seems, without our host—the hospitality we craved was not afforded—our ambassador and his suite were hardly allowed to land, and again ordered immediately to embark. Sir G. Staunton's splendid quartos afford no more information than a stranger could publish of England, who travelled from London to York and back again by the mail, and no knowledge was obtained or could be expected from people who, in the language of one of the party, "entered the country like paupers, were shut up in it like prisoners, and dismissed from it like vagabonds."

We have now, however, the account of a man who has for many years lived in the country, and whose education as a clergyman, not only gave a bias to his mind more literary, but a fund of information more extensive, than could be expected from a resident of any other class at Canton. The first volume of his work is occupied by geographical and historical details; which latter, notwithstanding their authenticity and antiquity, we think by far the most uninteresting portion of the work, as we do the Annals of Abyssinia by Bruce. Notwithstanding the claim to such high antiquity,

our author very justly supposed that the authentic history of the country cannot be traced beyond the era of Confucius 550 B. C. He begins, however, with a Pivan-Koo, and proceeds to the Heà Dynasty, 2207 B. C. This antediluvian era comprehends a succession of fourteen emperors, whose names are given in English and Chinese characters, with some sketch of their history. Among the princes which succeeded is a Yaou, in whose reign happened a flood which, according to the Chinese annals, covered up the mountains.

It is remarkable that the reign of Yaou is stated to have been in the year B.C. 2237, which accords very nearly with the era we assign for the deluge, and must therefore be a record of the same event, and so another collateral proof of it. The history is brought down to the present day, and becomes more interesting of course as it approaches our time. The last emperor, Kea-King, whose "whole reign was a concatenation of calamities," died in 1820, and was succeeded by Taou-Kwang, the present monarch, of whom our author prudently forbears to say anything, except his edict for mourning: among the formulæ are prescribed, that the ladies shall cut off their hair, and the men shall suffer theirs to grow, and that all writing for a certain time shall be in blue ink.

Having sketched this history, the author proceeds to the propagation of the gospel in China, with an account of the different sects there—the Nestorians, the Roman Catholics, and Protestants; and these latter were greatly assisted by the indefatigable Dr. Morrison, a missionary educated at the Dissenters' Hoxton Academy in England, who proceeded to China in 1807. In order to conciliate the natives, he took up his abode in a godoun, where he ate, drank, and slept—he let his nails grow, wore a tail, became expert in the use of chopsticks, walked about in a Chinese frock, and wore Chinese slippers. Finding, however, that those attempts to conciliate the natives failed, he resumed his European habits, and applied himself only to the study of the language, in which difficult task he made perhaps a greater proficiency than any other man born out of China. He began his labours as a missionary at Macao, by translating the Acts of the Apostles into Chinese, and invited some of the natives to attend religious meetings on Sunday evenings at his house, with which they were highly delighted. Thus he went on translating the New Testament in parts, till the Bible Society enabled him to complete the whole Scriptures. He was aided by another English missionary of the name of Milne, and some progress was made in converting to Christianity Chinese born at Malacca and other places, and an Anglo-Chinese college was established, for instructing twenty-six students. We are sorry to add, however, that but little progress has been made in China itself. Of many millions of people, but ten individuals have received the gospel in the town of Canton, which comprise the whole number of Christian converts to the Protestant faith. The work concludes with statements which just now are very interesting to the commercial, but not so to the literary world—an account of the emporiums of the different European nations, in the provinces and dependencies of the Chinese empire.

Though nothing can be more curious or interesting than the subject of the book, or more valuable than the information it contains as far it goes, we are sorry to say that it is so inartificially composed, and so loosely arranged, that we are at a loss where and when to look for and find it. We can glean, however, the following particulars:—With respect to the Government, it is an unmitigated despotism, and the religion an illimitable idolatry. The ancestors of the imperial family are placed on a par with the inhabitants of heaven, and in times of need or calamity, prayers and supplications are offered up to them, as to deities who rule the things of the earth, are the dispensers of good and evil to mankind, and can save whom they please from calamity and destruction. When a female has been raised to the rank of empress, an appeal is made to her, as to mother

Earth, and she attains the appellation of Mother of the Country. The reigning emperor acknowledges no sovereign above himself, but has the inherent divine right of setting up or deposing all others. All the kings and princes who repair to his court are obliged to perform abject obeisances, kneel three, and bow nine times, and koo-too, which means literally "knocking heads:" imperial officers are bound to do this homage to the very walls of the palace which contains the august person of the monarch, and sometimes to a yellow skreen which represents him. Records are kept of the imperial words, actions, and decrees—the first commemorates his sentiments and sayings, the second his practices, and the third his rescripts. It is from these materials that the history of the empire is composed. A new edition, with additions, appears in every reign, and the whole at present comprises 261 volumes. The descendants of the Imperial family in all their direct and collateral branches are carefully distinguished, like the descendants of Mahomet in Turkey—the former by a yellow sash and bridle, as the latter by a green turban.

The government is patriarchal, and the same absolute power which the sovereign uses to his governors is extended through every grade to those below them. This control makes men in office look sharp—they are made responsible for all the crimes committed under them, and if a rebellion breaks out it is presumed to arise from their negligence or misconduct, and the first step therefore is to cut off their heads, as bad fathers to their children. Their government of the people is paternal, and if they use the severity so they do the care of a parent; they read sermons to them, and are obliged to practise what they preach, for it is expected that they will be models of moral virtue, and perfect examples for those below them to imitate. It would be well for some European nations, if it was indispensable in the character of a public officer that he should be an example of correct morals to all over whom he exercises an authority. We should not see common decency outraged by the profligate conduct of men in high places, of whom nothing is expected but the mere routine of their official duties—whether they be adulterers, duellists, or gamblers, is never taken into the account.

Their religion is an interminable polytheism, in which there are many classical usages. There are gods of all the regions in nature, the principal of which are the azure Heaven and mother Earth, to whom the Emperor erects temples, and sacrifices to propitiate, as the ancients did to Cœlum and Terra. Besides these, prayers and victims are offered up to the inventors of useful arts. They have their inventors of agriculture, whom the Emperor adores, as the Greeks and Romans did Ceres and Triptolemus; and those of silk, at whose shrine the Empress worships. Keen-Lung went still further: he had gods presiding over his city walls, standards, arms, and particularly his cannon, and to whose care they were specially entrusted. To ensure their fidelity, he offered to them a bullock, a sheep, a hog, baskets of fruit, incense candles, and silk, and appointed military officers as appropriate priests to officiate at their altars. Though the disciples of Confucius are recognized as the only orthodox people, they recognize the Bhuddists and other idolaters, so far as to receive and sacrifice to their idols; and, like the reproach of the Athenians, adopt the deities of all people, and erect altars to every unknown god.

As they have no hope beyond the grave, they run into the greatest excess in mourning for the dead. They sorrow with the most persevering grief, and the most minute rules are prescribed to express it. They build their tombs in the form of a horse-shoe, on which is inscribed the name of the deceased; they erect a tablet in their dwelling-house to commemorate him; and, above all, divine honours are paid to his memory in their temples, and he who they suppose has for ever ceased to exist they dignify as an immortal god.

As the celebrity of female authors is one of the distinguishing charac-

teristics of the present day in England, we shall conclude with an extract of a learned Chinese lady, as it contains also some curious traits of female notions of conjugal obedience. Pau-hiong-pau was the sister of the historian Paukoo.

"She was descended from an ancient noble family, and excelled in learning as well as in modesty. Married to one of the literati, she acquitted herself of the duties of a wife and a mother so excellently, that she became a pattern for all succeeding ages."

After assisting in several very learned works, her family suffered misfortunes, and she was taken into the imperial palace, to instruct the Empress.

"In this capacity she wrote her instructions for females, comprised in seven rules, in which she asserts that the female sex is the lowest of the human species, and that to them belongs the execution of inferior duties. Formerly, when a daughter was born, she was laid on the ground in rags, where she was for three days forgotten and neglected. On the third day, the father presented her to the family, while he laid before her some bricks, her only toys. Think on the degraded state, young ladies, which nature has assigned to you, and fulfil your duties accordingly. But the daughter does not always remain a daughter: she becomes a wife; and in that state she must show the most implicit obedience to her lord,—her all belongs to him. Her husband possesses unbounded liberty. He may marry, during the life of his wife, or after her death, as many wives as he pleases; but, in a woman, a second marriage is criminal. She must obey the relatives of her husband; and even when repudiated and neglected, she ought still to love and obey her husband."

These sentiments of a learned Chinese lady on the duties of a wife, we submit to the consideration of our fair countrywomen.

Romance of Real Life. By the Author of "Mothers and Daughters."

Those who wish to collect a cheap and extensive library, never can have greater facilities for the purpose than is afforded by the publishers of the present day—and out of multitudes of books offered for sale, a valuable selection may be easily made. Mrs. Gore's Novels have attained a deserved popularity, and her talents have been recognized by the reading public both at home and abroad. It has been urged by many of our contemporaries that she has written too much—and we ourselves have often regretted her writing so frequently on the same subject—but if there was not a continuing taste for her compositions, they would not be published and read, as they undoubtedly are. Mrs. Gore's position in society enables her to depict the follies and habits of fashionable life from actual observation; and her quick perceptions, and accurate knowledge of human nature has operated so as to render whatever she does of intrinsic value. This is the secret why her delineations of high life interest and amuse, while the productions of inferior pens sink into oblivion. Genius illumes whatever it touches with its magic wand. And no one ever disputed that Mrs. Gore was a woman of decided genius.

We hope the publication of "Colburn's Modern Novelists" will continue to succeed, as it gives forth many excellent works at an exceedingly moderate price.

A Plea for Ireland: the Outline of a Proposition for holding the Court and Parliament at occasional Intervals in Dublin. By Thomas Bish, Esq., M.P.

A great portion of the population of Ireland, and by far the most influential and respectable portion, had entertained an opinion that the Legislative Union with England would be the greatest calamity that could afflict their country; they have now, however, lived long enough to know that there is a still greater which may possibly happen, and that is, the repeal of it. This change of opinion does not arise from any very important

benefits conferred by the measure. An obliteration of dissension—an amalgamation of parties—an increasing sense of security—an amelioration of the condition of the lower, and an augmentation of the wealth of the upper classes,—these, and similar promised improvements, have not taken place, at least to the extent which the advocates of the measure had anticipated, and the change of opinion in their opponents is not founded on the conviction of the benefits it has conferred; but they now see that, for themselves and for the established order of things in Ireland, there is but one mean of security, and that is, the present legislative connexion with England. The fearful state to which a faction has now reduced the population of that country,—the excitements that have been applied to their worst passions,—the awful state of demoralization to which they have been brought,—the bands of assassins that have been secretly organized,—and the worse than savage murders which have been openly perpetrated,—are appalling proofs that they are rendered *unfit to be trusted* with domestic legislation; that the great mass of the people in the southern provinces are mere machines in the hands of this faction, who have only to issue their mandates when to murder their opponents and when to forbear.

A resident parliament now elected, they well know, would not be the representatives of the people, but the nominees of an individual, and that their first act would be the proscription of every Protestant institution, and the persecution of every Protestant man in the country. We are not Tories; our political opinions have been always liberal. They are not often obtruded on the public, except when considerations of the highest moment call them forth. We do not now speak lightly or unadvisedly, but we know we are uttering the opinions of those in Ireland, who have been the most forward advocates of freedom and toleration. We consider the present situation of Ireland as most perilous. A cunning, desperate, and indefatigable demagogue has acquired a fearful ascendency over the minds of some of his reckless countrymen; he has bound to him nearly half the representatives of the people, who are the creatures of his breath, and the mere tools of his designs; the Ministers of the Crown, whom he has cajoled and laughed at, are hourly increasing this ascendency by truckling to his will and making all their measures for Ireland subservient to his approbation and revision; and the question of repeal is becoming every day more popular, because it seems more probable, since the very Ministers submit themselves to the domination of a man who avows his determination to effect it. Before it be too late, we would warn them against this dangerous connexion. If they wish to still effectually the clamour for repeal, they must put down, and keep down, with a strong hand, as they did before, the man and his faction by whom it is kept up. Not only the tolerant and liberal of one persuasion, but the enlightened and independent of the other, acknowledge this. Lord Oxmantown, long the unchanging Protestant friend of civil and religious freedom, has declared that the country is reduced to such a state that it is "safer to break the laws than to obey them;" and Mr. Lambert, the Roman Catholic representative of Wexford, that "in every parish there are two, or even one desperate fellow, who dictates to the rest, and calls himself the people."

In this state of things, Mr. Bish comes forward with his proposal to hold Parliaments occasionally in Ireland, which certainly would have the many advantages which he enumerates. It would, by taking away the excuse and temptation of residing in England, create a motive for remaining at home, and remove the bane of the country and that great handle and cause of disaffection, *absenteeism*,—an evil whose momentous consequences will be appreciated, if Mr. Sadler's statement in the House of Commons be true, that *nineteen-twentieths* of the landed property in Ireland belong at present to absentees. Among the evils of minor consequence which it would remedy, is "the system of coarse invective and personal abuse which

has recently sprung up, and which is practised with unsparing violence on all public occasions." The effects of this foul and brutal vulgarity, which is an innovation lately introduced among an assembly of educated gentlemen, was hitherto restrained by that responsibility which every man owed to the wounded feelings of others; but its author repudiates all such responsibility, and is equally callous to the reputation of want of courage, as want of courtesy. If parliaments were to be holden occasionally in Dublin, the justice as well as the coarseness of the charge made against English members could be fairly appreciated. "They would be brought together in the same arena, and the people would see and judge between them. It would no longer be said that the English legislators passed laws in ignorance, or that the Irish representatives, after being defeated in the British Parliament, returned home like martyrs to an injured people, in whose cause they had fruitlessly struggled against superior power." This we think would be an important point gained. The present deceptive practice on the credulity of some of our sister's children is much facilitated by the distance, and the representatives they send return home with all the advantages of practising on their ignorance, having all their falsehoods believed, and the very vulgarity of their invectives applauded, as proofs of a just and necessary indignation.

Mr. Bish sums up the whole advantages of the measure in eight propositions—viz., recall the absentees—banish the middle men—stimulate trade and industry—induce investment of English capital—retrench the army and police establishments—establish among the Irish the calumniated character of English Legislatures—check the immigration of the labouring poor into England—and lastly, and though last not least, make the Irish obedient to laws, to the passing of which they themselves were parties and witnesses. In conclusion we may add, that though we do not exactly concur with the author in saying that "if we do not adopt the measure, repeal *may* become unavoidable," yet we concur with him in thinking "that if we do, it *must* become unnecessary."

History of British Costume.

This very useful volume is the production of the distinguished writer and dramatist, Planché: we know of none who could undertake a work of this description with greater certainty of success. Mr. Planché's attention to costume has already been of great service to many a manager, who, without his aid, would have confounded Celts and Greeks, and dressed William the Conqueror, for aught we know, in a blue frock-coat and Wellington boots. We have now, within the compass of a small volume, a description of the costume of every period, from the ancient British down to the present time, illustrated by 374 engravings. This fact alone will point out the inestimable value of such a book to the painter, the dramatist, the author, and all who desire information on a subject so intimately connected with history. Mr. Planché has also affixed a list of the authors on this interesting subject whose works he has consulted, and where those who require more extensive information may seek and find it. We hardly know whether to congratulate the gentleman most upon the application or the judgment he has evinced. The work must add considerably to his reputation.

Ladies' Botany; or, a Familiar Introduction to the Study of a Natural System of Botany. By J. Lindley, P.H.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. &c.

The march of mind is an expression not ill-adapted to mark the progress we are daily making in science and literature, when we every now and then look back and see how far we have left our predecessors behind us. When this is done with a sense of respect and obligation to those who have helped us on our way, and by whose means we have attained our ad-

vanced position, it is all right and as it should be; but when we turn only to express our contempt, and because we think we have passed them by a single step, affect to despise their " lame and impotent" attempts, it only evinces our own arrogance, without at all proving that the step we are taking may not be a false one. It is with pain we see this daily exemplified. Lavoisier, the father of modern chemistry, and the great discoverer of oxygen as a principle of combustion and acidity, we have heard called, with contemptuous pity, *poor* Lavoisier, because some late discoveries seem to restrain its general application; and Linnæus, the great parent of modern botany, whose system is and has been justly considered as the most simple and perfect that ever was invented, we have heard, in the same spirit, called *poor* Linnæus, because, in the vast vegetable world, a few individual plants did not exactly coincide with his general classification.

We do not say that Mr. Lindley has spoken so discourteously of the man to whom his science is so much indebted; but, in the work before us, he endeavours to overturn his whole system, and substitute another, for the insufficient reason that we have assigned—namely, because a species of the genus *polygonum* has not the exact number of stamina that would entitle it to a place in the class *Octandria!* We consider this, and a few such defects, not in the system, but in the science; and we are only astonished that, in the vast fecundity of nature, and incomprehensible variety of her vegetable works, any single man could have brought within the grasp of the human mind such wonderful order and regularity. We will suppose for a moment the whole vegetable kingdom lying before us, and we wish to find out the name of a single plant of the one hundred thousand which we see. To attempt this in the chaos under our eye by any ordinary method would be utterly hopeless; but by a reference to the admirable invention of Linnæus, the thing is rendered perfectly simple and easy to an ordinary capacity. He has divided the whole world of plants into twenty-four classes, with characters so distinct, and names so expressive, that they can be perfectly learned in as many hours. At the first glance there, the plant is seen to belong to one of those to which the inquiry is confined, and the rest are excluded from the search. By a similar process it is reduced to an order and a genus, and finally to a species; and the individual you wish to know is immediately distinguished among the one hundred thousand by the most brief and simple process, but by the most distinct and unerring characters. That there are exceptions to these admirable rules is true, and our astonishment is that they are so few. To suppose any possible system without them would be to libel the magnificent variety of nature, and to expect from art that " faultless monster that the world ne'er saw," nor ever will see.

The natural system which Mr. Lindley and other botanists propose to substitute for this, is not advancing, but retrograding. It is not a new invention, like that of Linnæus, but a revival of old methods, which were exploded by his better discovery. What was good and available in the natural system before his time Linnæus availed himself of. The *Cruciform* tribe coincided with his class *Tetradynamia*, and it was beautiful to contemplate how he made art and nature walk hand in hand in his system; but Mr. Lindley has dissolved this union. His divisions are into *Protea* tribe and *Amaranth* tribe: his reference is, not to the intrinsic character of the plant, but to the resemblance it bears to some other; and besides being altogether vague, it may be, and often is, an *ignotum per ignotius*. Nor is it always safe to the student. He learns that the umbellate tribe are wholesome and aromatic: he finds on the banks of a river the *Œnanthe crocata;* he eats it, in order to ascertain what it is, and he poisons himself!

In conclusion, we beg to observe that our objections are not to Mr. Lindley, but to his method. We wish, indeed, he would not fall into egotisms, by quoting himself, and referring to " my Introduction to the ' Natural System of Botany,' published in 1830." Still we think him an active

and useful Professor in the University of London, and hope his pupils may profit by his knowledge, though we do not approve of the method by which he conveys it.

A Companion and Key to the History of England. By George Fisher.

Of this elaborate compilation, which has awaited our critical sentence for a longer period than it is our custom to permit such delay, we are enabled to say that it is a copious and carefully-edited digest of genealogical details, undertaken for the purpose of affording to the student of English history a safe clue through the Cretan labyrinth of Royal genealogy, where he might else wander forlorn, and lose his labour besides. The whole stream of English kingly descent, from its remotest origin to its present course, is here mapped out before us in one general view; nor is the least of its connexions and ramifications—its subsidiary branches and collateral channels—omitted in the prospect. A full series of genealogical charts, illustrative of the several dynasties and the families emanating from them, is given in corroboration of the design; and thus the mysteries of state alliance are laid open to the ordinary historic reader, who, referring hither, shall no longer need to be puzzled by those numerous instances of the "illustrious obscure" which he had before to encounter on his way.

Memoirs of Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri.

Among all the singular productions of the press which the present day, distinguished as it is for singularity in every branch of art, literature, and science, has yet presented to our notice, we do not remember to have seen anything more entertaining, from its originality, than the work which bears the above singular title. It contains the true Quixotism of oryctology,—the transcendental philosophy of the study of organic remains,—the finest sublimation yet on record of that exciting spirit of curiosity which induces men to pierce the solid mountain, or to descend into the threatening gulf, in quest of the traces of extinct animal existence,—and to do justice to its pages would require a critic influenced in no slight degree by the same feeling of which their author is so liberally possessed. Every reader of the "Penny Magazine" is well aware that, among the argillo-calcareous formations of the west of England, exists one commonly known by the name of blue lias, which abounds with the skeletons of a peculiar family of creatures, intermediate in their formation between the fish and the lizard. To these singular inhabitants of a long-perished world, known to the scientific by the names of *Ichthyosauri* and *Plesiosauri*, Mr. Hawkins has attached himself with a degree of love and admiration which, to those unacquainted with his work, would appear perfectly incredible. One of the highest objects of existence seems, in his estimation, to be the extrication of an extinct saurian from its matrix; and one of the noblest efforts of intellect to be displayed in the subsequent development of its structure. Nay, his very slumbers appear to be fevered by visions of gigantic lizards with portentous necks and sail-broad paddles,—of *pterodactyli*, *iguanodons*, and all those other chimeras dire which, known in former times but to the imagination of the poet and painter, the labours of modern geologists have laid in actual presence before us. The natural consequence of an imagination so far heated, and a mind left to run wild after its favourite pursuit, is, that Mr. Hawkins gives such free way to his philo-saurian bias, that we are led at times seriously to consider in what light the extent of its influence upon its possessor would be viewed by the unphilosophical High Court of Chancery, in the event of his appearing before them under the rather unpleasant introduction of a Commission of Lunacy. Yet, with all this, there is a great deal of talent in Mr. Hawkins's work, absurd as in many parts it unquestionably is, and too many

veins of rich and original description are dispersed among its contents, to allow us to doubt for a moment of the sanity of his reason, or the real energy his mind would display if once brought under the rein of common sense and moderation. Enthusiasm, moreover, however it may at times be an object of contempt to the dull and sordid spirit, can never be wholly unrespected by those who remember that to this powerful spring of human action we owe those discoveries which, from time to time, have immortalised their authors, by ameliorating the condition or extending the intellectual powers of mankind. The misdirection of the quality is a circumstance purely accidental, in many instances a consideration of mere convention alone; or, to take up the very weakest position of defence of which it is capable, it is at least a hundred-fold better than common-place dulness and spiritless uniformity.

Mr. Hawkins, however, is not to be considered in the light of an enthusiast alone: he has contrived to lead a sparkling stream of humour through the dark region of his occult researches, which the most unimaginative reader may enjoy; and at intervals, a flash of quaint and truly original humour plays about his descriptions which is closely allied to the curious wit of the early French essayists. He has decidedly a talent for delineating the ludicrous, and manages to blend it so successfully with parts of his subject, as to render his chisellings and extrications of saurians from the divers clays and limestones in which they are deposited an occupation of far greater interest than might at first be supposed. Into the purely scientific part of his work it is not our intention to enter at present, simply because few of our readers would be interested in knowing the precise number of vertebræ which compose the back of that concisely-named creature, the *Ichthyosaurus chiroparamekostinus*, or the paddle of that animal of equally euphonious designation, the *Plesiosaurus tessarestarsostinus*; nor have we at present space to spare for the anatomical portraiture of these prepossessing objects. We cannot, however, omit a dialogue between two brother excavators, which will be considered no contemptible specimen of Mr. Hawkins's wit, whatever may be thought of the objects of his pursuits and investigations: it may safely be compared with anything from the pen of Waterton—a kindred spirit, we may remark *en passant*, with our saurian oryctologist.

SCENE—A Quarry near Glastonbury.—*Rusticus loquitur.*

" 'I wonder what tes.'

'O, a viery dragon, a-maa-bee.'

'One that stinged Moses, a-maa-be-hæ.'

'Here's at un'—A tremendous blow with the mallet.

'How he do zound; I wonder if the stwoone be holler.'—Another tremendous blow.

'Tes vire stwoone—vire stwoone is terrible hard—het un agean, Jack.'

" Oh my Triatarsostinus! broke in half.

'There's hes baak bwoone.'

'An thers hes ribs.'

'Have her got a hed?'—A blow follows the question that breaks the head and neck—or rather the slab, for the skeleton was buried in the centre of the stone—to eleven pieces.

'No; noré bet o' a head—noo zine o' one o' hes eys.'

'Dosten het un in the right pleaze.'

'Hang the twood.'—Another miserable blow that separates the tail part.

'What ell Measter Haakins zay.'

'Oh, we can tell un that we didn't know what twere and waanted to zee a bit.'

May heaven forgive me!—*Magnis componere parva*—I have never forgiven the Goths that sacked the Eternal City, the infamous Caliph that destroyed the Alexandrian Library, nor these men: when I came to Street so opportunely, they had thrown away nearly the whole of the two anterior paddles, and the whole of the posterior right one—they had reduced the fine flag-stone to nearly thirty pitiful pieces, and stabbed the bones as a Spanish matadore does a bull—all over. But I

should congratulate myself upon such fortune as fell to my lot, and thank the stars and cholera that it was no worse, as (had I not arrived at that very four o'clock in the afternoon) how unhappy! Brum had resolved to chisel away the surface of the stone, never dreaming that the process would have swept away the stone too!"

We have merely to add that the numerous plates are prepared in the first style of lithography.

LITERARY REPORT.

The set for the present month of "Colburn's Modern Novelists" comprises the first series of Mr. Hook's well-known sketches of society called "Sayings and Doings." The other two series having previously appeared in the same collection, the lovers of social humour and character may now acquire at a very easy rate the nine volumes in which the whole of these sketches are contained.

Pryse L. Gordon, Esq., the Author of "Personal Memoirs, or Reminiscences of Men and Manners during the last Half Century," &c., has just completed a work on Belgium and Holland.

Lieutenant Holman, the celebrated Blind Traveller, has nearly completed the second volume of his singular Voyage round the World.

Mr. Alexander Walker has in the press the "Analysis and Classification of Beauty in Woman," to be illustrated by Drawings from the life, by Henry Howard, R.A.

Mr. William Wordsworth is about to publish a new volume of poems.

The Estate and House-Buyers' Manual, or a Guide to the Man of Property in the Purchase of Houses and Estates, is in the Press.

Mr. Shaw Turner is preparing a second volume of his "Sacred History of the World," which will be published about Christmas.

The forthcoming volume of Heath's Picturesque Annual will illustrate the Tales, Romances, and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, from Drawings by Geo. Cattermole, Esq.

Friendship's Offering, for 1835, will appear on the 1st of November, with an array of highly-finished Engravings, after Paintings by Challon, Parris, Wood, Purser, Stone, Barrett, and other eminent artists.

The Comic Offering, edited by Miss Sheridan, will be published at the same time, embellished with upwards of sixty humorous designs from the pencils of Cruikshank, Crowquill, Seymour, Grant, &c.

Mr. Roscoe, author of the Landscape Annual, and the Life of Silvio Pellico, prefixed to his "Duties of Men," is preparing for the press a little work on the interesting and useful subject of Woman's Duties, considered in her social relations with respect to existing times and circumstances, and the right direction of her influence on man's individual and social character.

"The Country Town" will form the fifth number of the series of Treatises on Domestic Economy, now publishing by the Rev. Chas. B. Tayler, under the title of "Social Evils and their Remedy," and will appear early this month.

Observations on the Preservation of Hearing, and on the choice, use, and abuse of Ear-Trumpets, &c., are preparing for publication, by J. H. Curtis, Esq., aurist to the King.

A new volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Thomas Arnold, D.D., is in the press.

The Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister will be ready for Publication about the middle of the present month.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Deity, a Poem, in Twelve Books, by Thomas Ragg, with Introductory Essay, by Isaac Taylor. 12mo. 8s.

Narrative of a Passage from Bombay to England, by Capt. W. Bourchier, R.N. 12mo. 5s.

Memoirs of American Missionaries, with an Essay by the Rev. G. Struthers. 18mo. 3s.

The Posthumous Works of the late William M'Gavin. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

The American Indians: Illustrations of the Costumes and Manners. 18mo. 3s.

Sketches, by Mrs. Sijourney. 18mo. 3s.

The Literary Life and Miscellanies of John Galt. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Lyell's Geology. 3rd edition. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s.

Hints to regulate the Intercourse of Christians, by W. B. Sprague, D.D. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

France, Social, Literary, and Political, by Henry L. Bulwer, Esq., M.P. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

The Domestic and Financial Condition of Great Britain, by G. Browning. 8vo. 16s.

The Dublin Journal of Medical and Chemical Science, No. XVI. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Mathematical Researches, Part I., by G. B. Jerrard, B.A. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

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FINE ARTS.

The outward passage of the season has been felt by the Fine Arts; but energetic preparations are making for its return. The winter exhibition of the British Artists is about to open; and the gay annuals are giving tokens of their approach. Next month they will be in full blossom. As yet we have seen only specimens of "Heath's Picturesque Annual," containing a series of most delicious prints, after Cattermole, the subjects being those Scottish scenes to which Scott has given immortality. "The Book of Beauty" is also in progress, and we have seen some of its embellishments—they are of surpassing excellence; and we doubt not, under the fostering care of the Countess of Blessington, this volume will be, as it was last year, the most prosperous of the numerous annual family. "The Amulet" is also announced as likely to maintain its reputation.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

The *Queen's Champion* is understood to have been adapted from the French by Mrs. Charles Gore. The original is very delightful. The French writer, M. Scribe, has a charming faculty of sentiment and humour. It is light, but almost always true. In his pleasant pieces we pass through every variety of character and expression; now ease and *abandon*,—now the most lively playfulness,—now the most comic humour,—now very touching pathos. His grace and rapidity of movement are astonishing. Then his fertility of invention, his extensive resources of incident and plot, of surprises and escapes, and never tiring situations, are more marvellous still. Almost all these characteristics more or less are lightly touched in his *Salvoisy, ou l'Amoureux de la Reine*. Its incident is given as a passage in the life of Marie Antoinette. In her days of triumph and haughty happiness she is passionately loved by Salvoisy, a young French noble, but on his avowing this passion, she spurns him. Madness is the result; and through its five long years he is attended by a young peasant girl with the most unshrinking devotion. Louisa loves him; he had loved her before his ill-fated passion sprung up, and, indeed, traces of it still linger round his fantastic attention to her as the Queen,—for the poor girl is content rather to submit to the ghastliness of these than to be unnoticed wholly. This struggle of emotions is very affectingly pourtrayed. But meanwhile the dreadful reverses of the time fell on Marie Antoinette. She is hunted by the blood-hounds of the republic. Formed by nature for happiness and joy, the most horrid chances of society overwhelm her. The grand interest of the piece nows turns on effecting a temporary escape for her from her pursuers. This is managed by Salvoisy, whom she restores to reason, as she had once deprived him of it, and who effects it by reason of his being still considered mad.

The plot is admirably calculated for stage effect, and kept up with great ingenuity and vivacity to the end. Mrs. Gore's version is not improved by her departure from the original; but altogether it does credit to her accomplishments. Mrs. Nesbett's radiant eyes cast a genuine and most lovely lustre on the triumphs and sorrows of the French Queen. Mrs. Humby entirely marred poor Louise; her performance was wretched; she spoke and she looked more like Mrs. Slip-slop than the divine Jeanie Deans from whom the idea of the character is taken. The objection of the "Examiner," it must be confessed, is forcible, as to the omission of the Dauphin's name from the affected passport. Without her son, Marie Antoinette would never have gone; with him, under such a passport, she could not. It would have been much better in all respects, considering our uneasy

sense of the last distressing fate under which Marie Antoinette sinks for ever, if the piece had finished with her capture. A fine point might have been made by suffering her at first, in the hurry of her emotions, to avail herself of the chance, and by then bringing her back in phrenzy to regain her son.

This is the only novelty we have had here. *Married Life*, in its great successes, swallows up all necessity for further exertion.

NEW ENGLISH OPERA.

We are very glad to observe the continued and very deserved success of this charming theatre. The *Mountain Sylph* attracts very large houses, and it is generally very pleasantly succeeded. Mr. Peake's *Climbing Boy* ought to be acted often; it is full of humour and humanity.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE. FOURTH MEETING—AT EDINBURGH.

Monday, Sept. 8.—The meeting was opened with an address from the President, Professor Sedgwick, who gave an outline of the objects of the Association, and paid some well-merited compliments to the learned individual, Sir Thomas Brisbane, who was about to succeed him in the Chair. The learned Professor proceeded to expatiate on the advantages of an Association of this nature, and to combat the objections that had been urged against them.

Sir Thomas Brisbane took the chair, and congratulated the Association on its present state of prosperity, and hoped its advantages would extend to the remotest parts of the globe. Professor Forbes afterwards read a lengthened report relative to the proceedings of the Association at their former meetings, and gave an outline of the different subjects under discussion, mentioning the names of individuals by whom Reports in their respective departments were drawn up.

Tuesday, Sept. 9.—The Treasurer stated that the number of tickets issued to new members on the present occasion amounted to 800. The Association at its commencement at York numbered 350 members; at Oxford, 700; at Cambridge, last year, they reached 1400; and now they amounted to 2200, which would to-morrow be increased to 2400.

Professor Whewell read the Report of the section of Mathematics and General Physics, from which it appeared that they had been discussing the subjects of Capillary Attraction, Comets, certain doctrines of heat, &c. &c., and in which Dr. Robison, Professor Moll, Professor Whewell, Professor Powell, and M. Arago took a prominent part.

Dr. Dalton, in the absence of Dr. Hope, read a report of the Chemical Section; the most particular part of which was a discussion which had arisen out of certain experiments made by Dr. Daubeney, on the nature of gas from thermal water.

Professor Jameson read the report of the Geological and Geographical Section, which principally embodied a discussion as to the stratification of various minerals, particularly granite. Dr. Boase, Professor Sedgwick, Mr. Greenough, and Professor Phillips, severally explained their views on these points, on which there appeared to be a considerable difference of opinion.

Professor Graham read the report of the Section on Natural History, which stated that a Report of Mr. Jennings containing preliminary observations on the vertebræ of animals had been under discussion. This report, which seemed to be the section most luminous, began by noticing

the arrangements by Linnæus and his followers, and afterwards entered into the internal arrangement of animals as contained in the works of Cuvier.

Professor Hooker then read the first part of a paper giving an account of an excursion in Quito, and to Chimborazo, along with Captain Hall, and contained allusions to the state of vegetation in that neighbourhood.

Dr. Abercrombie, Chairman of the Section of Anatomy and Medicine, read the relative report; which set forth that, among other business, a paper had been read by Dr. Allison on the dependence between the muscular irritability and the nervous influence.

Sir Charles Lemon reported the proceedings of the Section of Statistics, from which it appeared that Colonel Sykes, one of the deputy chairmen of that Section, had some statistical returns as to the Deccan, which, however, were not as yet in a fit state for publication.

Professor Robison, of Armagh, then addressed the company at considerable length on the subject of "Comets," and concluded by giving a most scientific analysis of the various theories on this abstruse subject.

Wednesday, Sept. 10.—Reports of the proceedings of the different sections through the day were read by the following gentlemen:—Professor Whewell, mathematics; Professor Christison, chemistry; Lord Greenock, geography and geology; Professor Graham, natural history; Abercrombie, medicine; and Sir Charles Lemon, statistics. These reports appeared, in general, to be little more than minutes of papers read in the various Sections.

In the chemical department, a paper was read by Dr. Charles Williams, on a new law of combustion, showing that certain bodies are inflamed at a temperature as low as 35 degrees of Fahrenheit. Dr. Daubeney read a paper on the comparative degrees of heat in coal, tar and splint coal, showing that though tar may be used as fuel, it is not superior to coal.

In geography and geology, Mr. Stephenson's report as to the change in the relative level of land and water was read. Other papers, principally geological, were read, and particularly one by Lord Greenock, on the coal strata of Scotland.

In the natural history department, the principal subject of discussion related to the height at which certain species of vegetation exist.

In medicine, there were only a few papers read, which did not seem to call forth any remarks of importance.

In statistics, an article was read on the advantage of infant schools, and a conversation took place on the difficulty of ascertaining the exact amount of the earnings of the poor.

Thursday, Sept. 11.—A paper was read by Professor Rennie, on the subject of hydraulics, embracing some notices of the river Thames, previous to the erection of the New London Bridge. Mr. Philip read a paper on a new form of a dipping needle, whereby errors regarding the centre of gravity could be corrected. Professor Robison made some observations on the Edinburgh Observatory, showing the necessity of some scientific improvements.

Dr. Christison reported the proceedings of the Chemical Section, the most important part of the business of which appeared to have been a discussion on chemical notation, introduced by Mr. Johnston. The subject was referred to the Committee, with a view of introducing a uniform system of chemical notation.

Lord Greenock reported the proceedings of the Section of Geology and Geography. Mr. Nicol read a paper on the subject of the structure of fossil wood, explained the general results of his observations, and showed his method of making thin sections of fossil wood. Professor Traill read a paper on fossil remains found in Orkney.

Professor Graham reported from the Section of Natural History. Mr. Selby read a lengthened notice of the birds observed and obtained during an excursion in Sutherlandshire, and on the structure and use of the orbital

glands. Sir William Jardine also read a paper on the various species of the genus Salmo, collected during the same tour, exhibiting the specimens and drawings. Mr. Trevelyan read a notice on the distribution of the phenogamous plants of the Faro Islands. A paper was read by Mr. J. G. Delvell on the propagation of Scottish zoophytes, illustrated by many beautiful drawings. He stated that he had kept some of these alive in his house for several years. Dr. Arnott read a paper on the Cocculus Indicus of commerce: and Mr. Murray made some observations on his success in cultivating Phormium tenax.

Dr. Roget reported the proceedings of the Section of Anatomy and Medicine.

Colonel Sykes reported from the Statistical Section, the discussion in which had been the subject of the new Statistical Account of Scotland.

Mr. Brunel reported the proceedings of the Sub-section of Mathematics.

Dr. Buckland then gave an interesting and amusing lecture on rare and extinct species of fossil reptiles, which he illustrated with drawings.

Friday, Sept. 12.—Mathematical and Physical Section—Professor Robison, of Armagh, read the report. Dr. Knight had exhibited to the Section a method for rendering the vibrations of heated metals visible to the eye. Mr. Russell read an account of some experiments relative to the traction of boats on canals. Sir David Brewster gave the results of a series of experiments on the reflection from the surface of crystals when in a state of solution. Sir Thomas Brisbane made some remarks on a siliceous sand found in New South Wales, from which glass of a superior quality is manufactured.

Professor Christison read the report of the Section of Chemistry, in which papers on various subjects connected with the science were read by Mr. Harcourt, Dr. Clark, Sir David Brewster, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Kemp.

Professor Phillips reported from the Section of Geography and Geology; in which, among other papers, Mr. James Bryce read a notice of some bones found in a cavern near the Giant's Causeway. A paper was also read on the geology of the Pentland Hills. Mr. Murchison read a paper on the fossil fishes found in the old red sandstone of England, and also in Forfarshire and other counties of Scotland. Dr. Traill announced that the fossil fishes which he had brought from Orkney had been that morning inspected by M. Agassis, who had discovered among them five new species. M. Agassis also gave an account of certain fossils found in the quarries near Burdiehouse, which he conceived at first to be reptiles; but which were in reality fishes, partaking of the character of reptiles. This is a remarkable fact, brought for the first time under the notice of science.

Professor Graham read the report of the Section of Natural History. In this section Dr. Traill made some observations on a new species of thrush found in Brabant. Mr. Pentland concluded his observations on the remains of a variety of the human race in South America which are now extinct. This race had inhabited the district from the 16th to the 19th degree of southern latitude.

Medicine.—Dr. Abercrombie enumerated the various papers which had been read in this Section, and then took occasion to express the gratification which himself and others had felt during the present meeting.

Colonel Sykes reported from the Section of Statistics. Here Mr. Drinkwater stated the progress which had been made by the Statistical Society of London, which now consisted of 400 members connected with every part of the kingdom. Captain Maconochie read a long and interesting paper on the population and state of crime in France.

Mr. Whewell then delivered a lecture on several interesting phenomena connected with the tides.

Professor Sedgwick went at some length into a general review of the results of the labours in the Geological and Geographical Section during the week.

Saturday, Sept. 13.—The last meeting was held in the hall of the College Library. When the business commenced, the hall was respectably filled. The Lord Chancellor was present.

The President announced that the next meeting was to be held at Dublin, on the 10th day of August, 1835; Provost Lloyd, of Trinity College, Dublin, to be President.

The Rev. Vernon Harcourt, General Secretary of the Association, then read a long Report, embracing, in a general view, the principal topics which had been discussed during the week, and the objects to which they wished the attention of the members to be directed during the ensuing year. He also read a list of contributions from the Association, for promoting several scientific pursuits.

Dr. Buckland proposed the thanks of the Association to the Patrons and Officers of the University, for the handsome and liberal way in which they had given them the use of the rooms in the University. The motion was seconded by the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

Professor Sedgwick, in proposing the thanks of the Association to M. Arago and the other distinguished strangers who had visited them, made some pertinent and eloquent remarks upon the advantages of science in soothing the prejudices of different nations, and linking together learned men of all countries. He paid a high compliment to the merits of M. Arago, and sat down amidst great applause.

The Lord Chancellor rose, amidst loud cheering, to second the motion. After apologizing for not sooner appearing at the meetings of the Association, which he said was attributable to accident, he remarked that he understood he owed the honour of seconding the motion of his Rev. and Learned Friend to the circumstance—one of the proudest in his life—that he was a member of the National Institute of France. It had been often remarked that war was a game at which, if the people were wise, Governments would not often play; and he might add, that in encouraging and fostering the exertions of men of science, who were of no party, and over whom the angry tempests of war passed innocuous, a Government was taking the best means to facilitate that which ought ever to be their chief aim—peace on earth, and goodwill among men. He might remark also, that, as among individuals, the older they grew, they became the more sensible that life was too short to be spent in personal quarrels, so he was happy to say that the world was now too old, and too experienced, for neighbouring states to engage in war with little or no ground of quarrel. A great part of this softening influence was to be attributed to science, which formed a bond of brotherhood between learned men of all countries. It was, therefore, on scientific principles, and on the principles of an enlightened philanthropy, that he cordially seconded the motion of his Reverend Friend.

M. Arago returned thanks.

The President then addressed the meeting at some length, congratulating the Association on the result of their labours, and on the hospitality with which they had been treated in Edinburgh—a circumstance of which, as a Scotchman, he could not fail to be proud, and of which he himself had largely shared, having had the honour that day of being presented, along with four other distinguished individuals, with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh. The Gallant General then adjourned the Association to Dublin, on the 10th day of August, 1835.

MARYLEBONE INSTITUTION.

Mr. James Wigan's Lectures on Female Education.—We attended the Marylebone Institution on the 25th of August, to hear the discourse of this gentleman on that most inviting yet perilous topic—the present state

of female education. Nothing is so difficult as to tell disagreeable truths with a certain grace, which, riveting the attention of the hearer, makes him swallow the wholesome draught—gulp it, *nolens volens*. Mr. Wigan is a moral physician of this imperative order: it is not his fault if the dose he administers be not nectar; but, knowing it to be for the good of the patient, the patient, spite of himself, is won upon to drink it.

Mr. Wigan boldly attacked the shallow, interested prejudices of a most numerous class of pseudo-thinkers, who argue, or rather declare, the natural inferiority of the female intellect, and therein avow its unfitness to acquire those attainments which, in the other sex, lead to right reasoning, and to all but universal comprehension. Having most satisfactorily destroyed the ignorant sophisms of what we may, on this question, venture to call the *unfair* sex, the lecturer proceeded to unveil the mystery, as taught in the thousand "schools for young ladies;" to explain that expensive "parcel-gilt" puzzle—a "finished female education." This was done in a most masterly, straightforward style; there was nothing avoided—no compromise made between the "politeness" of the speaker and the prejudices of his auditory; but "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," was told—a conviction most fully declared by the plaudits of the listeners. Mr. Wigan most successfully demonstrated to his hearers that, however the various capabilities to paint butterflies and bulfinches on white velvet—to disguise "Nel cor più" on the piano—and to speak, like Chaucer's prioress, "not the French of Paris"—were received as making up "female education," there was in them nothing solid, nothing elevating, nothing that went to form good daughters, good wives, good mothers; that, on the contrary, in the phrase of the lecturer, all these were just so much "French polish," giving merely an artificial lustre to the most valuable, as to the most vulgar, grain.

It has long been one of our opinions—a belief borne out by the success of thousands—that it is by no means necessary for a man to know anything of the subject on which he either writes or speaks. This prosperous ignorance is, however, among no set of persons so notorious as among those who profess to teach, or to write or lecture on the teachableness of youth. For ourselves, we read "Academy for Young Ladies" ninety-nine times out of the hundred in the same sense that we read "Dealer in Marine Stores." Were it possible that one edict would cause to assemble together the tens of thousands of "respectable" people who, with the best intentions, and almost unknown to themselves, systematically obtain money under false pretences, we feel assured that the majority of the motley crowd would be composed of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses—of those unconscious people who advertise to teach everything, and are only ignorant of their incompetence to teach anything, as the Irish gentleman was not sure of his inability to play the fiddle—simply because they have never tried.

Against these innocent professors—at the same time making the most honourable exceptions as regarded many teachers—Mr. Wigan displayed a most earnest eloquence. He "anatomized" the *Regan* schoolmistress, and filliped the mere *Pangloss* pedagogue with a three-man beetle. Whilst Mr. Wigan claimed for his own profession—for he is, as it would thence appear, a teacher of youth—the most honourable distinction, he visited with merciless chastisement the empirics who disgrace it. Verily, the schoolmaster wailed and writhed under the lecturer's avenging birch.

We advise our readers—and the more especially our fair readers—to visit Mr. Wigan in whatever place he may next set up his pulpit. They will find his lectures—if they live with the same spirit as that of which we have spoken—full of elevating thoughts, of that rarest wisdom—a perfect knowledge of the moral constitution of youth, its tendencies and capabilities; and, better than all, with a veneration for the sacredness of those

who, in the speech of Wordsworth, are yet "within the Temple's inner shrine." It is this fine benevolence towards the condition of childhood and youth,—this keen and wide perception of their powers and wants,—that make the great charm of the discourse of the lecturer. Mr. Wigan may safely take for his motto the words of the wise heathen—*Magna reverentia debetur pueris.*

VARIETIES

Parliamentary Papers—Exchequer Bills, (Public Works)—An Account of Loans of Exchequer Bills for Public Works, &c. under the Act 57 Geo. III. c. 34, and subsequent Acts.

Allotted by Act 57 Geo. 3. c. 34	£1,500,000			
3 Geo. 4. c. 86	[illegible],000			
1 and 2 Will. 4. c. 24	1,000,000			
	£4,[illegible]00,000			
Deducted for Ireland	200,000			
For distribution in Great Britain		£4,[illegible]00,000	0	0
Appropriated		4,2[illegible]	0	0
Remaining at the disposal of the Commissioners, against which application are now pending to the amount of [illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
APPORTIONED TO				
Canals, Rivers, Drainage		£1,[illegible]100	0	0
Harbours, Docks		[illegible] 000	0	0
Bridges, Ferries		214,300	0	0
Fisheries		3,700	0	0
Waterworks		[illegible]	0	0
Roads and Railways		[illegible]	0	0
Improvements of Towns		701,0[illegible]	0	0
[illegible] and Mines		[illegible]	0	0
Churches and Parish Relief		[illegible]	0	0
Colleges		10,[illegible]00	0	0
Law Courts, Jails, Asylums, &c.		[illegible]	0	0
Total Appropriated		£4,2[illegible]	0	0
RECEIVED				
On account of Principal	£1,[illegible],677 11 4			
Interest	[illegible] 14 10			
		2,728,[illegible]77	6	2
		£[illegible],[illegible]01,[illegible]72	13	10
Apportioned, as above		4,2[illegible]	0	0
Principal received, as above		1,[illegible],[illegible]77	11	4
Principal outstanding repayable by instalments according to the securities given for the same and transferable, with the interest, from time to time, to his Majesty's Exchequer		£2,226,[illegible]72	8	1

Post Office Packets.—The Post-office has now twenty-four steam vessels regularly employed in its service. Four between Liverpool and Dublin, of about 300 tons each, and 140 horses' power; six between Holyhead and Dublin, of 23[illegible] tons each, and 100 horses' power; four between Milford and Waterford, of from 189 to 2[illegible]7 tons, and 80 horses' power; two between Portpatrick and Donaghadee, of 110 and 130 tons and 40 horses' power; three between Weymouth and Guernsey and Jersey, of from 154 to 165 tons,

and 60 horses' power; and five from Dover to Calais and Ostend, of 110 tons each, and 40 and 50 horses' power. They perform 2293 voyages annually—never failing once in performing each voyage within the time assigned to them—and consume about 30,000 tons of coal annually.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Statistics.—Dr. Cleland, whose valuable labours as a statist all acknowledge, has just published a very interesting abstract of the Government enumeration, in three vols., folio, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 2nd of April, 1833. The following are among its curious results: —"The increase in the population in the county of Lanark, from 1821 to 1831, is greater than in any county in Great Britain, being no less than thirty per cent. in ten years. The smallest increase in the same period has been in Berwickshire, two per cent.; Selkirkshire, two per cent.; Bute, three per cent.; Linlithgow, three per cent.; Haddington, three per cent.; Perthshire, three per cent.; Argyleshire, four per cent.; Nairn, four per cent.: Dumfries, four per cent.; Inverness, five per cent.—The total increase in all the counties of Scotland has been, in the ten years between 1821 and 1831, thirteen per cent., being less by three per cent. than the ten years preceding 1821. The entire increase in the population of Scotland is thirteen, and of England, sixteen, per cent. The increase of the population of the towns of Great Britain has been 48 in Dundee; 47 in Manchester and suburbs; 47 in Leeds; 44 in Liverpool: 38 in Glasgow; 33 in Birmingham; 28 in Edinburgh; 22 in Paisley; and 20 in London. Most of the towns of Great Britain have increased more rapidly the last ten than the preceding ten years. Edinburgh and Glasgow are exceptions. Between 1811 and 1831, Edinburgh increased 31 per cent., and Glasgow 46 per cent.

The Committee of the Commons, appointed to inquire as to the expediency of establishing one fixed rate of duty on all descriptions of tea, instead of the discriminating scale of duties imposed by the Act of last year, have agreed to the following resolution on the subject:—"That as it would be manifestly unjust to the merchants who have ordered teas from China to alter the law so as to affect the duties on tea so ordered, and, therefore, any change, supposing such desirable, could not take effect for some time to come—and as experience of the working of the present law must be had before the next session of Parliament, your Committee are of opinion, that it is advisable to receive the benefit of such experience before the Legislature determines upon the expediency of any prospective alteration in the duties on tea."

Weights and Measures.—By an Act of Parliament passed last Session, the use of heaped measures is abolished from the 1st of January next; and all bargains, sales, and contracts made by the heaped measures after that time are all to be null and void. After that time, also, no weight made of lead or of pewter is to be used. In the same Act there is a clause enacting that from the 1st of January the weight denominated "*a stone*," shall in all cases consist of fourteen pounds avoirdupois, and that the weight denominated an hundred-weight shall consist of eight such stones, and a ton of twenty such hundred-weights; and *all contracts made by any other stone, hundred-weight, or ton, shall, from the 1st January, be null and void.* This is important to most people in trade, as it prevents them from making contracts by any customary weights, declaring them void altogether; the Magistrates, in Quarter-Sessions, are to provide impartial standards, and to appoint inspectors. All articles, except gold, silver, platina, diamonds, and drugs, by retail, are to be sold by avoirdupois weight.

Friendly Societies.—These useful establishments, from which the tradesman, the mechanic, and the labouring man receive support as well

as medical aid in times of sickness and distress, have obtained further privileges from the Legislature during the Parliamentary Session just closed. The Act 10 Geo. IV. cap. 56, has been amended by 5 Will. IV. cap. 40, whereby extended indulgences are afforded these institutions. Among others are the following, viz.:—Societies may now raise funds for any contingencies susceptible of calculation by way of average, besides that of relief in illness; such, for instance, as superannuation, loss by shipwrecks or fire, for substitutes if drawn in the militia, for the expenses of an annual feast, &c. In all these cases, however, the contributions are to be kept separate and distinct from those of subsistence when unable to work. Secondly: The money payable at the death of a member, may now be received by any person nominated by such member, and is not confined to his wife, child, or relation, as heretofore. Thirdly: The fee payable to the revising barrister is one guinea, which clears all expenses. To this, however, he is not entitled in respect of any alteration or amendment of such rules as he has already certified, provided the alteration or amendment takes place within three years; nor of those rules which are copies of others that have been certified by him and enrolled. Fourthly: All communications with the barrister, such as transmitting him the rules and receiving them from him, together with every information required of him, will pass the General Post-Office free of expense if sent under cover, addressed, "*To the Barrister appointed to certify the Rules of Friendly Societies, London.*" And, lastly: They may invest funds to *any* amount in Savings' Banks—a privilege not enjoyed by general depositors. There are some other points of minor importance in the amendment which promote the welfare of those useful bodies.

Poor Rate Returns.—It appears that by a blunder of some of the clerks in making up the returns, the item of the expenses of litigation, removals, &c., was omitted, and that this omission gave an apparent decrease. The following is a correct statement of the amount of money expended on the relief of the poor in England and Wales during the last two years for which the returns have been made up:—

Up to the 25th of March,	1831-2	£6,798,888
... .	1832-3	7,045,212
Increase of	1832-3	£246,324

Newspaper Postage Bill.—The Newspaper Postage Act comes into operation on the 10th of October. From that day foreign newspapers coming from countries where British journals circulate free of postage, will be allowed free admission to all parts of the British islands and colonies. In the case of papers coming from countries where any postage is levied on English journals, a sum of twopence will be required for the transmission of such papers throughout the British islands and colonies. English papers destined for countries where they shall be allowed free circulation, shall be transmitted from England free of all postage; but when forwarded to any country where postage is levied upon them, then they shall pay in England previously to being forwarded, the sum of twopence each paper. It is probable that English papers will be admitted free into France and Belgium at least, and in that case we shall receive in London French and Belgium papers for the price they cost to subscribers in the countries from whence they come.

A pair of those beautiful and diminutive animals, the guevi, or pigmy antelopes, has been added to the collection at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. They are the smallest and least known of the whole genus, and have been called the royal antelopes. The only specimen previously brought to England was one in the collection of his late Majesty, at Windsor. They scarcely exceed a foot in height; are of a uniform reddish brown colour, with legs not much thicker than a goose-quill; and will

bound with ease over a wall twelve feet high. They were brought from Senegal, and are remarkably mild and gentle in disposition.

The 14th annual report of the Commissioners for Building Churches has been printed. From this it appears that at the date of the former report 148 churches and chapels had been built, and that 10 churches and chapels have since been completed. The following is the summary of the report:—

Churches and Chapels completed . . .	208
Ditto building	5
Plans approved	2
Grants proposed to be made for building other Churches and Chapels	10
Total . .	225

ACCOMMODATION IN CHURCHES AND CHAPELS COMPLETED.

In Pews	125,481
In Free Sittings	153,568
Total . .	279,049

From a Parliamentary Paper recently printed, it appears that the declared value of British Woollen Manufactures exported to various countries during the year 1833, amounted to 6,294,232*l.* sterling.

Export Duty on Coals.—By the Act 4 and 5 William IV., c. 89, dated 15th August 1833, the export duty on coals, culm, &c. is repealed, and in lieu thereof the *ad valorem* duty of 10*s.* per cent. is chargeable on coals, &c. exported in British ships to any foreign port; and in foreign ships, privileged by treaties of reciprocity, carrying coals, &c. to the country to which they belong; duty in foreign ships, not so privileged, or privileged ships carrying coals to other countries than those to which they belong, 4*s.* per ton. The "National" (French paper) observes, "The abolition of the English export duty on coals, and the suppression of the import duty into France, by virtue of the ordinance of July 8, when they are for the use of the steam-boats, will reduce the price by 1 franc 46 cents per hectolitre, or nearly 50 per cent. of the price hitherto paid on the whole cost; this will consequently produce an enormous reduction of the expenses of steam navigation, the happy effects of which will soon be felt by commerce and travellers."

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Mortality in Paris.—The general report of the labours of the Council of Salubrity for 1829 has just been sent to the Academy. The chapter relative to the mortality in Paris gives the following results:—In the course of the year, 1148 males and 1448 females died of pulmonary consumption. It is from the age of 10 to 50, that this disease is most destructive. It is to be remarked that nearly one-fourth more females than males died from this disease, and the proportion is greater still in 1827 and 1828. Inflammation of the chest, which may be said to be pulmonary consumption of old people, destroyed 957 males, and 1132 females. Only 194 males died from aneurism of the heart, while 396 females died. This difference is attributed by the Council of Salubrity in a great measure to the injurious pressure of stays. Schirrus has destroyed 419 females and only 105 males. Inflammation of the stomach has been fatal to 840 males, and 1108 females; inflammation of the bowels to 11[illegible] males, and 1103 females; those who died from these two latter diseases have been principally under 7 years of age. Of convulsions 664 boys, and 716 girls have died, generally before attaining their fifth year. Inflammation of the lungs has destroyed 863 males, and 872 females. Apoplexy counts 542 males, and 424 female victims, almost all between 30 and 85 years of age; 409 females

died of inflammation of the peritoneum, and only 125 males—the females who died from this disease were generally between the ages of 20 and 35, the males from 25 to 45. This difference in the number of deaths of the two sexes is to be attributed to the period of life, as then females, from the development of the functions of maturity, are subject to frequent inflammations of the peritoneum.

Manna of Mount Sinai.—Mr. Bove, formerly director of the gardens and farms of Ibrahim Pasha at Cairo, gives an account in his report made to the Academy of Sciences of the different productions of Egypt. In 1832 he found the *tamarix manniferis*, the turfah of the Arabs of the desert, growing in great abundance in the desert, about a day's journey to the northward of Sinai. He saw women and children engaged in gathering the manna, which was running from the branches of this shrub. The Arabs assured him that when this manna was purified it was equal to the finest honey. What he gathered himself was in large drops, of the size of a pea, of a pale yellow colour, rather agreeable taste, or slightly sweet, and gummy. In order to purify it, the Arabs put it into boiling water; it rises to the surface, and is immediately skimmed off. This is probably the manna which nourished the Hebrews. Some authors pretend that the manna of the Hebrews was the production of the *alhage maurorum*, a shrub which is never found but on the borders of the desert, where there is a good deal of moisture, but there is one of these near to Sinai.

Two cities in Russia have been nearly reduced to ashes.—The city of Kremenczug in the government of Pultawa, and Elizabethgrad in the government of Cherson: in the former 93, and in the latter about 300 houses were burnt down. Petersburgh itself, according to the last accounts, was enveloped in clouds of smoke, occasioned by an extensive conflagration in the neighbouring forests.

Earthquake in Cephalonia.—A very severe shock of an earthquake was experienced at Cephalonia on the 5th of June; by which houses were thrown down and considerable injury done. The natives were much frightened, but no lives were lost. Neither sea nor sky gave the slightest indication of the phenomenon.

According to the almanack for the present year, the clergy of France, on January 1st, were divided into 121 titular or honorary Canons, 3241 Rectors, 21,517 Curates, 6289 Vicars, 449 Chaplains, 913 Almoners, 439 Priests, and 1158 Priests directors of Seminaries; making a total of 40,447 engaged in the service of the church.

The following is a table of the number of French ships on the different naval stations in all parts of the globe:—Newfoundland and Iceland, 4; Mexico and Cuba, 2; the Antilles, 13; Brazil and South America, 11; Islands of Bourbon and Madagascar, 2; Western Africa, 9; the Levant, 7; Algiers, 21; the different ports and stations on the coast of France, 46; reserve for the coasts of France in the Mediterranean, 21, reserve for the coast of France on the ocean, 22.—Total, 158.

Population of Paris.—On the 15th of March, 1827, the population of Paris was certified, by an ordinance of Charles X., to be 890,431. On the 11th of May, 1832, another census was taken when the returns made out but 774,338, being 116,093 less after than before the revolution. Out of the whole number, only one in every 172 of the inhabitants voted at the late election.

The Directors of the National Debt of Prussia have just published a statement, from which it appears, that, on January 1, 1833, the debt amounted to 174,868,830 thalers (about 656,000,000fr.)

AGRICULTURE.

A NOBLEMAN who was recently applied to for the refusal of a farm, supposed to be likely to become vacant, gave this answer: "Tell your friend that it is a never varying practice upon this estate, not to grant a lease to a stranger until it is perfectly ascertained that no relation of the departed tenant, however distant, is able or willing to take it. This ever has been, and ever will be I trust, the rule of my house." And the rule is excellent, for there is no circumstance of such evil augury as the decline of old connexion, which is also the decay of old affection. We are brought to relate this anecdote by the continual changes visible now-a-days in the occupancy of farms, changes but too plainly declaring the progression of adversity. "Three removals," saith the adage, "are equal to a fire." When, therefore, these "flittings," as they are provincially called, are observed to be so general, it amounts to proof presumptive of loss and failure. Never did the local journals contain so many advertisements of the sales of farming property as in the present year. Some of them have, speaking to the letter, hundreds in a week. Even in Norfolk, where the reputation of the tenantry stands so high both for skill and capital, we perceive from one to two hundred agricultural sales for the last two or three weeks in the papers of the district. Yet it is a fact no less singular, that no sooner does a farm become vacant, than there are numerous applicants for its occupation. We know more than one instance where increased rents for large tracts have been offered, and others where increased rents have been obtained, even during the present year. The new game-law has not been without its effects in this particular; for where either the quantity of hares and rabbits has been reduced, or the tenant has been indulged with the shooting, or hired that privilege, a higher rent has been given. In spite of these partial appearances, however, those best qualified to judge apprehend a year not less adverse than that of 1822, in that which, speaking agriculturally, is now commencing. For the extra growth of a favourable season, which, as respecting all crops but barley, this is reported to be, does not compensate by the increased growth, the comparative reduction of price. Perhaps the widest points of fluctuation in the worst and best years, are somewhere between a quarter of a crop below, and a quarter above the average. The price of wheat is of all commodities that which is most easily and most extravagantly affected by opinion. We have seen the cost of a quarter of wheat rise to 140*s*. in a year (1812), when subsequent events have proved the failure of the crop to be inconsiderable, the actual scarcity purely ideal; on the contrary, we have known the same cost to be depressed to 40*s*. in 1822, when the superabundance was nearly as imaginary. In truth, the largest induction drawn from the supply and consumption during a period amounting almost to a perpetuity, declares that the one is so nearly equal to the other, as neither permanently to elevate or permanently to depress the price of the article in any extraordinary degree. But returning to the point from which we set out, the difference between a comparatively small production with a very high price, and a large production at a low one, is always much to the farmer's disadvantage. Suppose, for instance, the average to be 100, the crop is one-fourth above that average—the price sinks to 40*s*.—and the farmer obtains for his 125 quarters, 250*l*. If, on the contrary, the crop is one-fourth below the average, and the price rises to five pounds (we do not take an extravagant estimate,) he would obtain for his 75 quarters, 375*l*. Thus it happens that the abundance which is a blessing to the community, is to him a curse, so ill-regulated must the trade in corn always be, while there are excluding duties, from its extent being too vast for the formation of any exact judgment of consequences, and its importance to the very existence of mankind being too interesting to admit of dispassionate treatment. This year it is but too probable the farmer will suffer under an exaggerated

depression; and exhausted as is the operative capital of agriculture, there is but too much reason to believe the result will be very disastrous, especially to those whose former losses have rendered them too weak to encounter new and severe pressure. The very necessities of such men compelling them to send their stocks to market in larger quantities also to compensate reduced price, will tend to bring down and to keep down the rate.

With these melancholy forebodings, the early transactions of the London market since the harvest but too closely accord. It should, indeed, appear from the relations of supply and demand during the past year, that the computations hitherto esteemed the most to be relied upon, are fallacious. It has been calculated that an average crop is about 9 per cent. less than the consumption; but during the entire interval from 1815-1816 to 1830-1831, the whole importation of wheat and flour did not amount to more than 10,000,000 of quarters. Another important fact is the large augmentation of the supply from Ireland. During the first five years of the period alluded to, it was no more than 150,000 quarters annually; during the next seven it reached 450,000, and during the last three it had mounted to 600,000 quarters. The transactions of the market which corroborate the notion of a fall are, first, the extent of the supplies. During the last month (that is to say, up to the first week of September) 62,572 quarters of British wheat came up to Mark-lane, of which 52,788 were returned as sold, the greater portion of the residue being probably transmitted to millers direct. The next symptom arises from the total absence of speculation. The immense sum already locked up in foreign grain, amounting to not less than a million and a half of money, precludes the merchant from purchasing British wheat for the purpose of storing, and availing himself of the present low price. Heavy expenses, and heavy losses from the fluctuations in the trade, have affected the disposition of the dealer on speculation to purchase scarcely less than the absorption of his capital has diminished his power. Thus there is no dam between the grower and consumer, and that chance for a rise, and, indeed, that adventure which used at this season to prevent a fall and support the market, are now nowhere to be found. Another change in the trade is, that the distant millers, where water-carriage is easy (and where is it not?) purchase the best wheat in Mark-lane, while those in the neighbourhood of the metropolis commission agents in the country to buy up the samples of lower quality. In addition to these facts, the farmers are generally believed to hold considerable stocks of old corn, much larger, that is to say, than is usual at the close of harvest. All these things have forced down the rates to a lower ebb than since 1822. The average of the four quarters of that year was 49*s*.—45*s*. 2*d*.—42*s*. 11*d*., and 39*s*. The general average of the second week of September this year was 44*s*. 3*d*., that of Lincolnshire being 39*s*. 11*d*., and of Cambridge 39*s*. 7*d*. Nothing but necessity compelling the grower to sell, can, it should be thought, reduce the price to any lower sum. But still the trade is dull both in wheat and flour, and in the latter article has declined about 1*s*. per sack. Barley comes slowly to hand, and is in demand, though the maltsters have not yet begun to work. There can be no question but the prime article will be scarce, and in this belief, orders have been sent to the Baltic and Hamburgh for the best qualities. The Chevallier has preserved its superiority, and samples for which so high a price as 40*s*. was offered have been held. Oats arrive slowly, and the necessitous buyers have submitted to a slight advance, but dealers hold back from purchasing, in the conviction that when large supplies come in, prices must recede. Beans are stationary, and boiling peas a little on the advance, owing to short supplies. It is exceedingly difficult to ascertain the real state of the foreign harvest, but judging from the prices of grain in the several markets of France, Italy, and the North, it does not seem that there will be either a large export

trade or very low prices. Every country, Portugal excepted, has probably in its own growth an adequate supply, so that no great foreign demand will exist. At St. Petersburgh the price is (for the best Kubantra) 30*s*. 6*d*. At Riga the quotations are nearly nominal. At Dantzic a decline of 3*s*. per quarter, and trade dull. At Rostock and Wisma 24*s*. 6*d*. on bond. At Lubeck 21*s*.—the quality, fine, and the weight heavy. At Hamburgh White Anhalt, weighing 62 lbs., 28*s*. 3*d*.

There is little out of the common routine in the ordinary occupations of husbandry, except that the turnip crop, everywhere abundant, is more affected by mildew than was perhaps ever known. The Swedish are particularly blighted by this visitation, and it seems likely to stop the growth of the apple, so completely has it clogged the leaf, the respiratory organ of the plant. The second crops of hay have failed as much as the first, from the same cause, the want of moisture. Notwithstanding the early completion of the harvest, the farmer has delayed to break up his next year's wheat land, waiting for rain, but the manuring, &c., is forwarder in proportion than usual.

There never was a more plentiful growth of apples—the trees are loaded. Grapes and other autumnal fruits exhibit the same luxuriance. In some of the county towns, good winter apples have been sold at 4*d*. the peck, and grapes at 4*d*. per lb. The almost universal establishment of horticultural societies has given an immense impulse to gardening, and while it has added to the luxuries of the mansion, it has certainly multiplied in more than an equal proportion, the comforts of the cottage. These societies, so encouraging to the industry and skill of the cottager, act with double efficacy now the allotment system is so universally adopted. The rapid completion of the harvest, by widening the interval between its cessation, and the commencement of wheat sowing, has thrown a vast many men out of employment *pro tempore*. No improvement from the new poor-law Bill is yet visible ; indeed, we have heard of no novel proceedings under its clauses, except in those relating to bastardy. At this season we cannot recommend too earnestly, nor, too often, the superior benefit of thick sowing. It has been ascertained by the most competent experiments that the yield is incalculably increased by this means. The more stems—the more ears—the more ears the more corn. Thick sowing also prevents the incursions of hares, rabbits, and vermin of all sorts. We therefore again press it upon the attention and serious consideration of the agriculturist. Three bushels, or three bushels and a half per acre, will not be found to be too much, or to be thrown away.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Economical Mode of preparing Food for Cart-horses.—The Earl of Balcarras's horses, ten of which are kept in Liverpool for the purpose of delivering the coal brought thither from his lordship's mines, like most of those used for draught in this town, are particularly large; and in a district quite celebrated, and justly so, for this description of horse, we certainly have seen nothing equal, take them altogether, to his lordship's teams. They are fed in the following manner:—Statement of the nature, quantity, and cost of the food consumed by ten horses during seven days. The outside current prices are charged for each article, and of course, in different state of markets, will vary the cost of maintenance:—33 bushels of potatoes, steamed, at 1*s*. 6*d*. per bushel—2*l*. 9*s*. 6*d*.; 2½ bushels of barley, crushed very fine, at 4*s*.—10*s*.; 2½ of beans at 4*s*. 6*d*.—11*s*. 3*d*.; 22 stones of cut hay to mix with potatoes, at 9*d*. per stone—16*s*. 6*d*.; 14 stones of hay uncut, at 9*d*.—10*s*. 6*d*.; fire and labour. 2*s*. Total, 4*l*. 9*s*. 9*d*.—We repeat that the horses kept there are in the highest possible condition and

health, and while we re-assert that the particulars of the statement may be relied on, it will be admitted that this plan, which has been adopted in Ireland, as also in America, is well entitled to be called economical.—*British Farmer's Magazine.*

Mr. J. H. Payne, of Bury, has made the experiment of applying a solution of common soda as a manure with great success. The difference between vegetables so treated, and those watered with common water, is very conspicuous, and the vegetable marrow on common mould to which the alkali has been applied surpasses in vigour plants placed on a bed of dung. The proportion used is one pound of soda to twelve or fourteen gallons of water.—*Chelmsford Chronicle.*

Mr. Nutt's apiary at Moulton Chapel has afforded a most interesting display of honeys, which have been obtained from his hives this present season. From ten hives he has obtained no less than nine hundred pounds of honey, being an average of ninety pounds' weight of honey, being an average of ninety pounds' weight from each hive, the greater part of which was removed in the presence of Mr. Beoth, lecturer on chemistry, Benson Rathbone, Esq. of Beccles, Suffolk, the Rev. T. Clark, of Gedney Hill, and several other gentlemen, with scarcely the destruction of a single bee. The interest of the display is greatly heightened by a collection of honeys from other apiarians, practitioners of Mr. Nutt's system; and superior as its objects are in point of value, as well as interest, to many, over floral collections and exhibitions, it will, we doubt not, excite great attention. Assuming that the above quantity was obtained by the bees in a circuit of three miles in diameter, what an immense addition to the revenue of the country might not be gained, if an equal number of hives on these principles were established within every similar district in the kingdom!

USEFUL ARTS.

Conversion of Salt Water into Fresh.—The Editor of the "Literary Gazette" states that he witnessed a completely successful and a very important experiment, made by Mr. Wells, the patentee, in the conversion of salt sea-water into a perfectly fresh and pure liquid, fit for every purpose of domestic use and economy. A barge was moored in the Thames near Westminster-bridge, and a number of naval officers and scientific gentlemen were invited to inspect the process. The sea-water was brought from off Ramsgate, and fully impregnated with the saline principle; some of it was in a very impure and dirty condition. The apparatus invented by Mr. Wells consisted of a cast iron cooking-machine; a cube on a comparatively small scale, especially when we looked to the extraordinary utility of its operation. It seemed about four feet in height and the same in width; and contained ovens, roasting-fire, pots, pans, kettles, &c. &c. sufficient to dress a dinner for seventy or eighty men. The consumption of fuel is very small—about two bushels we are told in twenty-four hours; and yet, by the internal application of the heated air, by means of spiral and circular tubes surrounding the various parts of the machine, roasting, boiling, and baking were carried on with the utmost regularity and precision. Here, alone, would be a valuable addition to the conveniences and comforts of life, whether ashore or afloat; and, even without the far greater improvement yet remaining to be described, would entitle Mr. Wells's invention to high encomium and general adoption. Whilst the cooking is proceeding, the sea-water is gradually supplied from a cask, or tank, as may be most ready, and, passing into the interior of the machine, is there submitted to distillation. In its distilled state it then flows into a pipe of cast iron, or of copper tinned, which pipe is led over the bow of the vessel and along the cut-water into the sea; and thence along the

bottom of the ship till it returns into the hold, with a common stop-cock to draw off the water. The grand improvement in this, is the making the element in which the vessel floats the condenser of the altered liquid, which runs off at the rate of about a quart a minute, perfectly fit for drinking, for washing, and for every other purpose for which fresh water is employed. We tasted it both before and after undergoing the process, and we used soap in washing our hands with it; and we can truly declare that, in the first instance, it was sweet and palatable, and in the second, soft and pleasing. The patentee, however, proceeds to filter it through charcoal, in order to restore the carbon which is lost in the distilling; and you have the pure and sparkling element, equal in every respect to spring water. We have thus minutely stated what we saw and tasted; and we do so with very great satisfaction, since it is hardly possible to imagine any economic discovery of such vast importance to the navy and to the nation. All the watering of ships rendered unnecessary, and the ocean itself converted into one abundant and everlasting fountain of supply, forms, indeed, an epoch in the history of navigation. We need hear no more of the sufferings of brave and hardy sailors, from the want of this essential article of human subsistence. The room required in merchantmen for the stowage of water for the voyage, may now be filled with goods of any kind. In fine, it would be difficult to overrate the value of this admirable invention, which, there can be no doubt, will be speedily and universally adopted, and will, we also trust, amply reward the inventor of a benefit to his country and fellow-creatures, the worth of which can hardly be excelled in the annals of useful humanity. The sea-water around a ship is incessantly converted into excellent fresh water fit for every purpose; and the ocean itself is made the chief agent in this metamorphosis. It is a great and wonderful achievement.

Small high-pressure steam-engines are now made, which stand upon three feet square, consuming about one cwt. of coal a day, and will hoist with sufficient rapidity twenty-five cwt. to any height. They are sufficiently portable to be moved about in small carts, and by means of a horse, with a rope and pulley working through a snatch-block, perform the work cheaper than the old system of manual labour.

Navigation.—Mr. John Willis is stated, in the "Wexford Independent," to have invented a new set of sails, which, by impelling paddles mechanically, in the manner of steam, ensures the rapid navigation of a vessel with every wind that blows. The sails are four in number, of gigot shape, and revolving over the centre of the vessel. The same improvement is applicable to windmills on land.

NEW PATENTS.

To John Twisden, of Halberton, near Tiverton, in the county of Devon, commander in the Royal Navy, for his invention of improvements applicable to inland navigation.

To William Hale, of Colchester, in the county of Essex, civil engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in or on windmills, which improvements are applicable to other purposes.

To William Coles, of Charing Cross, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for his invention of a certain specific or remedy for the cure, alleviation, or prevention of rheumatic, gouty, or other affections arising from colds or other causes.

To Pierre Barthelemy Gunibert Debac, of Acre-lane, Brixton, in the county of Surrey, professor of languages and mathematics, for his invention of an improved machine for weighing with the means of keeping a register of the operations of the enrolment.

To John Chanter, of Stamford-street, Blackfriars, in the county of Surrey, gentleman, and William Witty, of Basford Cottage, near Newcastle, in the county of Stafford, engineer, for their invention of an improved method or improved methods of abstracting heat from steam, and other vapours and fluids applicable to stills, breweries, and other useful purposes.

To Edmund Youldon, of Exmouth, schoolmaster, for his invention of improvements in preventing or curing what are termed smoky chimneys.

To Thomas John Hamilton, Earl of Orkney, and John Easter, engineer, both of Taplow, in the county of Bucks, for their invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for propelling vessels on water.

To Lemuel Wellman Wright, of Sloane-terrace, in the parish of St. Luke, Chelsea, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for refrigerating fluids.

To Thomas Gaunt, of Bridport-place, Hoxton, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his invention of an improvement in earthenware pans and basins of water closets, and certain other earthenware vessels to which such improvements are applicable.

To Andrew Hall, of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, manufacturer, and John Stark, the younger, of Chortten-upon-Medlock, in the said county, putter out, for the invention of improvements in the construction of looms for weaving by hand or power.

To James Ward, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, watch-maker, for his invention of improvements in apparatus for ventilating buildings and other places.

To Charles Arter, of Havant, in the county of Southampton, plumber and glazier, for his invention of certain improvements on cocks or taps for drawing off liquids.

To James Pedder, of New Radford, in the county of Nottingham, machinist, for his invention of certain improvements applicable to certain machinery for making bobbin-net lace, for the purpose of making ornamented bobbin-net lace by the application to such machinery of any or all of the said improvements.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM AUGUST 26, TO SEPTEMBER 19, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 26.—S. Grew, Birmingham, brush-maker. W. Soulsby, Newcastle upon-Tyne, tailor. G. Haywood, Birmingham, wine-merchant. J. Allport, Birmingham, provision dealer. W. Brindley, Fleet-green, Alstonefield, Staffordshire, cheese factor. T. Smith, Stockton-upon-Tees, Durham, hatter.

Aug. 29.—J. L. Kensington, Mincing-lane, merchant. W. Mason, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, axletree-maker. W. E. Powell and J. Powell, Oxford-street, linen-drapers. P. Archer and G. Archer, Botolph-lane, merchants. W. Mitchell, Abingdon, Berkshire, grocer. H. Wallington, Stockport, Chesire, builder. J. Bach, Aintree, Lancashire, innkeeper. J. Burley, Birmingham, brush-maker. J. W. Bell, Rotherham, Yorkshire, upholsterer. B. Tummon, Sheffield, painter. W. Seddon, Eccleston, Lancashire flour-dealer. T. Ashcroft and J Tilston, Liverpool, timber-merchants.

Sept 2.—P. Isaacs, Union-street, Bishopsgate-street, furrier. R. K. Vorley and J. Watling, Bread-street-hill, drysalters.

Sept. 5.—F. Bonaffe, St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, merchant. J. Andrews, Threadneedle-street, City, stock-broker. T Shadrake, jun., Hope-wharf, Commercial-road, coal-merchant. W. O. Attree, Newbury, Berkshire, draper. C. Ingham, Salisbury, currier. G. Benson, Liverpool, tailor. S. Walker, Gospel Oak, near Wolverhampton, iron-master. C. Winn, Birmingham, blank-tray-maker.

Sept 9.—H. W. Rich, Joiners'-hall-buildings, City, wine-merchant. J. Watson, Milton-terrace, Southwark Bridge-road, baker. E. Law, Lower Thames-street, salt-merchant. J. Gallaway, Bronti-place, East-street, Walworth, cheesemonger. F. Cutten, St Pancras, Chichester, coachmaker. R. Tronson, Liverpool, merchant. J. Tanner, Reading, silk-throwster. T. Sartain, Holt, Wiltshire, cattle-salesman. W. Watson, Great Easby, Cumberland, cattle-dealer. J. M'Gregor, Clayton Vale, Manchester, calico-printer. W. House, Bridgewater, wine and spirit-merchant. J. Addy, Sheffield, table-knife manufacturer. G. Rowland, Plymouth, innkeeper.

Sept. 12.—J. Nicholls, Wells. Somersetshire, apothecary. C. Walker, Titchborne-street, Golden-square, saddler. F. C. Westley, Strand, bookseller. W. Matson, Liverpool, wine-merchant. E. P. Powell, Southampton, tailor. S. Winterbottom, Ferndee, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothier. W. Hopkins, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, miller. T. Barrett, Stamford, Lincolnshire, grocer.

Sept. 16.—F. Skinner, Darlington-place, Vauxhall, grocer. W. Mills, Newmarket, Suffolk, builder. C. Canfor, Cottage-grove, New Peckham, builder. J. Tyzack, Sheffield, die-sinker. W Allen, Alnwick, Northumberland, linen-draper.

Sept. 19.—J. Chandler and S. King, St. Paul's Church-yard, drapers. C. Trevor, Liverpool, innkeeper. T. Wheater, Fearns, Lincashire, iron-founder. W. Ball, Worcester, skin-merchant. M. Jacobs, Exeter, draper. H. Harvey, Stockport, stone-mason. T. Hughes, Creams, Lancashire, paper-manufacturer. J. Deeley, Birmingham, comb-maker. R. J. Mills, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, draper. R. Goldstone, Bath, dealer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The general aspect of trade has undergone little change in the course of the past month; the woollen manufactories continue to maintain a wholesome state of activity, and a fair demand is kept up for silk and cotton goods; in this iron age, when steam and gas, conducted through iron channels, are the grand facilitators and illuminators of the intercourse of the most distant provinces, the iron trade, by a strange anomaly, is in a more depressed state than any other great source of national wealth and extensive demand for labour. With respect to foreign trade, it may be sufficient to observe that the vast area of the London Docks contains, at this time, a larger tonnage of shipping than has been collected within the gates of that establishment for many years past, and that when the free-traders from Canton, whose advent is daily expected, shall have come in, the warehouses of the London and of the St. Catharine Docks will be filled to overflowing.

In the Colonial Market, there has been of late considerable demand both for Sugar and Coffee at advanced quotations; the principal cause assigned for this is the apprehension that the negroes, finding themselves emancipated from the control of arbitrary punishment on the part of their masters, will with difficulty be brought to a sense of the expediency and necessity of recurring to habits of industry, and of the intimate bond which exists between their own interest and that of the proprietors, to whom their modified services are now secured for a limited period. It is to be stated with regret, that the last advices from the island of Trinidad afford but too strong grounds for these apprehensions, reciting as they do acts of insubordination on the part of the slaves as a body, which, though not proceeding to actual violence and outrage, have gone to the extent of a positive and persevering refusal to work. Hitherto, they have been met with firmness, tempered by moderation; what their future conduct may be, and what the influence of their example on other colonies, is a problem, the solution of which is awaited with much anxiety.

In the recent sales of British Plantation sugar, Barbadoes, good middling to fine white grocery, has brought 57*s.* 6*d.* to 61*s.* 6*d.*; Demerara, brown, 52*s.* to 52*s.* 6*d.*; St. Kitt's, brown, 50*s.* to 53*s.*; Antigua, good grocery, 59*s.* The average price, a week before the conclusion of the month, was 1*l.* 9*s.* 5½*d.* per cwt.; at the corresponding date of last year it was 1*l.* 16*s.* 2¾*d.*; the stock in hand was 52,877 hhds. and trs.; twelve months ago it was 49,963.

In Mauritius Sugars there has been little doing of late; the stock is low and prices well maintained; middling yellow brings 54*s.*, and low yellow 52*s.*. In East India and in Foreign Sugars, transactions are checked by the smallness of the supplies, and the consequent high prices required by holders.

The Refined Market presents a more animated appearance, as well for home consumption as for exportation, and fine crushed sells at 32*s.*

Some extensive public sales of British Plantation Coffee have recently taken place, and have given a shock to the advanced rate of quotations; still, holders manifest no anxiety to sell, and look forward with confidence to a return of high prices.

The terms on which sales have lately been effected, are, for Jamaica, ordinary, 60*s.* to 65*s.*; good ordinary, 71*s.* to 74*s.*; fine ordinary, 84*s.* to 85*s.*; fine fine ordinary, 88*s.* to 89*s.*; middling, 90*s.* to 100*s.*; good middling, 110*s.* to 112*s.* East India and Foreign Coffee are held with a firmness corresponding with that which characterizes the market for Transatlantic Colonial produce.

British Plantation Cocoa has lately advanced from 3*s.* to 5*s.* per cwt.; Grenada and Trinidad bringing, for ordinary grey 46*s.*, good red 49*s.* to 50*s.* 6*d.* In Foreign, little doing and prices stationary. Spirits are steady; the importers of Rum are tenacious for full prices. Jamaica, 30 per cent. over proof, has brought 3*s.* to 3*s.* 2*d.*; Leeward islands, 2 per cent. over, 2*s.* 1*d.* per gallon. Tea still maintains the higher quotations of last sale, notwithstanding the daily expected arrival of several cargoes under the new system of trade.

In Indigo, the transactions are very limited, but prices are firm; the accounts from Calcutta speak favourably of the prospects of the coming crop.

In Cotton, Silk and Wool, there is nothing to call for particular observation.

The supplies of Wheat at Mark-lane have lately been very extensive; good qualities, however, continue to command full prices, but inferior descriptions have declined a little. Barley and Malt are somewhat depressed; good old Oats are

in demand. With the exception of some parts of Hampshire, the Wheat harvest is generally well spoken of; Barley not quite so good, and Beans and Peas decidedly a short crop. Contrary to all the indications of the early part of the summer, Hops will yield a more abundant product than that of last year; the Duty has advanced to 170,000*l*., having at one time been laid at less than half that sum.

The English Funds have presented an unusually steady appearance during the past month; the extreme variations in Consols having scarcely exceeded $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; some fluctuation has occurred in Exchequer Bills with the ebb and flow of the demand for money, the lowest price having been 31*s*. premium, and the highest 46*s*. Since the close of last month, Bank Stock has advanced 3 per cent., and India Stock full 6 per cent.

In the Foreign Stock Market, the most eager speculation is kept alive in Spanish Bonds, which from the growing confidence in the stability of the liberal Government, have advanced 7 per cent. since August. Portuguese Bonds, with some considerable alternations of improvement and deterioration, have returned to nearly the same quotation they then held. These two descriptions of Foreign Stock so completely engross attention, that others are in a great degree neglected.

The closing prices on the 25th are subjoined:—

BRITISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 222 3—Three per Cent. Consols, 90$\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$—Ditto for Account, 90$\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{3}{4}$—New Three and a Half per Cents., 98$\frac{7}{8}$ 9—India Stock, 262$\frac{1}{2}$ 3$\frac{1}{2}$—Ditto Bonds, 16 18—Exchequer Bills, 43*s*. 44*s*.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 99$\frac{1}{2}$ 100—Brazilian, 78$\frac{1}{2}$—Chilian, 32 3—Colombian, 31$\frac{3}{4}$ 2$\frac{1}{4}$—Danish, 75$\frac{1}{2}$ 6—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 51$\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{3}{4}$—Ditto Five per Cent., 99$\frac{7}{8}$ 100$\frac{1}{8}$—Mexican, 41$\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$—Peruvian, 26 7—Portuguese Regency, 81$\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{5}{8}$—Russian, 104$\frac{1}{2}$—Spanish, 1821, 54$\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$—Ditto of 1823, 51$\frac{3}{4}$ 2.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 7$\frac{1}{2}$, 8$\frac{1}{2}$—Bolanos, 117$\frac{1}{2}$, 22$\frac{1}{2}$—British Iron, 29, 30—Brazilian. Imperial, 32 3—Ditto Del Rey, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$—Real del Monte, 29, 30—United Mexican, 4$\frac{3}{4}$, 5—Colombian, 10$\frac{1}{2}$, 11$\frac{1}{2}$—Cata Branca, 5$\frac{1}{2}$, 6—Canada Company, 42$\frac{1}{2}$ 3$\frac{1}{2}$—General Steam, 16$\frac{1}{2}$—Greenwich Railway, 8$\frac{1}{4}$—Irish Provincial Bank, 41$\frac{1}{2}$ 2$\frac{1}{2}$

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The new Poor Law Bill is of so extraordinary a character, and likely to be so generally canvassed in all its details, now that its merits are to depend upon the test of experience, we introduce here an abstract of it.

NEW POOR LAW BILL.

General Regulations.—His Majesty, by warrant under the royal sign manual, appoints three fit persons to be commissioners to carry this Act into execution.—The said commissioners shall be styled "The Poor Law Commissioners for England and Wales;" who may sit as a board, with power to summon and examine witnesses, and call for production of papers, on oath, or to substitute a declaration for an oath, but not to inquire into any title.—They are to have a common seal, and their rules, &c., purporting to be sealed with such seal, to be received as evidence.—Commissioners are to record their proceedings, and to make a general report to the Secretary of State yearly, and to report proceedings to the Secretary of State, when required.—Power to appoint nine assistant-commissioners, and to remove the same. But not more than nine to be appointed without consent of the Treasury.—Commissioners not to sit in Parliament.—Commissioners to appoint secretary, assistant-secretary or secretaries, clerks, or other officers.—The appointment of Commissioners, &c., is limited to five years.—Commissioners and assistant-commissioners to take oath.—Notification of the appointment of commissioners is to be sent to the clerks of

the peace and published.—Commissioners may delegate powers to assistant-commissioners, and revoke them.—Assistant-commissioners may summon persons and examine them on oath, or a declaration may be substituted for an oath.—Persons giving false evidence guilty of perjury, and refusing to attend, &c., guilty of misdemeanour.—Reasonable expenses of witnesses to be paid out of the parish fund for whom they appear, unless they come from ten miles distant, then to be paid by the public.—The entire administration of relief to the poor is in future to be under control of the commissioners, who are to make rules and regulations for the management of the poor, the accounts, and administration of the laws for their relief.—General rules to be submitted to the Secretary of State forty days before coming into operation. If disallowed by the King in Council during the forty days, not to come into operation.—The commissioners' general rules are to be laid before Parliament.—The rules and orders of commissioners to be sent to the officers of every parish before they shall come into operation, who are to provide copies on request, at 3*d.* every 72 words, under 10*l.* penalty.—No inmate of a workhouse is to be obliged to attend any religious service contrary to his religious principles, or have his children educated contrary to his wish.—Dissenting Ministers are to have the right of attending any workhouse, when they are requested by any inmate.—The orders or regulations of assistant-commissioners are to be approved and sealed by Commissioners.—The powers of 22 Geo. III. c. 83, 59 Geo. III. c. 12, and of all other Acts relating to workhouses, and to borrowing money, are to be exercised under the control of the commissioners, and to be subject to their orders. And the commissioners are to be entitled to attend local boards and vestry, but not to vote.—No additions or alterations are to be made to poor-house rules, without the consent of the commissioners.

Erection of Workhouses.—Commissioners are empowered to order workhouses to be built, hired, altered, or enlarged, with consent of the majority of the parishioners, out of the rates.—Sums to be raised for purposes of building workhouses are to be charged on poor-rates; but not to exceed one year's average amount of poor-rates, and shall be repaid in ten equal yearly portions.—The commissioners may order workhouses to be altered or enlarged without consent, but the sums to be raised for such purposes are not to exceed one-tenth of one year's rates, or 50*l.*

Unions.—Any parishes may be united by the commissioners, for the relief of the poor, with a common poor-house; but each parish is to be chargeable for the costs of its own poor.—Justices may order out-door relief to aged and infirm persons in unions wholly unable to work, providing the facts of want and infirmity are known to such justices.—When a union of parishes shall be proposed, the commissioners are to inquire into the expense of poor belonging to each parish for three years preceding, and each parish shall pay to the joint fund in future, in the proportion which it has already stood with relation to the other parishes.—There is a like provision as to unions already effected under local acts.—Parliamentary returns are to be evidence of the actual expense of poor to each parish, unless proved to be incorrect.—There is a repeal of 22 Geo. III. c. 83, s. 5, and 56, and Geo. III. c. 129, part of s. 1, restraining parishes from contributing to a workhouse at a greater distance than ten miles; and of 22 Geo. III. c. 83, s. 29, limiting the class of persons to be sent to workhouses.—Commissioners may, with consent of two-thirds of the union guardians, dissolve, add to, or take from any union; and thereupon make such rules as may be adapted to its altered state. But the rights and interests of each parish shall be ascertained and secured.—United parishes may, with the consent of all their guardians and the commissioners, be one parish for purposes of settlement amongst themselves.—The parishes in union may, with the consent of all their guardians and the commissioners, have a joint rate.—Guardians are to ascertain and assess the value of property, subject to

appeal.—Where there is a joint rate, all expenditure for the poor is to be in common.—The expense of valuation and surveys is to be paid from the rates.

Guardians.—Are to have the entire management of the poor, and are to be elected by each parish in union by the rate-payers and owners, within fourteen days of the 25th of March, in every year, the qualification being determined by the commissioners. Every magistrate in the district is to be an *ex-officio* member. Guardians may be re-elected.—The commissioners may order the like for single parishes.

Voting.—At all votings, the votes are to be taken in writing, and owners as well as occupiers to vote. The number of votes being, under 200*l.* one; under 400*l.* two; and above 400*l.* three. Where a person is owner and occupier he votes in both capacities. Votes may be given by proxy. No rate-payer shall vote unless rated one year.

Regulation of Workhouses.—Commissioners may make rules, &c., for present or future workhouses, and vary by-laws already in force or to be made hereafter.—Justices are empowered to see by-laws enforced, and to visit workhouses.—Buildings taken for workhouses are to be within the jurisdiction of the place to which they belong, though situated without.—No lunatic, insane person, or dangerous idiot, shall be detained in a workhouse more than fourteen days, unless a licensed asylum.

Officers.—Commissioners may direct overseers and guardians to appoint paid officers for parishes or unions, and fix their duties, and the mode of appointment and dismissal, and their security, and regulate their salaries. —Parish officers are to pass their accounts quarterly.—Masters of workhouses and paid officers are to be under order of the commissioners, and removeable by them.—No parochial contract shall be valid unless conformable to the rules of the commissioners.—The penalty imposed by 55 Geo. III. c. 13, on persons having the management of the poor being concerned in any contract, is extended to persons appointed under this Act.—No person employed in the administration of poor-laws to furnish, for his own profit, goods or provisions given in parochial relief.

Relief.—No parish is to give pecuniary relief to able-bodied paupers and families out of the workhouse, unless upon the special order of the commissioners.—But overseers may delay the operation of such special order, under special circumstances, for thirty days, and make report thereof, to the commissioners.—No casual relief shall in future be given, except by order of guardians or select vestry, unless in case of emergency, and in no case in money.—Any justice may give order for medical relief in dangerous illness.—Masters of workhouses and overseers are to keep daily registers of all reliefs and paupers.—Every husband is liable to maintain the children of a wife, legitimate or illegitimate, born before his marriage, until they shall attain the age of sixteen, or her death.—Such relief as commissioners, may direct to be considered as loan, for which justices may attach wages in the hands of master or employer.—No relief to be given to wives and families of substitutes, hired men, or volunteers of militia.

Emigration.—Owners and rate-payers may raise money, not exceeding half the rates, on security of such rates, for the purpose of emigration, and may obtain a loan for that purpose from the Exchequer Bill Office.

Settlement.—All future settlement by hiring and service, and service of an office, is repealed.—No future settlement is to be acquired by the occupation of a tenement without being assessed to, and paying poor-rate for one year.—No further settlement by being apprenticed in the sea service. —Settlement by estate not to continue longer than the person shall inhabit within ten miles of the place giving the settlement.

Bastardy.—The existing laws are repealed as to future cases of bastardy. —Mothers of future illegitimate children are bound to maintain them.—Court of quarter sessions, on application of overseers, may make an order on putative father of child for its support, when actually chargeable only, if

the mother's testimony is confirmed by other evidence; such charge to cease on the child attaining seven years of age; and in no case paid to the mother. But no application of this sort is to be heard without fourteen days' previous notice to the father.—In the event of party charged not appearing, the Court may nevertheless enter into the case.—A party summoned, if suspected of intending to abscond, may be required to enter into a recognizance for his appearance.—When payments get into arrear, putative father may be proceeded against by distress or attachment of wages, but not imprisoned.

Removals.—No person shall be removed till after twenty-one days' notice of his being chargeable has been sent to the parish to which order of removal is directed, with a copy of the order and examination; but such person may be removed directly if the order be submitted to; and in case of appeal no removal shall take place until after the hearing. This provision comes into operation the 1st of November.

Appeals.—In case of appeal the overseers of the appellants or their agents are to have access to the poor person, touching his settlement.—After the 1st of November next, the grounds of appeal are to be stated in the notice of appeal, and those stated can alone be gone into. Notice of appeal to be given fourteen days before the first day of session.—The parish losing appeal to pay such costs as the court may direct.—Either party making frivolous or vexatious statements to pay costs.—Costs of relief are to be paid by the parish to which poor persons eventually belong, but relief under suspended order is not to be recoverable unless notice sent of such order.

Trust and Charity Estates.—Commissioners may call for and publish accounts of trust and charity estates belonging to the poor.

Miscellaneous.—Parochial advertisements, bonds, &c., are exempted from stamp duty.—Letters to and from the Board of Commissioners are to be free from postage.—All payments contrary to this Act will be disallowed.—10*l.* penalty on persons introducing spirituous liquors into workhouses.—Masters of workhouses allowing use of spirituous liquors, or ill-treating poor persons, or misconducting themselves, are liable to a penalty.—Overseers and other officers disobeying guardians, liable to a penalty of 5*l.*—No overseer is to be prosecuted for not executing illegal orders of justices.—Penalty on overseers, &c. for purloining, &c. goods, &c. 20*l.*, and treble the value of goods purloined.—Penalty on persons wilfully disobeying rules, orders, and regulations.—All penalties, costs, and charges, may be levied by distress and sale, and shall go in aid of the rates.—All owners and rate-payers may be competent witnesses.—Justices may proceed by summons for the recovery of penalties.—Satisfaction is recoverable for special damage, but distress shall not be unlawful for want of form in the proceedings. A plaintiff shall not recover for irregularity, if tender of amends be made.—All appeals to the quarter sessions against the order of justices shall be within four calendar months after the cause of complaint, and fourteen days' notice of appeal in writing shall be given. No action is to be brought without twenty-one days' notice, nor after three months.—Every illegitimate child born after the passing of this Act, is to have the settlement of its mother until the age of sixteen, till which time she is bound to maintain it: the liability to cease in case of the child (being a female) marrying. When an illegitimate child, through the poverty of the mother, becomes chargeable to the parish, overseers may apply to next quarter sessions for an order upon the person charged as the putative father to reimburse the parish for the maintenance of the child. The order in no case to exceed the actual expense incurred or to be incurred, and to continue in force only until the child shall have attained the age of seven years.

The Poor Law Commissioners have sent to the parish officers of each

parish in England and Wales, a circular, of which we give the substance, requesting their careful attention to the provisions of the late Act.

"In reference to the change in the law which is effected by the 54th clause, the commissioners are desirous that the boards of guardians, select vestries, and other similar bodies, shall take into their immediate consideration the expediency of adopting such measures (either by establishing rotas or otherwise) as may appear to them best adapted for securing frequent and regular attendances for the ordering and directing of the necessary relief to the poor."

On turning to that clause, the vestries will find that the overseer, we presume, whether paid or not, is not to give any further or other relief or allowance from the poor-rate, than such as shall be ordered by such guardians or select vestry, except in case of sudden or urgent necessity.

Another care taken by the commissioners is to warn all parish officers that contracts are to be subject to their revision.

"I am further directed (says the Secretary) to recommend to your especial notice, the enactments with relation to contracts for supplies of goods for the use of the poor, and to suggest to you for the avoidance of future inconvenience and pecuniary loss, that in the case of the renewal of any contract on behalf of your parish now about to cease, you should cause to be inserted a clause to the following effect:—'That the said contract or agreement shall be liable to be altered or amended in case any alteration or amendment be rendered necessary by any rule, order, or regulation of the Poor Law Commissioners for England and Wales, during the period that such contract or agreement would otherwise remain in force.'"

The commissioners seem also to have an eye directly to the patronage belonging to their places:—

"I am directed also (says the Secretary) to request your attention to the clause respecting the appointment of paid officers; and to inform you that any *appointment now about to cease can only be renewed*, and that *any new appointment can only be made, subject to such regulations as the Central Board* may hereafter provide for the more uniform, correct, and efficient performance of the public service by such officers."

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

INTELLIGENCE from the West Indies, subsequent to the eventful first of August, was looked for with intense anxiety. From the several islands accounts have now been received, and on the whole they are satisfactory.

At Barbadoes, the 1st of August was observed, throughout the island, as a day of solemn thanksgiving. The negroes attended their places of worship, and the day passed over in peace and harmony. Their conduct subsequently had been most exemplary, It is worthy of remark that the price of provisions had risen, the negroes, as the first fruit of their emancipation, having shown a strong inclination to indulge themselves with a better description of food than they could obtain in their state of slavery.

At St. Christopher's there was, we are sorry to say, a general indisposition to work under the apprenticeship system, and the negroes were labouring under much misapprehension, which it was difficult to remove. On 12 or 14 estates they had even struck work. No violence, however, was offered to person or property; but the necessity of martial law was contemplated. Four men-of-war had arrived.

At Grenada, on two estates, the negroes had struck work on the 1st. With the aid of a small detachment of military, the ringleaders were apprehended, and order was maintained.

At Dominica, all was quiet, but there was a great indisposition to the apprenticeship system.

At Tortola, the negroes were working under the new system in an orderly and peaceable manner. This was attributed, in a great measure, to a proclamation issued by Sir E. Macgregor on the 24th, when he personally visited the island.

At Trinidad, we regret to say that much discontent prevailed at the prospect of the apprenticeship. Precautionary measures, however, were taken, and no serious difficulty was apprehended. The accounts, which were to be sent off two days later, are not yet arrived.

All was quiet at Nevis on the 1st of August. The same may be said of Montserrat. Subsequent reports, however, qualify the account; but no details have been received.

At Antigua, the 1st of August was spent in rejoicing and thanksgiving under the Governor's proclamation. Most of the negroes had subsequently begun to work at the rate of 1*s*. a-day for able labourers, and 9*d*. a-day for the second class of labourers.

At Bermuda, the whites and negroes assembled on the 1st of August to return thanks. Most of the negroes were working quietly for their former owners.

SWAN RIVER.

It appears by the report of the Agricultural Society of the Swan River colony, that, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which the settlers still laboured, the cultivation of the land had increased fourfold since their preceding report; that the quantity of land under wheat was about 560 acres, and that about 240 acres were under barley, oats, peas, potatoes, &c. The increase of cattle and sheep had been materially checked by the necessities of the settlers obliging many of them to sacrifice their breeding-stock to the butcher, and in this particular the speedy assistance of Government was much needed. The depredations of the natives had ceased, and a more friendly feeling was generated between them and the settlers.

FOREIGN STATES.

SPAIN.

Little reliance can be placed on the accuracy of accounts from Spain. Three things only would seem certain: Don Carlos has had a narrow escape in the Valley of Bastan—the French frontier is described as being covered with Carlist fugitives, in consequence of the entrance of the Government troops into Elisondo—and, it would appear, no serious engagement between the insurgent forces and the Government troops has yet taken place.

PORTUGAL.

The Portuguese Cortes were opened by Don Pedro on the 15th of August. In his speech, the liberty of the press, the responsibility of Ministers, and the stability of public credit were spoken of as things demanding immediate attention. The expediency of continuing the Regency in the person of Don Pedro, and the advisableness of the young Queen's marriage with a foreign Prince, were also to be brought before the consideration of the Chambers. It was also hinted that, owing to the present position of affairs in Spain, it would be necessary to maintain the army and navy on a larger scale than in time of peace. Speaking of the priests, he says, "In the pulpits, (I shudder to say it, but you know, and everybody knows, that I say the truth) in the pulpits—in the face of the holy altars—in the midst of sacred and august mysteries, the Ministers of the God of Peace and Charity preached assassination as a service done to religion, and announced to the astonished people a new gospel of persecution, blood and death!"

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

DONNA MARIA FRANCISCA DE BRAGANZA.

Died, at her residence, Alverstoke, Gosport, Donna Maria Francisca de Braganza, Princess of Spain. She was born April 12, 1800, was married to the Infante Don Carlos de Bourbon on the 29th of September, 1816, and leaves three sons, all with her at the time of her death. The illness of this lamented lady commenced with a cold, and terminated in a bilious fever, aggravated by the intense anxiety which she felt for the situation of her consort and family. The hardships endured by every member of it in Portugal would scarcely be credited. Flying before an infuriated soldiery in an impoverished country, over bad roads, and often on foot, it several times happened that the royal family of Spain had neither a meal nor a resting-place. The late Princess kept a journal of all the most remarkable occurrences which befel her and her persecuted family in the land of her birth, and which she quitted at an early age, when King John VI. withdrew to Brazil, whence she and her sister, Donna Maria Isabel, proceeded to Spain—the one to be espoused to the late King, Ferdinand VII., and the other, as before stated, to the Infante Don Carlos, at that time the presumptive heir to the crown. Donna Francisca was a woman of the most undaunted courage, never having evinced the smallest symptom of dismay, even when within the hearing of her pursuers. Had she lived, her diary, and some descriptive accounts of the places through which she and the royal family passed in Portugal, would most probably have been published, as, some time previous to her illness, it was known that she was preparing the materials. During her illness she was constantly attended by her eldest sister, the Princess de Beira, and the three princes, who never quitted the pillow of their dying mother.

MR. EDMONSTONE.

Mr. Edmonstone was born in Kelso; his parents were highly respectable in their line of life, and though he was apprenticed to a watchmaker, his attachment to painting was so strong that he soon devoted, under many difficulties, his whole time and attention to the study and practice of the art. He brought out his first productions in Edinburgh, where they attracted considerable attention, and procured him the patronage of Baron Hume and other gentlemen of taste, whose friendship he afterwards enjoyed. His success soon induced him to settle in London, where he speedily attained an honourable distinction.

At this period, about the year 1819, our knowledge of Mr. Edmonstone commenced; he was then, after some practice under Harlowe, a diligent student at the Royal Academy, remarkable for his steady deportment and regular habits. As his powers of execution and maturity of judgment increased, his pictures became proportionably esteemed; and when he determined on visiting the continent, Mr. Edmonstone was regarded as a young artist of the highest promise. He remained abroad for some years, residing at Rome, Naples, Florence, and Venice, at all of which places he pursued his studies with so much assiduity as materially to injure his health. Among his productions painted at Rome, is the picture of the "Ceremony of Kissing the Chains of St. Peter," which was exhibited and sold at the British Gallery last year. The studio of Edmonstone at Rome was generally visited, and his works obtained for him that marked respect and consideration from artists and amateurs which a clever student is always sure to enjoy there. He was also distinguished in that city by the notice of his countryman Sir Walter Scott,

At Rome, Mr. Edmonstone experienced a severe attack of fever, from the effects of which his constitution never recovered, and which obliged him to relinquish painting for a considerable time. On his return to London, however, at the close of 1832, he again zealously commenced his professional labours, and every successive picture he produced was an evidence of his increasing skill, and more fully developed the peculiar quiet beauty of his mind. A bright career of fame, and consequent emolument, seemed to be the undoubted reward of his perseverance and industry; but consumption, the too frequent disease of the imaginative and studious, "had marked him for her own." His health, injured by unremitting application, gave way, and, in the vain hope of deriving benefit from his native air, he left London a few weeks since for Kelso, where he died on the 21st ult., in the fortieth year of his age.

Of Mr. Edmonstone's character as a man, the high respect and esteem with which he was regarded by all who knew him is a sufficient testimony; although it was only his most intimate friends—they who had pierced the sensitive and somewhat proud reserve, which it was his nature to wear towards the world—who could truly estimate his innate worth, his elevated cast of mind, and amiable disposition. As a painter, Mr. Edmonstone practised both in portraits and works of imagination; but it was chiefly in the latter he excelled, and to which his inclination turned so forcibly as to induce him almost totally to resign the other more lucrative branch of his profession. His works are remarkable for the elevated sentiment which he infused into the most simple action or attitude—for a fine tone of colouring—and for that love of tranquil beauty which no doubt originated in the bias of his own mind and feelings. He was extremely fond of children, and of introducing them in his pictures—so much so, that, with one or two exceptions, he may be said never to have painted a picture in which a child did not form a prominent object. Their infantine attitudes, traits, and expressions, were his continual study and delight; and few artists, however celebrated, can be said to have been more true or happy in rendering their artless graces upon canvas. The painter who was most admired by him, and to whom he may perhaps be in many points compared, was Correggio—the same refined taste, the same quiet, elegant, and unaffected grace, the same beautiful sentiment and amiable feeling, seem to have inspired both. Deeply, therefore, do we lament, that a man who had begun to walk in a path so elevated—who was approaching with successful originality a standard of excellence so high and difficult of attainment—should have been prematurely snatched from the world and from his labours.

The last two pictures which Mr. Edmonstone's health allowed him to finish are, that called "The White Mouse," exhibited this year at the Suffolk-street Gallery, and the portraits of "Three of the Children of the Hon. Sir E. Cust," exhibited at Somerset House. At the time when illness obliged him to suspend his labours, he was employed upon, and had nearly completed, two pictures, which promised to be his *chef-d'œuvres;* the subjects are both Italian—one was painting for Lord Morpeth, the other for Mr. Vernon.—*Kelso Mail.*

MR. LAW.

Died, in Washington, Thomas Law, Esq., aged about 78 years. Mr. Law was a native of England, of highly-respectable connexions, the late learned and distinguished Lord Ellenborough being one of his brothers. Early in life he accepted an employment in the gift of the British East India Company, in the administration of the discretionary duties of which he found a wide field for the exercise of philanthropy and liberality. Whilst he acquired unbounded popularity among the natives, he secured the confidence of his superiors in office, both in India and at home. He was after-

wards chief ruler of one of the provinces of that vast empire, in which his wise, magnanimous, and beneficent administration obtained for him the enviable appellation of the father of the people. Returning from India, after a residence of a number of years (about the time of the trial of Warren Hastings), he remained in England for a year or two, and then transferred his residence to the United States, bringing with him large property. Led by his reverence for the character of Washington, with whom he soon became intimately acquainted, and impelled by enthusiasm in favour of the free institutions of the United States, he invested the greater part of his funds in lots and houses in this city. From that time he has been identified with this city as one of its oldest, most zealous, and enlightened citizens. With the exception of two or three occasional visits to his connexions and friends in Europe, he has been a constant resident of the city, or its immediate vicinity, employing himself mostly in literary labours, and indulging with delight in such hospitalities as his narrowed means—for, we regret to say his investments of money proved anything but lucrative—allowed him to exercise. For many years past had his originally powerful constitution successfully resisted the effects of his early Asiatic residence upon his nervous system. He lived to follow to the grave his whole family—three beloved sons, natives of India, and a no less beloved daughter, a native of this district. He himself has gone down to the tomb, full of years, the latest of which have been troubled with disease, and overclouded by domestic privations.—*National Intelligencer.*

MR. H. NIXON.

Mr. H. Nixon, who lately died at Liverpool of typhus fever, in his 47th year, was a classical and mathematical scholar of eminence. By a course of lectures on language in the Liverpool institution, some time since, and the publication of an English grammar and other works of merit, he rendered himself well known and respected by the literary and scientific circle of that town. Mr. Nixon's genius was not confined to literary pursuits. He was the inventor of the Œolina, or Æolian organ, a keyed instrument of great sweetness and harmonic effect, and which, had he lived to perfect it, would in all probability have partially superseded the church organ, as from its compact size and power of tone, as well as cheapness, it seems calculated for small churches or chapels. It is only four feet high, six wide, and two feet six inches deep, and contains six octaves and an odd note, or seventy-three *æolinas*. The bass closely resembles the *vox humana*, and the treble is beautifully clear and sweet. It has a bellows, wind-chest, and three swells; one, the common organ swell; the others are of Mr. N.'s own invention. There is one great difference between this and the ordinary church organ. Some of the metal brass pipes of the latter are fifteen feet long and nine or ten inches in diameter, and weigh 100 lbs., at a cost of 10*l.* each; while a metallic pipe of the Æolian, producing exactly the same note, is only seven inches long, and weighs less than 3 lbs. One great *desideratum* is, that the variation in tone from atmospheric effects is scarcely perceptible.

MR. JOHN JAMES M'GREGOR.

This gentleman, the author of "A History of the French Revolution," in several volumes, died at Ranelagh, near Dublin, we believe in circumstance of deep distress. He also published, jointly with the Rev. P. Fitzgerald, the "History of the County of Limerick," in two vols. 8vo., and "Stories from the History of Ireland," after the manner of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At Tunbridge Wells, by special license, Thomas Henry Lord Dalzell, eldest son of the Earl of Carnwath, to Maryanne, relict of the late John Blachford, Esq. of Altadore, county of Wicklow, and eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Henry Grattan.

At St. James's Church, Westminster, Dugdale Stratford Dugdale, of Merivale, in the county of Warwick, Esq., to Lady Sykes, widow of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, of Sledmere, in the county of York, Bart.

At Selling, in Kent, William Augustus Munn, Esq., only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Henry Munn, of the Madras Establishment, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Henry Hilton, Esq., of Sole-street House.

At St. Mary's, Newington, M. Thackeray, Esq., Vice-Provost of King's College, Cambridge, to Augusta, third daughter of the late John Yenn, Esq., of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.

At Enfield, George Burrows, M.D., Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, to Elinor, youngest daughter of the late John Abernethy, Esq.

At Oakley, Suffolk, Captain Baldwin Wake Walker, R.N., to Mary Catharine Sinclair, only child of Captain John Worth, R.N., of Oakley House.

At Hambledon, Bucks, Francis Seymour Hamilton, Esq., of the Royal Artillery, to Emma Catherine Frances, second daughter of Thomas Coventry, Esq. of Greenlands.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Horace Hamond, Esq., to Alicia Maria, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. William and Lady Anna Beresford.

A. Cromby, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn and Thornton Castle, Kincardineshire, to Mary Harriet, second daughter of F. Richardson, Esq. and the late Right Hon. Lady Richardson.

At North Meols, Major Hilton, second son of the late James Hilton, of Pennington and Read Hall, in the county of Lancaster, Esq., to Elizabeth, only child of the Rev. Gilbert Ford, M.A., Rector of North Meols, in the same county.

Died.]—At his house in Russell-square, after a lingering illness, Sir Charles Flower, Bart., in the 72d year of his age.

At Leeds, from the rupture of a blood-vessel, sincerely and deeply regretted, Colonel Sir Michael M'Creagh, C.B., K.C.H., and K.C.T.S., Inspecting Field-Officer of the Northern Recruiting District, in the 49th year of his age.

In Montagu-street, Russell-square, after a few days' illness, in the 75th year of his age, Major John Lovell, late of the 76th regiment, deeply lamented.

At his residence in Middle Scotland-yard, in the 51st year of his age, Robert Willimot, Esq., for many years, and to the close of his Administration, Private Secretary to the late Earl of Liverpool.

Mary Elizabeth, fourth daughter of Colonel the Hon. W. H. Gardner, aged 21.

At Richmond, the Hon. Clarinda Anna Margaret Plunkett, the infant daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Louth.

At Windsor Castle, in his 64th year, Sir John Barton, Treasurer to the Queen.

At his seat, Beddington Park, Surrey, Admiral Sir Benjamin Hallowell Carew, G.C.B., in the 74th year of his age.

At Wilton Crescent, Selina Diana Catherine, eldest daughter of Sir William Milner, Bart., aged 30.

At Brighton, in his 49th year, Thomas Woolsey, Esq., of the Admiralty, Somerset House.

At Canterbury, Major-General George Ramsay, Colonel-Commandant of the 4th battalion of the Royal Artillery, in the 72d year of his age.

At Teignmouth, Thomas Darell, Esq., late of the Admiralty Office.

At Belfield, Westmoreland, Sophia, wife of Andrew Henry Thomson, Esq., and daughter of G. Holme Sumner, Esq., of Hatchlands, Surrey.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Projected Improvements at St. Paul's. —A proposition has been made to the Commissioners of Sewers, by Mr. Hicks, the Deputy of Castlebaynard Ward, for a most important improvement in the immediate vicinity of St. Paul's. He proposed, and the motion was unanimously approved, that it would be a great accommodation to the public, without any diminution of the grandeur or beauty of the Cathedral of St. Paul's, if the area on the west front of the building enclosed with an iron rail, or fence, or some part of it, were to be opened and laid into the street. He then moved for the appointment of a committee to confer with the Church authorities on the subject, in the hope that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, will acquiesce in a project of improvement calculated to be of infinite advantage to the citizens of London. The proposal is strengthened by the unbounded admission of

omnibuses and other vehicles into the city, whence nuisances are created in particularly narrow passages, by which the lives and limbs of the people are constantly endangered. The committee consist of Deputies Wood, Daw, Blackett, Hicks, &c. Between Ludgate-hill and Dean-court the street is no more than twenty-two feet in breadth, and on the north-side the carriage way is only sixteen feet broad. The plan proposes that the rail shall be removed from its present position close to Ludgate-street, back to the statue of Queen Anne, on each side of which statue a gate shall be made. By this arrangement the carriage-way on one side will be widened from sixteen to sixty-six feet, and on the other side the way will be so wide as to give passage to the omnibuses, and carts, and cabs, and prevent such obstructions as now frequently occur. In 1774, an attempt was made to effect an improvement of a similar description, but nobody knew why it failed. On that occasion the surveyor of the Commissioners of Sewers was appointed to confer with the surveyor of the Cathedral, but there was no document in proof of the result. The present undertaking will, no doubt, be now favourably terminated The Sewers' Act says, that it shall be lawful for the Commissioners of Sewers to treat and agree with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Lord Mayor, as trustees for the fabric of St. Paul's, and with the Dean and Chapter, for opening and laying into the public street all, or any part of the ground, area, or space lying westward of the great steps leading up to the church, except that part encompassed with iron rails, where the statue of Queen Anne is erected; and the Commissioners are authorised and empowered, by and out of the monies arising from the rates and assessments to be made by the act for paving, lighting, and cleansing the city, to make compensation to the trustees as agreed to.

KENT.

A boy recently jumped into a newly-made grave in Greenwich churchyard, during the absence of the grave-digger, and whilst there, broke off the corner of an old coffin which protruded from the adjacent ground. A small crimson velvet bag dropped from the coffin, which, upon examination, was found to contain 174 pieces of ancient silver coin. The boy immediately decamped with his prize, and it is supposed went off to London to dispose of it, although he says he gave most of the money away to his companions. Several of the pieces seen by the gentleman from whom we received this information, were of the reign of Edward I. or II.; one of them, which the same gentleman has in his possession, is about the size of a sixpence; on the obverse appears the King, full-faced and crowned with an open crown of three fleur-de-lis, with two leper flowers not raised so high, with the inscription "Edw. Rex. Ang. dns. Hyb.;" on the reverse, a cross composed of a single line, tolerably broad, and continued to the outer rim, three pellets in each quarter, circumscribed with the place of coinage, "Civitas, London." One of the pieces is of the coinage of Ireland; the King's head in a triangle, with the same inscription round the outer edge, and the place of coinage "Civitas, Dubline;" the letters on all are Saxon. There was another piece without a legible inscription, supposed to be either of William I. or II. The face was in profile, and a wand or sceptre in front. There does not appear to have been any of a later period than Edward II., so that there is every reason to suppose they must have been buried about that time.—*Greenwich Gazette.*

WARWICKSHIRE.

Opening of the New Town Hall, Birmingham.—This magnificent building is a Roman temple of the Corinthian order, erected upon a high rustic base. The structure is of brick, faced with Anglesea marble, of which material the columns and their accessories are composed. The portico is supported by eight columns, which, with the twenty-four on the sides, give it a most imposing and truly magnificent effect. The building is lengthened externally to 160 feet by the projection of the arcaded pavement in front of Paradise-street, over the causeway. The height of the basement above the causeway is 23 feet, the columns resting upon its upper surface, or platform, are, with their entablature, 45 feet, and the pediment, 15 feet high, making a total height of 83 feet from the causeway to the acroterium. The columnar ordinance employed is said to be in imitation of the Roman foliated or Corinthian example of the temple of Jupiter Stator; the columns are fluted, and the entablature greatly enriched. The length of the grand music hall is 140 feet, its height from the floor to the ceiling is 65 feet.

The time given for the completion of this edifice was eighteen months, and the total cost was not to exceed 18,000*l*. It is said that the marble used in it has been supplied by the proprietor of the quarries free of cost, for the purpose of bringing the article into public repute. The large proportions of the hall, its commanding height, and its splendid series of Corinthian columns, which run completely round upon a rustic arcade, render it not only the most imposing building in Birmingham, but one which has been surpassed by few temples, either ancient or modern.

IRELAND.

The Marquis of Downshire has followed up his adhesion to the Conservative Society of Ireland, by directing the agent of his extensive estates in the county of Down to communicate to the clergy of the Established Church his desire of undertaking in future the payment of tithe composition to which they may be entitled from the lands held under his lordship in their respective parishes.

Water-spout.—A remarkable water-spout was seen by the Thetis packet, on the morning of Tuesday week, during its passage from Dublin to Liverpool in a heavy gale. The phenomenon was completely formed, and, accompanied by rain, passed within a mile of the vessel, in a direction right against the wind.

Mr. O'Connell is publishing a series of letters to the Irish people. The following is his plan for redressing the grievances of his country. We extract it from his first letter to the people:—"I propose, then, that there shall be formed in each county, city, and large town in Ireland 'a Liberal Club,' principally for the following purposes:—1st. To suppress agrarian crimes and outrages. 2nd. To suppress, by legal means, and to punish by due course of law, the members of Orange Lodges, and all other Orange criminals. 3rd. To procure, by legal and constitutional means, the total extinction of tithes, in nature as well as name. 4th. To attend to the elective franchise throughout Ireland, so as to secure the return to parliament of 'friends to Ireland." 5th. To advance and secure the restoration of a domestic legislature to Ireland."

SCOTLAND.

The workmen employed in excavating for additional works for the gas company at Coldstream, on a spot said to have been formerly part of a burying-ground of the Priory of Cistertian nuns there, immediately below the surface discovered a great number of human skeletons, which seem to have been buried in the greatest confusion. It is a well-known fact that the bodies of a great many persons of note slain in the battle of Flodden were brought in carts to Coldstream, by order of the Lady Abbess, that they might be interred in consecrated ground; and there can be little doubt that the trench now discovered contains the remains of those who so nobly fought and fell on that memorable day.—*Scotsman.*

WALES.

The "Eistedfodd" of the present year has gone off with great *éclat*. The "principality" has learnt the national interest and importance, as well as the pleasantness and enjoyment, of such institutions. Braham was in full force; and young Parry, the son of him who is entitled to be deemed the patriotic founder of these bardic and minstrel treats, gave much delight to his auditors by the display of improved musical proficiency through his Italian studies.

By an Act, which received the royal assent on the 13th of August, 1834, it is enacted that, from the passing of this Act, all business appertaining to the assessment, application, or management of the county stock or rate, or of any fund or funds used or applied in aid thereof, or contributing thereto, shall be done and transacted *publicly and in open court*, at such general or quarter sessions, or adjournment thereof, and not otherwise.—And no order to be binding, unless made in open court.

Returns have been ordered by the House of Commons of all the Justices of the Peace in England and Wales, and their clerks, containing the fullest particulars as to their qualification, profession, salary, &c., as also of the number of licensed victuallers, and a variety of information relative to the alteration, increase, refusal, &c., of licenses to the various public-houses.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BUONAPARTE, HIS BARDS, AND ALFIERI'S PROPHETIC TRAGEDY.

Nothing is more curious in the history of mind than to observe how variously mankind have been affected in different ages by the same phenomena. As the child trembles before the storm, which the man learns to brave, so, in the early ages, the conqueror and the tyrant excited universal terror and veneration, where he now only awakens opposition and hatred; and thus, while each hero of antiquity had his Homer, and each prince and paladin of the middle ages his troubadour, the miracle of our own times—he whose every campaign would have provided sufficient materials for an Iliad—has inspired neither chronicler nor bard with the splendour of his glory alone. Poetry, especially, appears in his case to have assumed the scales of justice, and to have rigidly exposed how much he was found wanting. The magnificent subjects which present themselves at every turn in Buonaparte's career, from its earliest to its latest hour, have been compressed into a few powerful sketches—but they are merely sketches—from the master-spirits of the time.

Four odes have been written to Napoleon Buonaparte by the greatest poets of their age and country, by Byron, Goethe, De la Martine, and Manzoni*; but all on different points of his history. The first, on his abdication; the second, (which is kept scrupulously out of sight by the author's admirers,) upon his entrance into Weimar; the third, on his tomb; the fourth, on the day of his death, the fifth of May. They may be thus truly but generally characterized:—Byron's as the most powerful, the most concentrated, and the most classical; Goethe's as unworthy of himself; De la Martine's as the most true in its delineation of character; Manzoni's as the most full of feeling and poetry.

Between the minds of Buonaparte and Lord Byron there existed points of resemblance, which, exclusive of the exciting events of his course, made the one a constant object of speculation to the other. Lord Byron was himself, as he says of Napoleon, "too much in extremes;" nor will the following passage from Sir Walter Scott apply less forcibly to the poet than to him for whom it was intended:—"The great error of Napoleon, 'if we have writ our annals true,' was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them." The noble poet, too, appears to have been completely divided between his republican principles and his aristocratic feelings: the first were gratified by Napoleon when General and Consul; and as Emperor, he displayed enough of classical splendour to conciliate the second. But Lord Byron, at least in his earlier works, could only generalize; he rarely descended to detail; and accordingly the rapid and exciting train of achievements which marked Napoleon's rise did no more

* Second only to Monti, and even his pre-eminence would be disputed by some.

than stimulate the interest and watchfulness of the poet, how intensely we find from the following passage in his diary alluding to the abdication, and proving at the same time the almost unconscious comparison instituted in his own mind between himself and his hero. "I don't know—but I think I—even I—(an insect compared to this creature)—have set my life on casts not a millionth part of this man's; but, after all, a crown may not be worth dying for—yet to outlive Lodi for this!"

But the moment for inspiration arrived—Napoleon fell! and when that false step was committed which created so terrible a contrast, and gave to Lord Byron one of his most potent means of effect; when the poet could contemplate his exploits and his reverses in the aggregate, and behold him as he *had been*, and as he *was*, his genius was kindled, and he produced his "Ode"—an union of classic imagery, powerful simile, and biting, nay, maddening sarcasm, sufficient to have stung the mind of its object (had he seen it) perhaps as acutely as his defeat. In Byron's other pieces on Napoleon there is but little to admire: they implicate their author's literary consistency more than one could wish even in a poet, and they contain nothing worthy to succeed the ode, except those stanzas on Waterloo, which occur in the third canto of "Childe Harold." Than these, history can hardly be more faithful, or poetry more sublime.

De la Martine's production is more diversified; but neither so concentrated, nor so powerful as Lord Byron's. It reviews the whole of Napoleon's career, and thus gives the poet an opportunity of delineation of which he has availed himself in a masterly way, and has drawn perhaps the best description of Napoleon's character that has appeared—of that indomitable spirit of command, that thirst of empire, which withered all better feelings in its indulgence.

The French poet is of course not free from bias upon such a topic; and it is clear that bias did not incline him towards Napoleon. He does not write so much like a poet as like a royalist, who, though he could not be blind to the materials such a character furnished to his art, acknowledged its supremacy with reluctance, and therefore took refuge in the expedient of raising him above humanity, gilding this bad eminence, however, with the radiance of a splendid simile.

"Calm didst thou rise—without a murmur sink—
Nought human beat 'neath thy war panoply;
Nor hate—nor love—thou only lived to think;
And hadst, like eagle in the lonely sky,
An eye to mete the earth out as it lay,
And talons stretched to grasp it for thy prey." *

The philosophical error into which De la Martine has here been betrayed, in raising Napoleon above the human feelings which ultimately hastened his fall, is evident. Had he cared less for the world—had he been less under the influence of that exhaustless love of universal fame which led him to take his most erroneous steps, he would not probably have ended life a captive. The poet has also been guilty of bad taste in his three last stanzas, by referring to Buonaparte's religious feelings. Of these nothing is known—nothing ought to be conjectured. It leads

* In an essay like the present, translation is considered to be less an interruption to the reader than quotation from the original. The versions we offer, although of course not absolutely literal, are, we trust, close enough to present a faithful idea of the poetry.

him into the pedantry that so often disfigures French poetry, and to end with an evasion in place of a right or satisfactory conclusion, alike prejudicial to his judgment and his poetry.

Manzoni's ode combines all the best characteristics of its author. The fresh simplicity of his prose—the poetical power and truth of his tragedies—the exquisite sensibility of his own nature, which displays itself in every page he has written. If Lord Byron stand alone, between the other two there are many points of comparison, and indeed it is singular at how many they actually touch. In the two following stanzas the same idea is expressed, but the palm belongs to Manzoni.

De la Martine.

" Yet fear thou not, O! still unquiet shade,
I come to outrage thy mute majesty;
My lyre ne'er offer'd insult to the dead—
The grave is glory's honoured sanctuary;
Nothing shall pierce beneath the silent stone
That guards thy slumbers—nought save truth alone."

Manzoni.

" My Muse beheld him on the throne
Shining—she look'd in silence on—
He sunk—he rose—he fell
With sudden and with sad reverse;
And still she scorn'd to add her verse
The common shout to swell.
Alike disdaining servile praise
And coward taunt, she would not raise
Her voice; but when she found
The great light quench'd in sudden gloom,
Her Hymn broke forth above his tomb,
Through time perhaps to sound."

With a celerity in thought almost equalling Napoleon's in action, Manzoni goes on to place him before us on the Alps—on the ocean—in the desert—as uncertain in his direction, as certain in his blow, as the lightning—obeying the dictates of a heart burning for empire—now in the palace—now in the prison. Then follows the terrible reverse, and here the French and Italian poets, pursuing the same train of ideas, again give room for comparison.

De la Martine.

" Oh! to have pierced within thy depth of thought,
When the remembrance of thy greatness lost
Came like remorse, all noiseless and unsought,
As there with arms upon thy bosom cross'd,
O'er thy pale forehead, bent beneath the blight
Of dark reflection—horror pass'd like night.

And as the shepherd, watching on the shore,
Beholds his length'ning shadow on the sea,
Spreading along the billows as they roar,
So from the lone height of thy destiny
Look'd thou into the shadow of the past,
To find thyself in days that did not last."

Manzoni.

" How often, when the dying light
Usher'd the dull hours into night,

His eagle-eye downcast,
With folded arms he stood—his breast
Fill'd with the memory of blest,
Of glorious days long past;
Of flying tents—vales echoing wide
With clanging squadrons in their pride;
The flower of Infantry—
With following wave on wave of horse—
'Command in all its mightiest force,
And thousands to obey."

Manzoni has also concluded his Ode by a religious allusion; but it is not open to censure like that of the French poet. De la Martine ends in doubt; Manzoni, in hope—beautifully contrasting this feeling with the deserted deathbed of the fallen hero. It is a nice sense of both moral and poetical justice, as well as a truly Christian spirit, that creates this superiority on the part of Manzoni.

De la Martine.

"His tomb is closed! before the Almighty eye
His crimes, his exploits, tremble in the scale!
Touch it not, feeble man! nor vainly try
To fathom mercy that can never fail.
And ye—Scourges of God! who can declare
That Genius is not of your virtues?"

Manzoni.

"Then beauteous and beneficent
Faith, to continual triumphs sent,
O! write these words alone!
'Rejoice! The soul that soar'd so far,
To the disgrace of Golgotha
Can never be brought down!
Above this cold and worn-out clod
Spare ye each cruel word—the God
Who grief or joy can shed,
Who can afflict and can console,
Watch'd the departure of his soul
By his deserted bed.'"

Great in their kind as these poems unquestionably are, they are not great enough to be the sole tributes offered by the genius of three nations to so lofty a subject for poetry as Buonaparte. Detail, and partial though powerful sketching, is one of the characteristics of our present literature; but even was there a mind strong enough to view, in a poetical light, the whole of his varied being, to feel the force of its contrasts, and to fathom the depth of that character whose natural element was convulsion, it is at present too much connected with what is passing around us, to allow of its realities being either disguised or heightened. There exists, however, a most singular coincidence, which in England is very little known, and which yet furnished Italy with a complete anticipation, as it were, of Napoleon's rise and character, together with allusions that might seem almost direct to parts of his domestic history, before he was known to the world. We allude to the tragedy of *Timoleone*, which was written and published by Alfieri in 1788. The argument of this drama will be remembered by the classical reader. Timophanes and Timoleon are brothers of Corinth; the former has, very much through the instrumentality of the latter, been made

General of the Army of the Republic, and his intrepid valour exposes him to many dangers. Upon one occasion, his brother saves his life at the imminent risk of his own. Timophanes soon, however, forgets the established government of his country, and, for the gratification of his own ambitious views, tramples on her laws, and by degrees raises himself to the supreme power. Timoleon watches his progress—warns him—quits him, and, in spite of all his entreaties and tempting offers to share his power, remains true to his republican principles, and finally forms a conspiracy against the tyrant. This plot is discovered by Timophanes, who saves Timoleon from the rest of the conspirators, only to be assured that he should mount the throne, if he mounted it at all, over his (Timoleon's) corpse; and in the end to connive, and be present at the murder of Timophanes, by a partizan whose life was also spared.

The scanty materials from which this tragedy is formed—the single incident on which it apparently turns—the single source whence its interest is drawn—and yet the manner in which that interest is kept up throughout—render it one of Alfieri's most masterly works. His only means of effect was contrast—contrast between the firm rectitude of the one brother, and the determined ambition of the other; for the only subordinate characters introduced are the friend of Timoleon and murderer of his brother, and the mother of the two disputants, who is constantly vacillating between her maternal love for the one and her sympathy in the glory of the other. The scrupulous tameness of the Italian stage allows us only to *hear* of the terrible events which form and unravel the plot of the tragedy, and the attention is therefore kept exclusively fixed on the development of character, and the exposition of feelings by the dialogue, in which the sentiments are so nobly suited to each brother, and clothed in such nervous and expressive poetry (for metaphor is sparingly used by Alfieri), that the mind is not for a moment fatigued. There can be little doubt that he chose this difficult, and, in the main, ungrateful subject, in accordance with the then dawning spirit of the age, and as a vehicle for his own strong republican feelings. His object appears to have been to portray in Timophanes the temptations and consequences of power given to one, and in Demarista the baleful effects of "the pestilential air of palaces;" but it was most singular that the rise of Buonaparte should so soon after give to this tragedy almost the character of prophecy, for the following anecdote, not perhaps very generally known, will show that it applied closely even to a portion of his family history:—

Lucien Buonaparte was below his brother only in genius and ambition; he was his equal in strength of mind, his superior in clearness of intellect and rectitude of principle. In the earlier part of Napoleon's career, Lucien was his assistant, his companion; and on the 18th Brumaire saved his life from the rage of the Council of Five Hundred. But at a later period, when Napoleon's power became absolute, he received none of the honours, accepted none of the kingdoms which were bestowed upon the rest of his family. His principles were originally republican, and they remained so to the last. Napoleon is known to have made him many offers of power, which were all steadily rejected; but the latest of these proposals gave rise to a scene thus described to us by an Officer of the Imperial Army, as currently believed in Italy. In November, 1807*, Napoleon sent for Lucien to meet him at Mantua,

* This journey of Napoleon into Italy at a time when his presence there wa

and there, after a conference with some of his general officers on his future operations, they were dismissed, and the brothers remained alone. The Conqueror grasped the hand of the hitherto inflexible patriot, and tracing on the map which lay before him the wide extent of his dominions, he said, "Now choose—any part shall be yours—we will share them all." Lucien replied that "his principles were unaltered, and would remain so; he could not therefore accept of his brother's proposal." "*Eh bien*," rejoined the Emperor, "we shall meet again at dinner, when, perhaps——" He left the room by one door; Lucien at the same instant quitted it by another, and entering the carriage he had only just left, was, before the dinner hour arrived, when temptation was again to be thrown in his way, some leagues on the road to the retirement from which he did not again emerge till Napoleon became Emperor.

Here then is almost the same bare outline as in the prophetic tragedy of Alfieri. Timophanes is indeed a true and classic model of Buonaparte, though unlike him in some points; for Napoleon undoubtedly possessed the affections of his people, and his fame and conquests were more ex-

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least expected, and his consequent meeting with Lucien, was unknown in that country till his return, nor has it ever been actually proved that the meeting did then take place; but the following incident, related to us by the officer already alluded to, and who did not leave his native country till after the event, goes far to establish the fact, confirmed as it was by the general report:—

"At the end of November, 1807," says our informant, "I was returning from an afternoon's walk with my father, in the town of Vercelli (at a short distance from Mantua), past one of the principal inns in the place. Two carriages were stopping to change horses; from the first of which, two persons, having the appearance of generals, descended to give orders. A third, having his head enveloped in the folds of a very large red and white shawl, remained sitting back in the corner of the carriage, nor did he alter his position. In the second carriage my father fancied he recognized Champagny, then Minister of the Interior, whom he had formerly received at his house. The next day we learned that, in passing over the bridge at Sesia, half a mile from Vercelli, the third person in the red and white shawl had been known by the officer on guard as Napoleon. Little attention was paid, however, to his assertion: but what was our surprise at learning shortly after, through the public papers, that Napoleon had been received and *fêted* at Venice by an immense concourse of astonished people, for how and why he came, and whence he arrived, were equally a mystery. The two carriages which we had seen had been traced to Mantua, and another was ascertained to have entered that city by the gate of the Po a few hours afterwards." These circumstances, together with the report which arose at that time of Lucien's having refused to become *Supreme Moderator of the Federation of Italy*, which Napoleon is supposed to have taken this journey *incognito* to consolidate, leave little or no doubt that the interview between Napoleon and his brother, which lately-published memoirs prove to have actually happened at this period, took place at Mantua. The terms of their conversation, though kept profoundly secret at the time, appear to have transpired subsequently in the form in which we have placed them before our readers. We go on to quote the words of our informant, as showing the sentiments of veneration and hope with which Napoleon was regarded even by those of republican principles at the period of his greatest glory, and how completely it seems to have dazzled the acutest judgments. After observing that such was the universal admiration for Napoleon throughout France and Italy (especially the latter) that, had his presence there been suspected, neither weather nor distance would have prevented the inhabitants almost of entire provinces from flocking to see him, he adds, "My father was a republican; he detested the *name* alone, and not the person of any king, prince, or emperor whatever. Nevertheless he entertained sentiments of love, admiration, and even fondness for Napoleon, persuaded that he sincerely wished the happiness of all mankind, especially of the people of Italy. In reading the acts of his administration, my father often said to me, with tears of joy in his eyes, 'These are rigid laws; they are severe, it is true, but they are just, wise, beneficent, and paternal, and bearing the impress of Roman genius! Who knows if our age will understand them?'"

tended; but the two characters, in their main particulars, are intrinsically the same, and although Lucien did not aspire to the ancient though equivocal' virtue of opposing and murdering his tyrant brother, yet the nobly patriotic sentiments expressed by the republican Timoleon are perfectly suited to the mode of thinking which he both professed and acted up to.

In the first interview between the brothers (act ii., scene ii.), the following speeches occur:—

"*Timophanes.* Perchance thou dost reproach me with the gift
Which thy wise valour made me in the field,
Of victory and life?
Timoleon. That double gift
Was duty, not benevolence. Fortune
Smiled on me at the moment. Now beware
And make me not repent. Ne'er have I seen
A braver warrior than thou, nor e'er
Had Corinth leader so invincible.
But when, alas! after internal feuds,
An antidote was sought in worser ills—
Perpetual arms—perpetual command—
If to the dangerous honour thou wert raised,
If civil mix'd with military sway
Lighted on thee, lay not the blame to me.
Oppose thee I would not; it was too much
To doubt a brother when all else agreed
To trust him as a fellow-citizen!
Yet from that day I trembled, much for thee
And for my country more—nor was my heart
Open to envy, no—I only mourn'd,
I only mourn'd thy splendour.
Timophanes. How?
My splendour? was it not as much thine own?
Wert thou not counsellor, guide, soul to me?
Didst thou but wish? If bravery was mine,
Thine was the wisdom—what then couldst thou fear?
Timoleon. Speak'st thou as brother or as Governor,
Thy flattery alike falls dead; alas!
How say'st thou? hast thou not to all my words
Been deaf, since thou upon that fatal day
Assumed a new, till then unknown command?"

This description keeps pace sufficiently with the opening of Napoleon's career to warrant its applicability. The following passage, in which the tyrant offers a share of his power to his brother, is equally well fitted. Timoleon has avowed that his brother shall only mount the throne over his corpse:—

"*Timophanes.* I am already there,
And thou unhurt. My cities and my troops,
All I know well: I am too far advanced
To turn again. I have no equal here,
None but thyself,—it would be infamy
To sink myself below inferiors,
But below thee I can,—aye, and I will.
The popular liberty no more can rise,
Believe me, here. A single governor
Thou think'st a crime; but if his single arm
Be of the best, its guidance must be too.
Be thou that one; do thou enjoy the fruit
Of all my crimes. Let Corinth gain in thee

All that this hand hath ta'en from her, while I
Will proudly reign thy second."

In the same scene, Timoleon, alluding to the cruelties by which Timophanes has gained possession of the throne, tells him that blood may be washed out by blood.

"*Timophanes.* Fall, then, the traitorous blow.
Yet, while I breathe, Corinth and Greece shall see
Sole power is not in all men bad; the prince
Who tracks his passage to the throne by blood
May yet rejoice the people by wise laws,
Guard every subject, calm the internal state,
And terrible to others in his speed,
Strong in himself, reign envied and supreme."

This is a trait peculiar to Napoleon himself; it was his own creed, perhaps only, like most of his designs, too noble to be realized. The next passage finely pourtrays the situation of a tyrant:—

" * * * What hopest thou
From reigning over minds so different?
Thou art already, and will ever be,
The enemy of every noble heart,
Of every virtue the invidious foe;—
Fear'd, flatter'd, hated, wearying the world,
A burden to thyself. To purchase praise
Still greedy, though thy secret soul confess
That execration is thy only meed.
Coward at heart, dissembler in thy looks,
Eternal prey to thy suspicious fears,
Still whetting an eternal thirst for blood
That ne'er can be appeased."

This is not throughout applicable to Napoleon, but it would probably have become so, had complete success given him leisure for reflection. A portion of Timophanes' reply is, however, perfectly characteristic.

"It is become a part of life itself,
The sole, immutable, and high resolve
Of reigning."

Our extracts, however, must cease, our object being to give our readers a sufficient idea of the structure of the drama, and the characters of the two brothers, to establish the existence of the singular coincidence we have pointed out, and which was so apparent to the Italians immediately after Napoleon's short exaltation among them, that the tragedy became doubly popular, and the Emperor, his mother, and brother, were constantly designated by the titles of its characters, thus fulfilling the desire of the former to be compared with the heroes of antiquity in a manner but little congenial to his feelings.

In the meantime, the enormous masses of information continually appearing on the subject of Napoleon's life and campaigns must ultimately form as rich a store for the poets and romancers of a future age, as Froissart left behind him for those of the present (if in this era of utilitarianism all remains of the *gaie science* be not banished the world); and thus we cannot better conclude than in the words of Manzoni:—

"Was it true glory? Time will end
The arduous doubt. We humbly bend
That mighty Hand before,
Which sent him tow'ring o'er his kind
An image almost unconfined
Of its creative power."

B.

MY HOBBY,—RATHER.

No. II.

I HAVE only, in my life, known one *lunatic*—properly so called. In the days when I carried a satchel on the banks of the Shamsheen (a river whose half-lovely, half-wild scenery is tied like a silver thread about my heart,) Larry Wynn and myself were the farthest boarders from school, in a solitary farm-house on the edge of a lake of some miles square, called by the undignified title of Pomp's Pond. An old negro, who was believed by the boys to have come over with Christopher Columbus, was the only other human being within anything like a neighbourhood of the lake (it took its name from him); and the only approaches to its waters, girded in as it was by an almost impenetrable forest, were the path through old Pomp's clearing, and that by our own door. Out of school, Larry and I were inseparable. He was a pale, sad-faced boy, and, in the first days of our intimacy, he had confided a secret to me which, from its uncommon nature, and the excessive caution with which he kept it from every one else, bound me to him with more than the common ties of schoolfellow attachment. We built wigwams together in the woods, had our tomahawks made of the same fashion, united our property in fox-traps, and played Indians with perfect contentment in each other's approbation.

I had found out, soon after my arrival at school, that Larry never slept on a moonlight night. With the first slender horn that dropped its silver and graceful shape behind the hills, his uneasiness commenced, and by the time its full and perfect orb poured a flood of radiance over vale and mountain, he was like one haunted by a pursuing demon. At early twilight he closed the shutters, stuffing every crevice that could admit a ray; and then, lighting as many candles as he could beg or steal from our thrifty landlord, he sat down with his book, in moody silence, or paced the room with an uneven step, and a solemn melancholy in his fine countenance, of which, with all my familiarity with him, I was almost afraid. Violent exercise seemed the only relief, and when the candles burnt low after midnight, and the stillness around the lone farm-house became too absolute to endure, he would throw up the window, and, leaping desperately out into the moonlight, rush up the hill into the depths of the wild forest, and walk on with supernatural excitement till the day dawned. Faint and pale he would then creep into his bed, and, begging me to make his very common and always credited excuse of illness, sleep soundly till I returned from school. I soon became used to his ways, ceased to follow him, as I had once or twice endeavoured to do, into the forest, and never attempted to break in on the fixed and rapt silence which seemed to transform his lips to marble. And for all this Larry loved me.

Our preparatory studies were completed, and, to our mutual despair, we were destined to different Universities. Larry's father was a disciple of the great Channing, and mine a Trinitarian of uncommon zeal; and the two institutions of Yale and Harvard were in the hands of most eminent men of either persuasion, and few are the minds that could resist a four years' ordeal in either. A student was as certain to come

forth a Unitarian from one as a Calvinist from the other; and in the New England States these two sects are bitterly hostile. So, to the glittering atmosphere of Channing and Everett went poor Larry, lonely and dispirited; and I was committed to the sincere zealots of Connecticut, some two hundred miles off, to learn Latin and Greek, if it pleased heaven, but the mysteries of "election and free grace," whether or no.

Time crept, ambled, and galloped by turns, as we were *in* love or *out*, moping in term-time, or revelling in vacation, and gradually, I know not why, our correspondence had dropped, and the four years had come to their successive deaths, and we had never met. I grieved over it; for in those days I believed, with a school-boy's fatuity,

"That two, or one, are almost what they seem;"

and I loved Larry Wynn, as I hope I may never love man or woman again—with a pain at my heart. I wrote one or two reproachful letters in my senior year, but his answers were overstrained, and too full of protestations by half; and seeing that absence had done its usual work on him, I gave it up, and wrote an epitaph on a departed friendship. I do not know, by the way, why I am detaining you with all this, for it has nothing to do with my story; but let it pass as an evidence that it is a true one. The climax of things in real life has not the regular procession of incidents in a tragedy.

Some two or three years after we had taken "the irrevocable yoke" of life upon us (not matrimony, but money-making), a winter occurred of uncommonly fine sleighing—*sledging*, you call it in England. At such times the American world is all abroad, either for business or pleasure. The roads are passable at any rate of velocity of which a horse is capable, smooth as *montagnes Russes*, and hard as is good for hoofs; and a hundred miles is diminished to ten in facility of locomotion. The hunter brings down his venison to the cities, the western trader takes his family a hundred leagues to buy calicoes and tracts, and parties of all kinds scour the country, drinking mulled wine and "flip," and shaking the very nests out of the fir-trees with the ringing of their horses' bells. You would think death and sorrow were buried in the snow with the leaves of the last autumn.

I do not know why I undertook, at this time, a journey to the west; certainly not for scenery, for it was a world of waste, desolate, and dazzling whiteness, for a thousand unbroken miles. The trees were weighed down with snow, and the houses were thatched and half-buried in it, and the mountains and valleys were like the vast waves of an illimitable sea, congealed with its yesty foam in the wildest hour of a tempest. The eye lost its power in gazing on it. The "spirit-bird" that spread his refreshing green wings before the pained eyes of Thalaba would have been an inestimable fellow-traveller. The worth of the eyesight lay in the purchase of a pair of green goggles.

In the course of a week or two, after skimming over the buried scenery of half a dozen states, each as large as Great Britain (more or less), I found myself in a small town on the border of one of our western lakes. It was some twenty years since the bears had found it thinly settled enough for their purposes, and now it contained perhaps twenty thousand souls. The oldest inhabitant, born in the town, was a youth in his minority. With the usual precocity of new settlements, it had already

most of the peculiarities of an old metropolis. The burnt stumps still stood about among the houses, but there was a fashionable circle, at the head of which were the lawyer's wife and the member of Congress's daughter; and people ate their peas with silver forks, and drank their tea with scandal, and forgave men's *many* sins and refused to forgive woman's *one*, very much as in towns whose history is written in black letter. I dare say there were not more than one or two offences against the moral and Levitical law, fashionable on this side the water, which had not been committed, with the authentic aggravations, in the town of ——; I would mention the name if this were not a true story.

Larry Wynn (now Lawrence Wynn, Esq.) lived here. He had, as they say in the United States, "hung out a shingle" (*Londonicè*, put up a sign) as attorney at law, and to all the twenty thousand innocent inhabitants of the place he was the oracle and the squire. He was besides colonel of militia, churchwarden, and canal commissioner; appointments which speak volumes for the prospects of "rising young men" in our flourishing republic. I mention it for the peculiar benefit of Scotland.

Larry was glad to see me—very. I was more glad to see *him*. I have a soft heart, and forgive a wrong generally, if it touches neither my vanity nor my purse. I forgot his neglect, and called him "Larry." By the same token, he did *not* call me "Phil." (There are very few that love me, patient reader, but those who do thus abbreviate my pleasant name of Philip. I was called after the Indian Sachem of that name, whose blood runs in this tawny hand.) Larry looked upon me as a *man*. I looked on him, with all his dignities and changes, through the sweet vista of memory—as a *boy*. His mouth had acquired the pinched corners of caution and mistrust common to those who know their fellow men; but I never saw it unless when speculating as I am now. He was to me the pale-faced and melancholy friend of my boyhood; and I could have slept, as I used to do, with my arm around his neck, and feared to stir lest I should wake him. Had my last earthly hope lain in the palm of my hand, I could have given it to him, had he needed it, but to make him sleep; and yet he thought of me but as a stranger under his roof, and added, in his warmest moments, a "Mr." to my name! There is but one circumstance in my life that has wounded me more. Memory, avaunt!

Why should there be no unchangeableness in the world? why no friendship? or why am I, and you, gentle reader (for by your continuing to pore over these idle musings, you have a heart, too), gifted with this useless and restless organ beating in our bosoms, if its thirst for love is never to be slaked, and its aching self-fulness never to find flow or utterance? I would positively sell my whole stock of affections for three farthings. Will you say "*two?*"

"You are come in good time," said Larry one morning, with a half-smile, "and shall be groomsman to me. I am going to be married."

"Married?"

"Married."

I repeated the word after him, for I was surprised. He had never opened his lips about his unhappy lunacy since my arrival, and I had felt hurt at this apparent unwillingness to renew our ancient confidence, but had felt a repugnance to any forcing of the topic upon him, and

could only hope that he had outgrown or overcome it. I argued, immediately on this information of his intended marriage, that it must be so. No man in his senses, I thought, would link an impending madness to the fate of a confiding and lovely woman.

He took me into his sleigh, and we drove to her father's house. She was a flower in the wilderness. Of a delicate form, as all my countrywomen are, and lovely, as *quite* all certainly are not, large-eyed, soft in her manners, and yet less timid than confiding, and sister-like, with a shade of melancholy in her smile, caught, perhaps, with the "trick of sadness" from himself, and a patrician slightness of reserve, or pride, which Nature sometimes, in very mockery of high birth, teaches her most secluded child,—the bride elect was, as I said before, a flower in the wilderness. She was one of those women we sigh to look upon as they pass by, as if there went a fragment of the wreck of some blessed dream.

The day arrived for the wedding, and the sleigh-bells jingled merrily into the village. The morning was as soft and genial as June, and the light snow on the surface of the lake melted, and lay on the breast of the solid ice beneath, giving it the effect of one white silver mirror, stretching to the edge of the horizon. It was exquisitely beautiful, and I was standing at the window in the afternoon, looking off upon the shining expanse, when Larry approached, and laid his hand familiarly on my shoulder.

"What glorious skating we shall have," said I, "if this smooth water freezes to-night!"

I turned the next moment to look at him; for we had not skated together since I went out, at his earnest entreaty, at midnight, to skim the little lake where we had passed our boyhood, and drive away the fever from his brain, under the light of a full moon.

He remembered it, and so did I; and I put my arm behind him, for the colour fled from his face, and I thought he would have sunk to the floor.

"The moon is full to-night," said he, recovering instantly to a cold self-possession.

I took hold of his hand firmly, and, in as kind a tone as I could summon, spoke of our early friendship, and apologizing thus for the freedom, asked if he had quite overcome his melancholy disease. His face worked with emotion, and he tried to withdraw his hand from my clasp, and evidently wished to avoid an answer.

"Tell me, dear Larry," said I.

"Oh God! *No!*" said he, breaking violently from me, and throwing himself with his face downwards upon the sofa. The tears streamed through his fingers upon the silken cushion.

"Not cured? And does *she* know it?"

"No! no! thank God! not yet!"

I remained silent a few minutes, listening to his suppressed moans, (for he seemed heart-broken with the confession,) and pitying while I inwardly condemned him. And then the picture of that lovely and fond woman rose up before me, and the impossibility of concealing his fearful malady from a wife, and the fixed insanity in which it must end, and the whole wreck of her hopes and his own prospects and happiness,—and my heart grew sick.

I sat down by him, and, as it was too late to remonstrate on the injustice he was committing toward her, I asked how he came to appoint the night of a full moon for his wedding. He gave up his reserve, calmed himself, and talked of it at last as if he were relieved by the communication. Never shall I forget the doomed pallor, the straining eye, and feverish hand of my poor friend during that half hour.

Since he had left college he had striven with the whole energy of his soul against it. He had plunged into business,—he had kept his bed resolutely night after night, till his brain seemed on the verge of frenzy with the effort,—he had taken opium to secure to himself an artificial sleep;—but he had never dared to confide it to any one, and he had no friend to sustain him in his fearful and lonely hours; and it grew upon him rather than diminished. He described to me with the most touching pathos how he had concealed it for years,—how he had stolen out like a thief to give vent to his insane restlessness in the silent streets of the city at midnight, and in the more silent solitudes of the forest,—how he had prayed, and wrestled, and wept over it,—and finally, how he had come to believe that there was no hope for him except in the assistance and constant presence of some one who would devote life to him in love and pity. Poor Larry! I put up a silent prayer in my heart that the desperate experiment might not end in agony and death.

The sun set, and, according to my prediction, the wind changed suddenly to the north, and the whole surface of the lake in a couple of hours became of the lustre of polished steel. It was intensely cold.

The fires blazed in every room of the bride's paternal mansion, and I was there early to fulfil my office of master of ceremonies at the bridal. My heart was weighed down with a sad boding, but I shook off at least the appearance of it, and superintended the concoction of a huge bowl of punch with a merriment which communicated itself in the shape of the most joyous hilarity to a troop of juvenile relations. The house resounded with their shouts of laughter.

In the midst of our noise in the small inner room entered Larry. I started back, for he looked more like a demon possessed than a Christian man. He had walked to the house alone in the moonlight, not daring to trust himself in company. I turned out the turbulent troop about me, and tried to dispel his gloom, for a face like his at that moment would have put to flight the rudest bridal party ever assembled on holy ground. He seized on the bowl of strong spirits which I had mixed for a set of hardy farmers, and before I could tear it from his lips had drunk a quantity which, in an ordinary mood, would have intoxicated him helplessly in an hour. He then sat down with his face buried in his hands, and in a few minutes rose, his eyes sparkling with excitement, and the whole character of his face utterly changed. I thought he had gone wild.

"Now, Phil," said he; "now for my bride!" And with an unbecoming levity he threw open the door, and went half dancing into the room where the friends were already assembled to witness the ceremony.

I followed with fear and anxiety. He took his place by the side of the fair creature on whom he had placed his hopes of life, and, though sobered somewhat by the impressiveness of the scene, the wild sparkle still danced in his eyes, and I could see that every nerve in his frame

was excited to the last pitch of tension. If he had fallen a gibbering maniac on the floor, I should not have been astonished.

The ceremony proceeded; and the first tone of his voice in the response startled even the bride. If it had rung from the depths of a cavern, it could not have been more sepulchral. I looked at him with a shudder. His lips were curled with an exulting expression, mixed with an indefinable fear; and all the blood in his face seemed settled about his eyes, which were so bloodshot and fiery, that I have ever since wondered he was not, at the first glance, suspected of insanity. But oh! the heavenly sweetness with which that loveliest of creatures promised to love and cherish him, in sickness and in health! I never go to a bridal but it half breaks my heart; and as the soft voice of that beautiful girl fell with its eloquent meaning on my ear, and I looked at her, with lips calm and eyes moistened, vowing a love which I knew to be stronger than death, to one who, I feared, was to bring only pain and sorrow into her bosom, my eyes warmed with irrepressible tears, and I wept.

The stir in the room as the clergyman closed his prayer seemed to awake him from a trance. He looked around with a troubled face for a moment; and then, fixing his eyes on his bride, he suddenly clasped his arms about her, and straining her violently to his bosom, broke into an hysterical passion of tears and laughter. Then, suddenly resuming his self-command, he apologised for the over-excitement of his feelings, and behaved with forced and gentle propriety till the guests departed.

There was an apprehensive gloom over the spirits of the small bridal party left in the lighted rooms; and, as they gathered round the fire, I approached, and endeavoured to take a gay farewell. Larry was sitting with his arm about his wife, and he wrung my hand in silence as I said "Good night," and dropped his head upon her shoulder. I made some futile attempt to rally him, but it jarred on the general feeling, and I left the house.

It was a glorious night. The clear piercing air had a vitreous brilliancy, which I have never seen in any other climate, the rays of the moonlight almost visibly splintering with the keenness of the frost. The moon herself was in the zenith, and there seemed nothing between her and the earth but palpable and glittering cold.

I hurried home: it was but eleven o'clock; and, heaping up the wood in the large fire-place, I took a volume of "Ivanhoe," which had just then appeared, and endeavoured to rid myself of my unpleasant thoughts. I read on till midnight; and then, in a pause of the story, I rose to look out upon the night, hoping, for poor Larry's sake, that the moon was buried in clouds. The house was near the edge of the lake; and as I looked down upon the glassy waste, spreading away from the land, I saw the dark figure of a man kneeling directly in the path of the moon's rays. In another moment he rose to his feet, and the tall, slight form of my poor friend was distinctly visible, as, with long and powerful strokes, he sped away upon his skates along the shore.

To take my own Hollanders, put a collar of fur around my mouth, and hurry after him, was the work of but a minute. My straps were soon fastened; and, following in the marks of the sharp irons at the top of my speed, I gained sight of him in about half an hour, and with great effort neared him sufficiently to shout his name with a hope of being heard.

"Larry! Larry!"

The lofty mountain-shore gave back the cry in repeated echoes; but he redoubled his strokes, and sped on faster than before. At my utmost speed I followed on; and when, at last, I could almost lay my hand on his shoulder, I summoned the strength to my breathless lungs, and shouted again—"Larry! Larry!"

He half looked back, and the full moon at that instant streamed full into his eyes. I have thought since that he could not have seen me for its dazzling brightness; but I saw every line of *his* features with the distinctness of daylight, and I shall never forget them. A line of white foam ran through his half-parted lips; his hair streamed wildly over his forehead, on which the perspiration glittered in large drops; and every lineament of his expressive face was stamped with unutterable and awful horror. He looked back no more; but, increasing his speed with an energy of which I did not think his slender frame capable, he began gradually to outstrip me. Trees, rocks, and hills fled back like magic. My limbs began to grow numb; my fingers had lost all feeling, but a strong north-east wind was behind us, and the ice smoother than a mirror; and I struck out my feet mechanically, and still sped on.

For two hours we had kept along the shore. The branches of the trees were reflected in the polished ice, and the hills seemed hanging in the air, and floating past us with the velocity of storm-clouds. Far down the lake, however, there glimmered the just visible light of a fire, and I was thanking God that we were probably approaching some human succour, when, to my horror, the retreating figure before me suddenly darted off to the left, and made, swifter than before, toward the centre of the icy waste. Oh, God! what feelings were mine at that moment. Follow him far I dared not; for, the sight of land once lost, as it would be almost instantly with our tremendous speed, we perished, without a possibility of relief.

He was far beyond my voice, and to overtake him was the only hope. I summoned my last nerve for the effort, and, keeping him in my eye, struck across at a sharper angle, with the advantage of the wind full in my back. I had taken note of the mountains, and knew that we were already forty miles from home, a distance it would be impossible to retrace against the wind; and the thought of freezing to death, even if I could overtake him, forced itself appallingly upon me.

Away I flew, despair giving a new force to my limbs, and soon gained on the poor lunatic whose efforts seemed flagging and faint. I neared him. Another struggle! I could have dropped down where I was, and slept, if there were death in the first minute, so stiff and drowsy was every muscle in my frame.

"Larry!" I shouted. "Larry!"

He started at the sound, and I could hear a smothered and breathless shriek, as, with supernatural strength, he straightened up his bending figure, and, leaning forward again, sped away from me like a phantom on the blast.

I could follow no longer. I stood stiff on my skates, still going on rapidly before the wind, and tried to look after him, but the frost had stiffened my eyes, and there was a mist before them, and they felt like glass. Nothing was visible around me but moonlight and ice, and wearily and slowly I began to retrace the slight path of semicircles

toward the shore. It was painful work. The wind seemed to divide the very fibres of the skin upon my face. Violent exercise no longer warmed my body, and I felt the cold shoot sharply into my loins, and bind across my breast like a chain of ice; and, with the utmost strength of mind at my command, I could just resist the terrible inclination to lie down and sleep. I forgot poor Larry. Life—dear life!—was now my only thought, so selfish are we in our extremity!

With difficulty I at last reached the shore, and then, unbuttoning my coat, and spreading it wide for a sail, I set my feet together, and went slowly down before the wind, till the fire which I had before noticed began to blaze cheerily in the distance. It seemed an eternity in my slow progress. Tree after tree threw the shadow of its naked branches across the way; hill after hill glided slowly backward; but my knees seemed frozen together, and my joints fixed in ice; and if my life had depended on striking out my feet, I should have died powerless. My jaws were locked, my shoulders drawn half down to my knees, and in a few minutes more, I am well convinced, the blood would have thickened in my veins, and stood still, for ever.

I could see the tongues of the flames—I counted the burning faggots —a form passed between me and the fire—I struck, and fell prostrate on the snow; and I remember no more.

The sun was darting a slant beam through the trees when I awoke. The genial warmth of a large bed of embers played on my cheek, a thick blanket enveloped me, and beneath my head was a soft cushion of withered leaves. On the opposite side of the fire lay four Indians wrapped in their blankets, and, with her head on her knees, and her hands clasped over her ankles, sat an Indian woman, who had apparently fallen asleep upon her watch. The stir I made aroused her, and, as she piled on fresh faggots, and kindled them to a bright blaze with a handful of leaves, drowsiness came over me again, and I wrapped the blanket about me more closely, and shut my eyes to sleep.

I awoke refreshed. It must have been ten o'clock by the sun. The Indians were about, occupied in various avocations, and the woman was broiling a slice of deer's flesh on the coals. She offered it to me as I rose; and having eaten part of it with a piece of a cake made of meal, I requested her to call in the men, and with offers of reward easily induced them to go with me in search of my lost friend.

We found him, as I had anticipated, frozen to death, far out on the lake. The Indians tracked him by the marks of his skate-irons, and from their appearance he had sunk quietly down, probably drowsy and exhausted, and had died of course without pain. His last act seemed to have been under the influence of his strange madness, for he lay on his face, turned from the quarter of the setting moon.

We carried him home to his bride. Even the Indians were affected by her uncontrollable agony. I cannot describe that scene, familiar as I am with pictures of horror.

I made inquiries with respect to the position of his bridal chamber. There were no shutters, and the moon streamed broadly into it, and, after kissing his shrinking bride with the violence of a madman, he sprang out of the room with a terrific scream, and she saw him no more till he lay dead on his bridal-bed.

SLINGSBY.

THE PIC-NIC.

"A PIC-NIC! a pic-nic! so happy together!
Intelligent women! agreeable men!
The middle of June, so we must have fine weather;
We'll go upon donkeys to Bogglemy Glen.
There has not been rain for six weeks, and at present
There is not the slightest appearance of change;
No pic-nic I'm sure ever yet was so pleasant—
Few people can realise *all* they arrange!"

Oh! these words *at night* were the very last spoken,
The first in *the morning* were equally gay;
There was a great mist, which we knew was a token
At noon we should have a most exquisite day.
The donkeys arrive, and the sociable meant for
The matrons unfitted for sidesaddle feats;
The baskets of prog and the hampers are sent for,
And pack'd in the rumbles, or under the seats.

And now we set off—all the carriages *quite* full:
Do look at Miss Symons, how oddly she sits!
No sun to annoy us! it's really delightful!
Don't mind Mrs. Wilkins, she says that it *spits!*
Some people take pleasure in throwing *cold water*
On parties of pleasure, and talking of damp;
She's just the ill-natured old woman I thought her:
We'll laugh at her presently when we encamp.

My donkey, in stooping to gather a thistle,
Was very near throwing me over his head.
Dear me! I do think it's beginning to drizzle!
Oh! let us take shelter in yonder old shed!
How foolish to put on my pink satin bonnet!
I envy Miss Martin, she's snug in the straw;
My lilac pelisse, too! the water drips on it,
The loveliest lilac that *ever* I saw!

For *my part* I own I *like* this sort of morning;
With sun perpendicular what could we do?
So *pleasant* to find the dust laid when returning;
'Twill clear up at twelve, or at latest at two.
And now we're at Bogglemy, dear, how unlucky!
I'm sure I heard something like thunder just then:
The place is so gloomy—the path is so mucky—
I scarce can believe I'm at Bogglemy Glen!

We cannot dine under the trees—it would chill us;
We'll try to take shelter in yonder retreat:
Oh, dear! it's a dirty old cowhouse, 'twill kill us;
If *all* must crowd into it, think of the heat!
A soup-plate inverted Miss Millington uses
To keep her thin slippers above the wet clay;
Oh! see through the roof how the rain-water oozes—
The dinner will all taste of *dripping* to-day!

A pic-nic! a pic-nic! so wretched together!
All draggle-tail women, and cross-looking men!
The middle of June, yet this terrible weather
Has made a morass of poor Bogglemy Glen!
It rains just like buckets of water; at present
There is not the slightest appearance of change:
'Twas very absurd to leave Waterloo Crescent—
Few people can realise *all* they arrange.

T. H. B.

GILBERT GURNEY.

Chapter X.

Miss Edgeworth has, in one of her admirable novels, expressed her opinion of the important effects of juxtaposition in bringing about the most serious change in our state of life; and I must say that it was about this period of *my* life that I began to experience their influence —an influence never so decidedly powerful as when the *two*, so constantly together, are associated in a quiet neighbourhood in the country, where either party is intimately acquainted with all the peculiarities of the *locale*, and all the combinations and connexions of its inhabitants: both are then competent to judge, and to discuss, and think alike; and certainly if Harriet Wells and I ever thought or talked of anything except ourselves, our conversation derived its peculiar interest from the community of our knowledge as to men and matters by which we were surrounded.

As I write this without any view of its meeting the eye of strangers, I will honestly confess that I had as much idea of being in love with Harriet Wells as I had of flying; as Wolcot, the radical rhymer, who called himself Peter Pindar, said when speaking of the wonderful powers of Mrs. Siddons, and the effect producible by those powers upon the tenderer passions of the other sex,—"She is beautiful, magnificent, and enchanting, but I should as soon think of marrying the Archbishop of Canterbury." Now, Harriet was extremely nice and agreeable; but I certainly had no more idea of marrying her than Peter had of marrying the Primate. She was palish, with soft, grey eyes, and just under those eyes an engaging darkness of skin. She had fair hair, and a remarkably pretty mouth. None of her features were what some particular and affected persons would call classical; but she was "very nice"— just plump enough to hide angles, and full of those in-and-outisms of figure which constitute what I considered true symmetry.

Well, Harriet and I walked about together, and I went to her father's house every day after breakfast, and she used to sit down to the pianoforte, and her sister Fanny accompanied her, and they played duets, and then we fancied we liked particular songs,—"Sul margine" I recollect was one,—and Eliza, the youngest of the Wellses, a little plump thing in a pinafore, used to mix in our revels; and then we had luncheon, and then Mrs. Wells was very goodnatured, and then I used to play the Devil with the girls; and then——But stay, somebody *may* see what I write, and, be it understood that, by playing the "Devil," I mean playing a game so called, which originated I think with the Cherokees, but was introduced into this country and received with an enthusiasm not to be described. The devil was a wooden thing shaped like an hour-glass, and he danced merrily upon a string extended scientifically between two sticks, and he hopped up, and he dropped down, and we twirled him this way, and wriggled him the other way, and tossed him over our heads, and caught him upon our line, and, in short, he made very good fun. At this harmless diversion I was what Etonians call a dab; and Harriet's figure looked so pretty when her arms were uplifted to catch the descending devil, that I really thought I never saw anything

much more engaging. I suppose she saw by my eyes what I thought, for she seemed to grow more and more goodnatured as our acquaintance grew, and at last appeared to expect me at luncheon as regularly as she looked for that semi-demi-dinner itself.

But, dear me, I did not *love* her. I felt none of that hangable, drownable desperation about her that I had once felt before for another. Not I. I was interested about her merely by Miss Edgeworth's juxtaposition; my visits were habitual. I seemed to be looked for at Mr. Wells's, and I should not have fancied my day properly made out if I had not gone there; and then I knew everything that was in the girls' work-boxes, and in their music books, and I tossed over the threads, and pulled about the strips of muslin, and picked the pins out of the pincushion and stuck them in again, and talked of Widow Harrison's sprained ancle and old Walker's rheumatism, and went with Harriet and Fanny loaded with flannel for one and a bottle of wine for the other: in short, there I was, happy beyond measure, having a dear, sweet-tempered creature always on my arm, or if not leaning so, sauntering by my side, till at last I never felt happy unless I were there—and yet I was not in love.

There is, as the highest authority tells us, a time for all things; and sweetly as glided *my* time, it was time I should leave the worthy friends with whom I was staying. "Harriet," said I,—I had got to call her Harriet, and had, I admit, established a slight right of familiarity with her by voting myself her brother. It is quite extraordinary by what means congenial spirits commingle. I used to call her "sister," and so called her Harriet; she used to call *me* "brother," and so called me Gilbert: and then she was a bit of an astronomer, and she loved to watch the moon when it was full and bright, and we used to go and look at it; and then I used to be so very much afraid that she would catch cold; and then I used to tie her handkerchief round her neck, and then she used to thank "her brother," and then "her brother" used to be very much pleased with her sisterly gratitude, and I believe once or twice, not oftener, permitted his approbation of her sororial affection to produce a sort of fraternal acknowledgment, which between two such near and dear relations could not be wrong. And this was the way I went on, but without an idea of my pure affection for the dear girl assuming any other character.

"Harriet," said I, the moon being exceedingly bright, "what a dreadful thing it is that when a man is most happy he is most miserable!"

"What *do* you mean?" said Harriet.

"I mean," said I, "that no human being can be more perfectly happy than I am at this moment, and yet, paradise as it is, I must leave it."

"Leave it!" said Miss Wells, and her dove-like eyes were turned upon me with a look not to be forgotten. "Where are you going?"

"I must go to town," said I.

"Must you?" said Harriet, and I felt a sort of involuntary pressure on my arm; she was leaning on it; and then came a dead silence, a pause of five minutes. I then began to think I was fonder of Harriet than I ever meant to be;—and what on earth endears a girl to one so much,—what so entirely upsets all resolutions, fetters the mind, and chains the heart, as the notion that *she* loves?

I felt I could not break this silence. Harriet kept her eyes on the

ground, and walked with a measured step. I felt that she trembled. What could I, what ought I to do? I had but three hundred and forty pounds a-year. She had nothing; as I have said before, two negatives make an affirmative in grammar, but, "*barring accidence*," two nothings never make anything. I should have liked to have caught her to my heart, utterly stifled her with kisses, and proposed; but I had no right to do so. I had no right to presume to take a charming girl out of a sphere in which she was happily placed, and subject her to the ups and downs of a life regulated only by the annual receipt of three hundred and forty pounds. So I just put my hand upon my heart, and said, *sotto voce*, "Be quiet."

The eloquence of silence is proverbial. We both felt it so; and Harriet made no effort to speak until just as we got to a side gate opening into her father's grounds. The sight of home seemed to reassure her, and the consciousness that such was her feeling made me uncomfortable. Trusted with this young creature, (young enough myself, God knows!) but having her thus implicitly confided to me in our wanderings, could I have wounded her feelings so deeply that until she felt that sort of instinctive courage which, if not the paternal presence, the paternal property (the consciousness of being at home) could give, she did not dare speak till then? No, no. I had done nothing, said nothing, which could intentionally offend her.

"And when?" said she, having evidently kept my last words in her thoughts ever since they were uttered—"And when do you go, Gilbert?"

"I think, the day after to-morrow," said I.

"I thought," replied the dear, kind-hearted creature, "you were engaged to dance with Miss Illingworth at the ball on Tuesday."

"Miss Illingworth?" said I, with unaffected surprise.

"Yes, Gilbert," said Miss Wells. "If *you* forget your promises, I do not. I heard you make that promise at Mrs. Woodbridge's. I never forget what I hear."

"I dare say you are right," said I, glad to affect a sort of gaiety; "but I scarcely recollect Miss Illingworth herself."

"Ah! then you should," replied Harriet. "What is sport to *you* may be death to *her*. Hopes are excited, thoughts inspired, wishes created by a word or a look where the feelings are interested or the heart prepossessed. You forget what you said; perhaps *she* does not. I know she admires you: it will wound her if you are not present to fulfil your promise, for she has talked about it to others."

"My dear Harriet," said I, "bright as the moon is, I am delighted that it is so dark that my blushes may not be seen. I give you my honour that, if I did say anything of the sort to Miss Illingworth, it was said most inadvertently; and as for anything I may say to a young lady amongst the many of this neighbourhood having an effect upon her heart, you really do me too much honour."

Harriet drew her arm from mine,—I cannot describe how,—and, in a tone of something between laughing and crying, exclaimed, "Here's mamma waiting for us." So she was. Harriet, however, passed her, and ran into the house.

"Mr. Gurney," said Mrs. Wells, "you keep that girl out too late: she is a delicate creature, and ought not to breathe night air. I really

must insist upon it that she does not stay in the grounds after the evening has closed in."

It was very evident that Mrs. Wells was very angry, and I endeavoured to mollify her ire by making an observation upon the clearness of the sky and the brightness of the moon, to which she did not appear to me to return such agreeable answers as heretofore had dropped from her lips. As the aspect of affairs seemed gloomy, I thought the next best thing to do was to effect a retreat, and I accordingly wished her a good night, to which she returned a sort of half-and-half answer; when, to my surprise, I heard a sudden rustling in, or rather out of, a laurel hedge which flanked the walk by which Harriet and I had returned to the house, succeeded by the immediate appearance of Mr. Wells himself, who exclaimed, in a mock-heroic voice—

" 'Who talks of going with a voice so sweet?' "

"What!" cried Mrs. Wells, "are *you* there, my dear?"

"My love, I am," replied Wells. "But what do you mean by letting Gilbert go at this unusually early hour? Where's Harriet?"

"She is in the house," said the matron.

"Ah, well," said Wells, "so will he be too. You, of course, will stop with us, and have our little music, and our piquet, and our *petit souper*—eh? Nothing like winding-up well."

"I thought you were gone to bed," said Mrs. Wells to her husband.

"Did you, my dear?" answered he; "then, for once in your life, you were mistaken. Come, let us go in. Is the billiard-room lighted? Let us be gay—life is but short. Come—come along."

And so, with great joyousness, we entered the hospitable old house by one of the modernised French windows, which, as the French themselves say, "gave to the lawn."

Nothing could be more comfortable—nothing more agreeable. We went to the billiard-room. I chose my favourite cue,—chalked him—poised him—pointed the red ball—and went off (which Mr. Wells always forced me to do); but I made nothing, and did not feel quite sure what ought to be done with the balls when my respectable adversary had played, because—and it was quite a new feeling—Harriet was not in the room. The pinafores were gone to bed; and Mrs. Wells, who did not seem to have recovered her good temper, established herself at a work-table in the billiard-room, which served as a second drawing-room, and was by no means exclusively devoted to the game.

I wondered where Harriet was. I never had felt either anxious about her coming or going before; but it seemed to me that our dialogue in the garden had closed unsatisfactorily, and I was afraid that she was gone to bed, as well as her sisters. I saw the balls running about the table, but my mind was not with them: my thoughts were up-stairs—fixed on things above.

"Why, you cannot make a hazard, Gilbert: what *is* the matter?" said Wells.

"I do not know, Sir," said I. "That is a cannon, however."

"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed the enthusiastic performer,—"a kiss!"

"Ah," said I, "probably. Then here goes again."

"And that," exclaimed my opponent, "is a miss!"

I did not at all like this combination of words, and, in fact, wished the game at Old Scratch, when suddenly was opened the door of the

billiard-room, and in came Harriet, looking as demure, as placid, as goodnatured, and as breathingly alive to the ordinary amusements of the evening as ever. I looked at her, to see if there was a trace of ill-feeling towards me on her countenance. Dear soul! no. And when she sat herself down by her mother, and commenced that most absurd of all anomalous nonsenses called "work," I felt that I was extremely glad she took so much interest in my concerns, and showed so much anxiety for my fulfilment of engagements.

I won't go the day after to-morrow, thought I, as I gave my ball a thump which caused it to hit the other white ball exactly on the opposite side to that which I meant it to touch. I will stay, and go. I will dance with Miss Illingworth, to show Harriet that I religiously keep my word, and prove to her how powerfully her reproof has acted upon me. Just as if she had known my thoughts, Harriet lifted her eyes from the strip of muslin which she held in her hand, and looked towards me. Our eyes met. I cannot define the character of their expression; but I recollect saying to myself, "Upon my life, I am carrying this joke a little too far."

At half-past ten, as usual, supper was announced, and we proceeded to the dinner parlour—room never to be forgotten by *me*. It was a low wainscoted apartment, with a beam below the ceiling, which it supported, crossing it in the middle. Every footstep in the chambers above could be heard over-head; and, except that it was of a good size, it was by no means a desirable *salle à manger*. To *me*, however, it was delightful: it had been consecrated by hospitality and kindness; and the strongest feeling by which I was actuated, as I led my amiable hostess into it, was that of regret that, whether I stayed till Wednesday or not, I must, at all events, leave it within a very few days.

Yet, for all that, I felt assured that I did not love Harriet,—not as lovers love. The great puzzle was, how to define the sentiment which she had inspired. It was more than friendship. Friendship cannot last long between two people circumstanced as we were. Of Platonism I have a very faint notion; and it seems to me that feelings, like time, cannot stand still: to what point my intimacy with Harriet had carried mine I could not exactly ascertain; and certainly never imagined how essential her society had habitually become to my happiness, until I found myself on the eve of being deprived of it.

At supper, Harriet seemed out of spirits, and her mother what I considered watchful,—and a watchful mother, in a small party, is unbearable. On the contrary, mine host was more than usually agreeable: his conversation was full of joke and repartee, in which he was eminently successful when he chose to be so; but, somehow, it appeared to me that he talked more than usual of the advantages of matrimony,—its comforts—its blessings—the respectability it gave to a young man—the refined delight it afforded to a young woman.

"Sarah and I," said Mr. Wells, "are proofs of the soundness of my doctrine. We married young, and we have lived long, and never repented it,—never disqualified for Dunmow yet."

"I'm sure," said the lady, "if we ever *have* differed, the fault has been yours; and I must say, with regard to the doctrine you are now supporting, I differ entirely. What should people think about marrying without means? The old proverb is quite true——"

"Which Moore has so sweetly versified," said I.

"I know nothing of versification, Mr. Gurney," said the matron; "but this I know, that nothing can be more unwise, in my opinion, than bringing two people together without fortune, and entailing upon them a life of perpetual embarrassment and worry."

"You are wrong, my dear," said mine host. "Where there is genius or talent, the very fact of having a fond and affectionate wife dependent upon him for existence is an excitement to a man to exert his energies. Baffle the waves of opposing ills; and, by 'opposing, end them.'"

Thinks I to myself, that *may* be very true; but if I saw a wife so depending upon *me*, the very thought of the precariousness of her position, and the regret for having removed her from competency to share my difficulties, would unnerve and unfit me for the exertions it would be my duty to make. Harriet took no part in the conversation, but appeared entirely absorbed in the delicate and difficult task of peeling a peach.

"I confess," continued Mrs. Wells, who was as obstinate as Echo in the particular of having the last word, "I see no good in preaching what nobody in their senses would practise."

"What do *you* say, Gurney?" said Mr. Wells.

"Why, Sir," said I,—and I was rather flurried by the question,—"I—really——"

"Suppose, now," said Wells, "a girl of eighteen or nineteen—more or less, as the case may be—had won your heart, and you had won hers,—should you stop to consider whether you could live upon so much a year, or so much more or—as I said before—less? I know you would not."

"Why, Sir," said I, "Love seldom calculates. He is painted blind. I—never have thought upon the subject; but this I am sure of, that, whatever love without money may be, money without love is destruction."

"I told you so, Sarah," exclaimed mine host. "Few young hearts are mercenary—a woman's heart never is, as I firmly believe. She will squander and waste to the right and to the left; and she will make her husband give *fêtes*, and parties, and dinners, and *déjeûners*, and all the rest of it; but a selfish, stingy woman is a *rara avis*."

"Better be stingy, Mr. Wells," said Sarah, "as you call it, than extravagant. More fortunes have been saved than made, and I hate to hear you talk in so unguarded a way while persons are present who certainly ought not to listen to such principles."

"Sally, my love," said Wells, who was somewhat taken aback by his wife's reproof, "I never say what I do not mean, and I live with my children as I do with my friends. If my words were not in accordance with my thoughts, I should not argue as I have done; as they are, and as I have no concealments, I speak out, and I should think myself the most unhappy father in the world if I thought a daughter of mine could be spoiled by a misinterpretation of my sentiments."

"As for your daughter's being spoiled," said Mrs. Wells significantly, "I do not pretend to say anything about it; but I think we may as well retire. Come, Harriet, it is quite time for bed."

Harriet, who had taken no share in the conversation, looked at her father and then at me. Wells saw that his wife was what might be called out of humour about something, and seemed to me to be resolved, in spite of his former brag about the Dunmow flitch, to have his own way.

"Why, Sarah dear," exclaimed he, "are you going to bed without your negus? my poor girl too has had nothing in the world to eat or to drink."

"Nothing for me, Pa," said the innocent girl, with an expression of fear of her Ma's anger.

"*I* want nothing more, Mr. Wells," said the old lady; "I cannot bear to hear nonsense."

"Well, love," replied her husband, "we won't quarrel for the first time in our lives about nonsense—it would be nonsense if we did; so, Harriet, ring the bell, and let us have in our accustomed hot water, sugar, and the *et ceteras*,

'Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may.'

What a fellow that Shakspeare was, Gurney! No circumstance can occur, no occasion present itself, but his words—prophetic and inspired as they are—become more applicable, more to the point, than any other we can find."

"Even when perverted," said I; and when I turned my head to meet the wonted gentle smile of Harriet, I saw a tear trickling down her cheek. What had caused it? something her mother had looked, no doubt, for she had said nothing. I felt extremely uncomfortable, and repented not having gone "on the first intention," as the surgeons talk of the healing of a wound. I had never experienced so unpleasant a sensation during the whole course of my acquaintance with the family; it was a release when the servant obeyed the injunction he had received, and disturbed the awkward silence which followed my last attempt to make conversation, by the noise he made in putting down the glasses, and bottles, and decanters, and jugs of hot and cold water, with which it was the custom to decorate the table at Mr. Wells's, at that period of the evening.

Mrs. Wells, however, was not to be soothed; she would drink no negus, and she *would* go to bed. Harriet, who was conscious of no offence, and who found herself supported by, I believe, her favourite parent, gave a gentle affirmative to her father's enquiry whether she would have some wine and water: this seemed to increase Mrs. Wells's ill-humour, who, pushing her chair from the table, rose from her seat, and said in a most awful tone, "Well, *I* am going to bed;" and in order to put this determination into immediate practice, proceeded to the table in the corner of the room whereon were deposited the chamber candlesticks, for the purpose of procuring a light. I saved her the trouble, lighted her candle, and presented it to her; she did not thank me, but that, as we were old friends, I did not much care about; but looking at Harriet, she said in a most discordant tone, "I suppose, Miss, you will not be long after me?"

This unsettled my poor girl, who was about to swallow her whole glass of wine and water at a gulp and accompany her exemplary mother, when Wells interposing, said, "When she is tired of our society, she will go. Sit still, Harriet—finish your wine and water—if you are not sleepy, stay where you are."

I saw the look which Mrs. Wells gave her husband after this speech; it was full of reproach; it seemed to say, "That's right, Mr. Wells, teach

your daughter to disregard her mother." He evidently understood it as I did, and when she quitted the room, which she did with an air of indignant grandeur, Wells jumped up and followed her. Harriet then seemed most anxious to follow them; *that I* prevented.

"*You* are not going," said I.

"I think I had better go," replied Harriet, "I am afraid Papa's angry."

"I am sure Mamma is," said I; "but don't you think it would be better to let them settle their little differences by themselves? besides, if you go, I must, and I have no intention of moving for this hour; your father has not yet commenced what he calls his 'brewing.'"

"I cannot think what has happened to put my mother out of humour," said Harriet.

"Nor I," said I, "except that perhaps she thinks I kept you out too late in the air; however, if that be all, I shall have few opportunities of repeating the offence."

"But are you really going so soon?" said Harriet.

"I must," replied I; "besides all other reasons, one seems paramount; I came down to this neighbourhood to stay with my friends the Woodbridges, and from the first week I made your acquaintance, I have only been four evenings at their house."

"But you *will* stay for the ball?" said Harriet.

"If you wish it."

"Of course," said Harriet, "it makes no difference to *me*; only you promised Miss Illingworth, and—I——"

"It is decided, Harriet," interrupted I; "I stay."

"There's a dear good brother," said Harriet; "but isn't my father gone a long time?"

"I do not think so," said I; "if he were to stay ten times as long, so that you did not follow him, I shouldn't care."

"No," answered she, "nor I, if I did not think that some unpleasant feeling existed between——"

At this moment the gentle heart of the affectionate daughter was relieved of all its apprehensions by the return of her "Pa," humming one of his favourite songs as he came across the hall, and who entered the room smiling as the dawn.

"My old lady is a little out of humour," said he, resuming his seat, "about Harriet's staying out so late; however, I have set all that to rights—it is all sunshine now—and so now for my toddy."

"I am sure," said his daughter, "if Mamma disapproves of it, I will never offend again—I hope she is quite sure of that—indeed I shall have no——"

I was on thorns—she was going to say—I knew she was—"no inducement to stop looking at the moon after to-morrow;" luckily she did not conclude her sentence, for the exemplary toddy-maker stopped her short in her quite needless explanation by repeating "Sure of that? aye that she is—so am I—say no more about it, dear—Gurney, some grog—come, no ceremony, help yourself—push the sugar to him, Harriet—make yourself useful—as I say, Gurney, I hate your automatons—girls dressed up in muslin to sit still and play the pianoforte—everything in its time—all things in their season—I like to see *my* girls useful as well as ornamental."

I confess I was not quite of that opinion—I hated to see women do anything but sit still and hear their own praises; even the exertion necessary to the display of accomplishments I considered too great for the delicate creatures who adorn the world. However, I made a sort of affirmative noise, and Harriet, who seemed to foresee a lengthened sitting, from the joyous and social temper of her father, made what is called a move; she went through the ceremonies previously observed by her respected mother, and I performed the same offices regarding the candle as I had executed for the elder lady, the only difference being, that when, instead of a cross repulsive frown which Mrs. Wells had bestowed upon me in return, I received one of Harriet's gentlest and sweetest smiles, my little finger somehow became strangely entangled with hers in the handle of the candlestick—I extricated it, and we shook hands—she kissed her father's forehead and cheek, and retired. Little did I anticipate the sequel.

"That's as good a girl as ever lived, Gurney," said her father, as she shut the door—"help yourself—she has not a fault that I know of."

I bowed assent.

"Are you really going to leave us?" said he; "you find us dull—what are you going to do after you return to town?"

I told him my future plans, and we were insensibly drawn into a lengthened conversation, which lasted upwards of an hour, as it subsequently proved; during which time we had drunk a very considerable quantity of whisky toddy, which my excellent host had undertaken to make, not only for himself, but me. I had called a halt with the brandy and water, which he advised me never to drink weak, as deleterious; and after that, upon his earnest persuasion, I submitted myself to be toddyized according to his will and pleasure.

It was about one o'clock in the morning. I recollect the candles on the table had grown very short, and the wicks remarkably long, when, while preparing my third tumbler, Mr. Wells recurred to what, it was clear, was a very favourite subject.

"I wonder, Gurney, you don't marry," said he; "rely upon it, as I said at supper, there is nothing gives a man a place in the world so respectably as an early marriage—just taste that; is it strong enough? no, a leetle drop more—it settles a man—is it good?"

"Excellent," said I, sipping what appeared to me to be aqua-fortis and sugar, but which, from its colourless appearance, looked as weak as water.

"Have you ever turned the subject over in your mind?" said Wells—"ever seriously thought of fixing?"

"Sometimes I have," said I—and the face and figure of Mrs. Fletcher Green flitted before my eyes—"but I see no chance, even if I resolved upon the measure, of realizing my wish."

"Why so, Gilbert? why so?—you don't drink, man, eh—why so?"

"Why, you see, Sir," said I, "I have no fortune adequate to the support of an establishment, and I——"

"Fortune!" said mine host, swallowing a comfortable draught of his own mixture—"what has fortune to do with it? You have a profession, if you choose to follow it; as a single man you have no need of more income than you have, and therefore you do not pursue it; if you had a wife, you would."

"I might," said I, "but there are very few parents, I suspect, who would permit me to marry their daughters upon such a principle."

"I differ with you there, Gurney," said Mr. Wells; "my notion is, give a girl a good husband—and I call a clever, honourable man a good husband—hang the money,—give her a good husband, and a man that she loves, and all will go well—it will be all sunshine, and shine the sun does alike upon the cottage or the palace."

"It is not every man who entertains such liberal principles as you do," said I.

"Well, but what does that matter?" replied my friend. "Come—come, finish that glass, and let me make you another—see, I have finished mine, eh? What, as I say, signifies that? One parent of these opinions is enough, if that parent finds one young man of his way of thinking. Now, for instance, supposing any man were to make an offer to my dear child, Harriet,—the sweetest girl in the world *I* think—a treasure to any human being who may be happy enough to win her, —if she liked him and said Aye, do you think I should say No, because he was not rich? Give me your tumbler."

Saying which he replenished the huge vessel which I had thrice emptied.

"But perhaps," continued he, "Harriet is not after your taste, and you would say in reply to my observation, that it was quite natural I should be glad to take the first that came—but that is not the case. Harriet has not been unwooed, although she has not yet, that I know of, been won. Of course, tastes differ; and although I think her everything that is amiable, you may not."

"Indeed, Sir," said I, with sincere warmth, "I have the highest opinion of Miss Wells; nobody can admire her more than I do; nobody can more justly appreciate her excellent qualities."

"'Pon your life!" said Mr. Wells; "really—are you serious? Why then—why the deuce don't you come to the point?—you know my feelings on the subject—why not marry her?"

"Sir," said I, startled at the course the conversation had taken, and seeing through a sort of halo round the candles two Messrs. Wells sitting opposite to me, "I never ventured to allow myself to think of such a thing. I——"

"But why not, my dear friend," said he—"have you tasted the new glass, eh?—come, you don't like it—taste and try, eh? Why not think of Harriet, hey?"

"Why, Sir," said I, in a faltering tone, "if I ever did think upon the subject, it would be absurd in me to put forward my pretensions—she would never consent."

"Do you think not, Gilbert?" exclaimed he; "then I think very differently—I do, by Jove—I think she is very fond of you; and I think that the cause of my old lady's snappishness to-night is her having made the discovery. I can see through a mill-stone as well as my neighbours—I could have told her that myself a fortnight ago—but what does it matter? why should I interfere? I said to myself if Harriet like Gilbert, and Gilbert like Harriet, I am sure I have no objection, eh?—come, you don't drink."

"Sir," said I, "I really am not conscious——"

"Conscious," said Wells; "come, none of your nonsense. Old birds, Master Gilbert, are not to be caught with chaff. Do you make me believe that either my girl or you care three straws what the moon is made of? or that when you go out in the garden astronomizing, you look at any stars but her eyes? No, no—the fact is, she is very fond of you, and you are very fond of her."

"I have already expressed my opinion of Harriet," said I, "and certainly am not disposed to retract a word I have said."

"You are a good fellow," said Wells, "a fine honourable fellow; and I like to hear you call her Harriet."

"You are too kind," continued I; "but whatever those feelings may be, I am quite sure it would be useless for me to expect a return."

"Useless!" interrupted he; "why useless? I tell you the girl is over head and ears in love with you. Now, that's the truth."

"In that case," said I, "my happiness would be complete."

"Would it!" exclaimed the animated father—"then, by Jove, you shall secure immediate felicity. Wait a moment—finish your toddy. You shall have the confession from her own lips."

"The ladies are gone to bed," said I, somewhat startled at the promptitude of his proceeding.

"No matter," replied he, lighting his candle, "nothing like the time present—strike while the iron's hot. We'll see who's right—finish your toddy—that's all. I'll be back in a few minutes."

And away he went, sure enough, leaving me in a sort of maze—a kind of wonderment at what possibly could have brought about the event which had just occurred, and what would be the next step in the proceeding.

In a minute I heard my excellent friend in the room overhead—(his own bed-chamber)—a slight murmuring followed his arrival; presently I heard the sound of feet pattering and paddling over the floor; then I heard them along a lobby, at the end of which was Harriet's apartment. Everything was still—it was two o'clock in the morning. I heard the door of her room open—I heard my friend again in his own room; then I heard some more scuffling and pattering about, and the door of Harriet's room shut—and then came a pause—and a murmuring—and I finished my glass of toddy. I could not go away, for Wells said he was coming back again. What I was to stay for I knew not; yet in that jocose vein in which I indulged in other days, I contented myself with quoting Gay in a whisper to myself, and muttered—

"The wretch of tod*dy* may be happy to-morrow."

Little did I think how close at hand my happiness was.

I had—what with listening and wondering—fallen into a purgatorial state of intermediacy between sleeping and waking, when I was recalled to the entire possession of my senses, (under the operation, always be it understood, of the happy compound which my excellent host had so admirably made, and so liberally administered,) by the opening of the dinner-room door, and the appearance of Mr. Wells, of Mrs. Wells, and of Miss Wells; the two latter evidently in a state of amiable dishabille,—the elder lady looking excessively goodnatured, and the younger one seeming ready to sink under the effects of her extraordinary re-appearance in the parlour. I instinctively rose—reeled a little round

—saved myself by catching the back of my chair—and saw, what I never expected to see, two Harriets; as this duplication had previously occurred with regard to her respectable father, I was a good deal puzzled.

"Sit down, dear Gilbert," said Wells. "Sally, my love," continued he, addressing his better half, "Gilbert has declared his feelings towards Harriet—Who's right now, old lady?—He loves her, and she——"

"Dear Papa," said poor Miss Wells, "what *do* you mean?"

"I mean all that is good," replied Wells. "Sarah, my love, let us step into the drawing-room for a few minutes, and Gilbert will tell her what *he* means."

"I mean, Sir," said I——

"*I* know what you mean, my dear fellow—you have told me that already," said Papa. "Ask *her* the question—that's all."

"And don't be long, Mr. Gurney," said Mrs. Wells, "for I am afraid the poor dear girl should catch cold."

And, having made their speeches, this respectable couple disappeared in a moment. I winked my eyes—they were gone—I concluded through the door-way, but, for all I saw of their exit, they might have gone up the chimney. When they were fairly out of the room, Harriet—who seemed to me to be quite aware of my extraordinary and unusual elevation of spirits—said, in her gentlest tone of voice, "What does all this mean, Gilbert—why have you sent for me?—I am only half awake—but it does seem most extraordinary—why are we here?"

"Upon my word," said I, endeavouring to see through what appeared to be a thick fog, and trying to speak plain, despite of what seemed some grievous impediment, "I don't know, Harriet; your father——,"—there I faltered, and she began to cry. I "mooned" out, that my sympathetic ignorance of the object of our dialogue had wounded her feelings—I would not have given her a moment's pain for a gold-mine. "Your father," I resumed, "told me that——," hereabouts I forgot what he *had* told me, "that—if I were to—offer myself to you as a husband—you would not refuse me."

The look she gave me I never shall forget—it was like the sun clearing away the morning mist: there was a mixture of pleasure—of surprise—of doubt—of melancholy in the expression of her countenance, well suited to our extraordinary position—she gazed at me for a moment steadily.

"Gilbert," said she, sobbing, "I am sure you have too much honour, too much kindness, too much feeling to say this if you are not in earnest; is it for this I have been brought here? What can I say? Oh! my wild, thoughtless father—my pride—my—what does it mean—you would not trifle with me?"

How could I?—a warm-hearted, amiable, excellent girl; and oh! how like volcanoes covered with snow are the cold-mannered, placid, quiet creatures, whose fire is all within! She was alone with me—her feelings excited—a train fired—my feelings brought out, like the doubtful colouring of some suspected master, by the varnish of Wells's toddy—the result was inevitable.

"Harriet," said I, catching her round the waist, and "sealing," after my usual fashion, the preliminaries on her lips, "your father is mistaken, you will not—I know you will not—accept me!"

She said not a word. Her head dropped on my shoulder, and her

hand rested in mine. I sealed again—the door opened, and in walked Mr. and Mrs. Wells!

"I told you so, Gilbert—I told you so," said Wells. Harriet disentangled herself from my bold embrace, and, followed by Mrs. Wells, quitted the room; not however before the elderly lady had patted my head in a most flattering manner.

"I told you so, Gurney," said Wells. "Come, one more glass—health, happiness, and prosperity—son-in-law, pledge me!"

By the ingenious contrivance of a spirit-lamp under his huge silver kettle, Wells retained enough of the caloric to keep it up at a proper temperature, even though the servants were gone to bed. I bowed assent, for I confess I was rather overcome; and we commenced our fresh and last glass standing, or rather sitting, in an extremely different relation to each other, than we *had* done earlier in the evening, when Harriet and I were on the gravel-walk talking about the moon, and my respectable friend was in the *bosquet* listening to us.

The conversation did not flow rapidly or freely; the "Of course, Gilbert, you will come to breakfast," sounded more like a claim than an invitation—a result, rather than an impulse; and as for talking of Harriet, now irrevocably my own, it seemed to me a matter of impossibility. Wells once or twice patted my shoulder, and once took my hand into his, and sipped a sort of paternal "God bless you, my boy," to which I replied in the same spirit; and so we went on until it was three o'clock, and the sun which had set while I was yet wholly disengaged—a Platonic friend of Miss Wells—a bachelor free as a bee, to sip and rove, and rove and sip—had risen upon me, a pledged and accepted lover. It seemed strange—rather pleasant, but extremely wrong; however, I thought silence the safest course, and therefore held my tongue; and when I was quietly "let out" by my intended father-in-law, to make my way to the house of my neglected and much-injured friends, with whom I fancied myself staying, he gave me just such a pat on the shoulder as his exemplary lady had bestowed upon my head, and I found myself, in a bright summer morning, measuring the breadth rather than the length of my road to Woodbridge's hospitable mansion.

This may hereafter seem improbable and unnatural, but, nevertheless, it is true—it is a fact—an incident which, as will appear in the sequel, led to many others. I confess, as I wended my way from Wells's, I began to reflect and to think, but with that sort of maudlin wisdom with which men are possessed under similar circumstances. However, I wound up all my calculations with one conclusive remark made to myself, but in an audible voice—"What is done cannot be undone—Harriet is mine for ever!" and I clasped my hands, and stamped my feet as I went along, as if she were there, and saw and heard me.

I reached Woodbridge's house—the family had been buried in sleep for hours—I felt ashamed at being so late, and when I slipped and stumbled on the staircase, consoled myself with thinking I did it on purpose. I entered my room, and threw myself on the bed; and there I lay, overcome by sleep and fatigue of mind—nor did I wake until my servant came to fetch my clothes, when I was disturbed by the noise he made, and found myself, at nine o'clock in the morning, recumbent on the quilt, dressed as I was when I came home, and betrothed to Miss Harriet Wells.

When the man had left the room, evidently very much astonished at finding me as I was, I began to revolve in my mind the events which had occurred during the evening and night. I perfectly recollected the extraordinary scene which had been performed, and felt conscious of the responsibility which I had taken upon myself—nor was I, in the slightest degree, affected by it; because I was sure that Harriet was a loveable creature, and that, after all, as Mr. Wells had said, matrimony gave a man a place and respectability; and that I should be delighted whenever the moon shone, to walk about with my dear blue-eyed girl and look at it, and talk about it; and then she was such an affectionate daughter, there could be no doubt but she would make a kind, dutiful wife; and she was such a kind sister, that she must make a tender mother, and so on; and I was charmed with the prospect, until I began to consider, what I always had considered before when in my sober senses, the power of three hundred and forty pounds a-year to afford those comforts, not to say luxuries of life, which a well-bred woman absolutely requires.

"Of course," said I to myself, "as I never made any disguise of the smallness of my income, Mr. Wells must intend to put us at least beyond the difficulties of the world; and if he contributes an equal sum to my own income, I *do* think with management something like seven hundred a-year will do—a cottage—a cow—and content; nothing can be more charming and more rational." And so, by the time I had changed my costume in order to breakfast with "the family," I had worked myself up into the belief that the thing would answer; always, however, with a *proviso*, that the events which I had registered in my mind of the previous evening had not occurred in a dream, instead of being realities.

I scarcely knew how to excuse myself from Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge at breakfast; however, as the thing was done, in the course of the day I should be able to make one general apology for my apparent ill-breeding in passing so much of my time at the Wellses'; and I resolved to make my retreat as early as possible, so as to avoid the questions of my kind host, or the significant looks of his lady, who I knew was perfectly aware of that of which I myself was utterly unconscious, that I had been caught. Harriet was an interesting creature, and that is the truth of it, and Mrs. Woodbridge was too much a woman of the world not to see what was going on. What may be thought of the policy or delicacy of Mr. Wells's conduct, I know nothing; but I have seriously reflected upon it very frequently since—however, it was *une affaire finie*; and so away I went, looking like a simpleton and feeling like a fool, to be received in his house as the affianced husband of his darling daughter.

The Judgment of Paris.

A ROMANCE READ IN ELYSIUM BY THE QUEEN OF HELL, AND WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "IXION IN HEAVEN."

I.

ONCE upon a time there lived an aged shepherd, whose numerous flocks and herds covered the green bosom of Mount Ida. The vicinity of the Trojan capital afforded a ready and an ample market for his stock, and being a man of an enterprising and a speculative turn of mind, he had succeeded, in the course of a long career, in accumulating considerable wealth. Prosperity, however, had never tempted the old Marenor to depart from the simple and frugal manners which had doubtless not a little contributed to his success. Upon a gentle elevation of Ida, screened from the north wind by a grove of pines, rose the humble dwelling where he lived, surrounded by his serving men, sharing with them the same food, and presiding over their diversions, as in due season he would join them in their labour, and direct them in their duties. Marenor had one son, born to him in his old age, yet beautiful as if he were the child of youth and passion. The name of his son was Paris—a shepherd like his father, but the leader of the youth of Ida—the hero of their games—and the champion of their frightened flocks, when winter drove the wild beasts from the mountain heights, and the lion was detected, at the break of dawn, lapping his blood-stained jaws in the waters of Scamander or Simois.

Young, brave, beautiful, and popular, ignorant of the world, and innocent of heart, no one could lead a happier and more contented life than Paris. With no wants that were not easily gratified, and no cares that ever lasted longer than an hour, he tended his flocks and followed the chace, sang with the sunrise and danced in the moonlight, and deemed that Jupiter or the Fates could afford him no happier destiny than to be greeted every eve with the blessing of his father, and the smiles of his mistress; for, like all men of sense and spirit, our shepherd had a mistress, deeming indeed that life without love was not a little like the dried-up course of one of his mountain-torrents—a very barren and rugged affair indeed. Œnone was the name of the exquisite being to whom he had pledged his vows of faith and affection, and surely no painter, in his most favoured dreams, had ever fancied a more nymph-like form than this beauty of Ida. She was amiable too as fair—frank, generous, and devoted; and as eminent among her own sex as Paris himself among his companions. No one danced with more grace or sang with more sweetness; she could follow the chace too with her quiver and her bow, and share the perils of Paris as well as his pleasures. The old Marenor smiled with complacency on the choice of his son, and it was understood among all the inhabitants of Ida that ere the obedient flocks yielded their annual tribute of wool to their prosperous master, or the grapes were plucked in his jocund vineyards, his neighbours would be invited to repair in procession to the neighbouring fane of Neptune, and celebrate the nuptials of Paris and Œnone.

II.

Amid these gladsome anticipations, the venerable Marenor was seized with a violent illness. His friends in alarm hastened to fetch to his assistance an ancient herdsman, famous for his knowledge of simples, in whose science they reposed implicit faith; but Marenor, who knew that his hour was come, requested to be left alone with his son.

"My child," exclaimed the venerable shepherd, "ere the sun may sink behind the mountains, I shall be gathered to our fathers. Behold, there is something heavy on my mind; listen, then, while I yet have power to speak. Know, that while I have educated you in the simple career which we have pursued together on our native hills, I have in silence amassed an immense treasure. Once it was my proud hope that my Paris should mingle with the great ones of the land, and that society should forget in the grandeur of his posterity the humility of his ancestors. But when I observed you happy and innocent, I asked myself, 'Canst thou mend this? and this, oh, frail mortal! wouldst thou make better?' My treasure is hidden where none can discover it, and for your sake, my child, I had resolved it should never be discovered; but now that the hand of death is upon me, the weakness of my nature reasserts itself—I would not that my creation should share my doom—I cannot endure the thought that my treasure should also die. Obtain it then, my child; obtain it, and, if possible, be happier than you are. Know then, that beneath the spot where the altar in my garden rises to Pan, there is a cave—I can no more—Paris, you were happy—you are wealthy—you may yet be wise."

So saying, the old man died.

III.

It is certain that there is no incident which produces a greater revolution in the characters of men than their sudden and unexpected accession to a great fortune. Paris was the most affectionate of sons. Under any other circumstances he would have been absolutely overwhelmed with grief for the deprivation which he had just experienced, but when, after having closed the eyes of the venerable Marenor, he knelt by the side of the paternal couch, and pressed to his agitated lips the hand of the beloved corpse, it was in vain that he attempted to concentrate his meditations on the awful event that had just occurred. Other thoughts and images would interfere, and from his father's sudden death to his father's unexpected fortune was one of those irresistible transitions which even the mind of the dutiful Paris could not withstand. Plunged in a reverie on the sorrowful event that had just happened, and the extraordinary communication that had just been made, Paris remained until the beams of the rising moon entered the chamber, and lifting his head from the drapery of the couch in which it had hitherto been hid, Paris beheld the ghastly countenance of Marenor.

It was then that, pressing once more to his lips the insensible hand that he had so long clasped, Paris arose and stepped forth into the garden. The stars were shining brightly, and, by the position of the moon, he discovered that he had been unconsciously closeted with his father's body for several hours. All was silent. Before him rose, tipped with the moonlight, the piny grove, in which was situated the altar of Pan. He gazed upon it for some moments with a glance which indicated his

blended desire and doubt; his eager anxiety to ascertain whether it indeed was the seat of surpassing treasures, or whether, in indulging such imaginations, he were not all this time the victim of some maddening dream. He recalled to himself with an effort the very tones of his father's voice, the very phrases in which Marenor had imparted to him this marvellous secret. And he then remembered that his father was dead. As the fast-flowing tears coursed down his face, he cursed himself that, at such a moment, he could think of anything but this fatal loss.

The son of Marenor re-entered the house. All was still. The household, wearied with watching, were buried in sleep. Unwilling to disturb Paris, and disinclined themselves on such a night to retire to formal repose, they had unconsciously sunk to rest, and were lying in different positions on the divan of the hall. A single lamp burned in the centre of the chamber, and by it, on this night of disorder, some careless peasants had thrown their rustic implements,—some crooks and goads, a mattock and a spade.

Suddenly Paris seized the lamp, the spade, and the mattock, and again quitted the house. Swiftly, but cautiously, he gained the grove, and stood before the altar. It was a small, thick, stunted-looking pillar of marble about two feet in height, and sculptured with a semblance of the god in rude relief. Putting aside his lamp and his instruments, Paris embraced the altar, and, with a vigorous effort, raised it from the earth, and flung it on the neighbouring turf. With the aid of his lamp, for the moon scarcely penetrated through the glimmering grove, he detected a brazen plate of the exact circumference of the altar. Over this he passed his hand several times with great care, until at length he pressed upon a spring, and the brazen door disappeared into the earth, affording an aperture through which a man's body might with difficulty penetrate. Paris, however, contrived to descend, holding his lamp above his head, and at length found a firm footing on a regular flight of steps. At its termination he paused before a low portal of brass, which he surveyed with the excitement which accompanies us in an adventure half achieved. It yielded to his pressure, and admitted him into a circular chamber, which, to his surprise, was not wholly dark, but illumined by a strange lurid and fitful glow, of which the cause was not apparent. Around the chamber were arranged a hundred vases, each of a man's height. Paris perceived, with breathless admiration, that they were filled with gold coin. Above each vase, in a small niche carved in the rock, was a casket filled with precious stones; and above each niche, depending nearly from the top of the cavern, was a chaplet of pearls larger than the choicest almonds he had ever plucked among the woods of Ida for his beloved Œnone. Now, too, was it that he detected that the strange light that had so perplexed him on first entering the cavern was occasioned by a huge carbuncle which studded the very centre of the vault.

He stood in the midst of all this mighty wealth of which he was the master. Here were treasures for which kings might sigh; gems that might pale the diadem of Troy, and for which the princesses of the earth might come forward and kneel. Visions of splendour and magnificence rose in his mind, gorgeous as those material spectacles on which he gazed in silent and ravished wonderment. He stood, indeed, amid his riches a man changed in all his thoughts, and hopes, and feelings. Fate had invested him with mighty power, and he felt bound

to exercise it. He required a fitting stage for his becoming exploits. His pastoral heart deserted him. Nature had formed him beautiful; fortunately he was in the very flush of youth; everything now seemed at his command. And Vanity whispered that everything should be commanded.

From each vase he took a piece of gold, which he secured in his girdle: he filled his pouch with the most precious gems; and he wound a chaplet of pearls round his neck. Thus furnished, Paris quitted the cavern, closed the brazen door, ascended the steps, fixed the plate, and placed the altar exactly on its old foundation. Carefully ascertaining that everything had assumed its accustomed appearance, he returned to his home.

IV.

Silent and thoughtful, Paris lingered at Ida until the obsequies of his father were consummated. His uncommunicative moodiness was ascribed by his friends to his grief, and they extended to him, in consequence, even a warmer sympathy. There was, however, one among them who felt that she, at least, could scarcely exhibit her sympathy at such a moment merely by silence. It was on the afternoon ensuing the funeral of Marenor that Œnone ventured to approach Paris. She had observed him alone, reclining on a bank beneath the shade of a cypress, and plunged, as she doubted not, in sorrowful meditation. She approached him unperceived, and she attracted his attention by kneeling at his side, and pressing his hand to her lips.

"Œnone!" said Paris, looking round, in a faint voice.

"My Paris!" said the beautiful girl; "would that I could bear all your grief, and not merely share it."

He smiled upon her languidly, but did not reply.

"Death is the doom of all," said Œnone, with the tears trembling in her eyes. "Let us be grateful that, at least, your father's life was happy."

"And his death too," replied Paris. "Marenor was full of years, and has closed, without a pang, his prosperous career,—yes, his eminently prosperous career, Œnone. It is bitter to lose a father; and yet, under all circumstances, I have great sources of consolation,—very great sources of consolation indeed."

"How good you are, dear Paris!" said Œnone, again pressing his hand to her lips. "I feared—we all feared—that you were giving way too much to your most natural grief. You have much to live for, my Paris. You are our master now: we all look up to you, now that good Marenor is dead."

"I feel but little inclined to be your guide," said Paris, not in the most amiable tone, whose thoughts, indeed, were rather at Troy than at Ida.

Œnone looked a little astonished.

"Sweet Paris, without you what should we be? What should I be, my Paris?"

"I see you come in good time to remind me of your rights," replied Paris, somewhat harshly, and annoyed at being disturbed in a reverie about princesses.

"My Paris!" exclaimed the amiable and astonished Œnone; "you are unjust."

"It may be so; I dare say I have many faults."

"Oh, none!—none, my Paris!"

"Whether I have or not is of no great consequence. Faults or no faults, I dare say I shall manage to get through the world. I dare say I shall always be able to find friends."

"Why, everybody is your friend," said Œnone.

"Everybody! Why, I know nobody."

"Nobody!"

"No, nobody; except yourself, Œnone, and a parcel of stupid shepherds."

"Stupid shepherds, Paris!"

"Yes, stupid shepherds, Œnone: very good sort of people, I make no doubt, and very amusing, according to your ideas; but not according to mine."

"My own Paris! what can you mean?"

"Œnone! I wish you would just learn not to be so ecstatic in your conversation. There is no doubt I am your own Paris; but you need not remind me of it every time you speak to me."

The beautiful girl dropped his hand, and rose slowly from the ground. She stared at her betrothed with her large blue eyes, in beautiful dismay; but Paris was not anxious to catch her glance, or observe her agitation. He remained seated, with his sight fixed on the ground, and did not move. The tears burst from the eyes of Œnone, and flowed down her cheek; but she respected the caprice which she still believed was only the offspring of sorrow and gloom, and in silence she stole away.

That same night, Paris, having laden a couple of camels with a sufficient portion of his treasure, succeeded in departing unperceived from Ida, and arrived, three hours after sunrise, at Troy.

V.

Nature, who had invested Paris with that native grace which is worth all the instructions of the dancing-master, had endowed him also with that intuitive knowledge of the world which, at least in the lesser affairs of life, is a not less efficacious guide than experience. On entering Troy, therefore, for the first time, in spite of all the wonderful spectacles that rose around him, he did not at all lose his presence of mind, but contrived to enter a first-rate hotel in the vicinity of the Court, and give his directions with well-bred composure. Having secured his four vases of gold coin, his four caskets of jewels, and his four chaplets of pearls in a private chamber, he obtained a guide, under whose superintendence he spent a week in making himself acquainted with the metropolis. He contrived, in this period, to obtain all the information he required, and at its termination he had succeeded in engaging for his residence one of the most magnificent palaces in the city. To furnish his dwelling in the most sumptuous style, to establish a household in gorgeous liveries, and to obtain a requisite number of splendid equipages, was rapid, easy, and agreeable work for a young man of lively fancy and unlimited means; and in a very short time Paris daily appeared in the public drive in a chariot more brilliant than that of Queen Hecuba herself, and drawn by four milk-white steeds, which shamed even the vaunted stud of the son of Laomedon. All Troy now began to talk of

the magnificent stranger, and his acquaintance was eagerly sought by the first nobles of the country. After all, there is nothing like being a *millionnaire* to obtain an entrance into high society; and here was a *millionnaire*, very young, very handsome, very accomplished, and very amiable! Such banquets,—such balls,—such breakfasts,—such fanciful festivals,—had never been experienced. He was generous, too, as luxurious. If a lady smiled upon him, he presented her with jewels; if a gentleman admired a horse, it was immediately sent to his stables. Paris became, in the course of a month, the most fashionable personage in Troy: his portrait or his bust figured in all the shops; and from the sovereign to the mob, among whom he showered gold, as he dashed through their streets, all agreed in extolling him as the most magnificent of men. And who was he? Everybody was anxious to discover. Some thought for a moment that he must be the god Plutus in disguise; but others, more experienced, imagined that he was only the King of Persia *incog.* At last his fame reached even Ida; and some of his old acquaintance hurried up to Troy, to see him in his chariot. It then came out that he was only the son of a grazier. The ladies would not believe it, he was so beautiful; and the gentlemen did not care, he was so rich.

Just at this moment the Trojan heralds, a class of men whose allegations at Troy were never questioned, thought fit to publish his pedigree, which silenced all reports, for they traced his descent not only from the immortal Gods, but even from the royal family.

VI.

But who was to gain the golden prize? This was the question now debated in all the circles of Troy. It was Olympia who first engaged the attention of the fortunate youth; a dazzling young lady, whose black eyes flashed fire like lightning from a thunder-cloud. Olympia was the daughter of the noble leader of the Trojan opposition. She was even a more violent politician than her sire, and had resolved never to marry any one who was not, or would not be, a Prime Minister. She explained to Paris the state of the three parties in which Troy was then divided: there was the Court party, who insisted that the palace should not be repaired; there was the aristocratic opposition, headed by her father and herself, who were of opinion that the Grecian should be substituted for its antique Oriental architecture; and there was a third party, who held that the inconvenient structure should be removed altogether. Paris was of opinion that all parties were wrong, and that it would be wise to repair it according to the old style; but he was under the irresistible influence of Olympia, and joined, accordingly, the Grecians. Undoubtedly there was an excitement in his new pursuits, which at first exceedingly interested him, now a little palled by mere dissipation. It was flattering to feel that his conduct influenced public opinion, and might eventually regulate the fortunes of the realm. Olympia, too, assured him that his genius was eminently political, and that nature had decidedly intended him for an orator and a statesman. Who could resist the reasoning of Olympia? The life of Paris was now passed in political banquets, and in coteries where none were admitted but those who professed the same opinions as himself. In spite of Olympia, Paris began to find them rather dull. There was nothing sectarian about his character; he liked to enjoy himself, and every one to share

his enjoyment. To shun, and to be shunned, equally annoyed him. A pursuit which engendered so much ill blood, which encouraged such petty feelings, fed such bad passions, and fostered such contracted views, offended the nobility of his soul. He found that he was required every day to speak, or think, or do much that was very partial, and, consequently, very unjust. He perceived, too, that his friends, when he became better acquainted with them—for he was a shrewd observer—in spite of all their affected zeal, were by no means influenced by that fine taste for pure Grecian architecture which they affected, but, under the pretence of repairing the palace, seemed extremely anxious of obtaining a dwelling within its walls. Occasionally, too, some of his companions were seized with a sudden and very suspicious taste for the Oriental style of building, on which they accordingly joined the opposite faction, and were generally installed in consequence in some good post in the household of Priam. Paris revolted from the undisguised selfishness which surrounded him. Finally, he began to be of opinion, that the office of Prime Minister entailed a servitude upon its possessor, which, according to his ideas of the purposes of existence, a man must be little short of madness voluntarily to solicit. It was just at this moment when, even in spite of the eloquence of Olympia, he began to suspect he was intended neither for an orator nor a statesman, that he happened to meet the young Glaucopis.

VII.

"I wonder *you* can mix yourself up with the vulgarities of politics," said Glaucopis to Paris, in the sweetest voice in the world, and glancing at him with her large grey eyes.

"I wonder so, too," replied Paris; "believe me, you have only expressed what I have long felt."

The ball was just over. Paris longed to continue the conversation, but the lady-mother of Glaucopis at this moment summoned her daughter to retire. Paris handed them to their chariot, and was consoled for their abrupt departure by an invitation to their house.

Glaucopis was a great genius, and had written several sonnets. She was all soul, and had resolved never to marry any one who was not, or would not be, the greatest poet of his age. She had hardly known Paris four-and-twenty hours, before she discovered that this was a destiny at his command. He was ravished to hear it: for he was charmed with Glaucopis, and delighted with the society he met at her house; so different from the circle he had mingled in under the auspices of Olympia. Such clever people! Not a soul who had not written a book, or who was not capable of appreciating one, particularly if it were composed by one of their own set. Such dinners! Nothing but wits! Such assemblies! Every sentence an oracle! Paris lived in a blaze of *bon mots*, and breathed an atmosphere of refined opinion. Then they were such amiable people, and praised each other with such extreme unction! They all agreed that they were all the cleverest people in the world! Doubtless pre-eminence was accorded to the fair Glaucopis. She, indeed, was a perfect Muse. How flattering to Paris to be signalled out for the admiration of such a surpassing creature! He willingly believed that he was a great poet, and in compliance with her reiterated appeals, resolved even to prove he was one. Each day he brought to his mistress

the produce of his inventive brain, which she condescended to revise; occasionally even was so kind as to mingle her own inspiration with that of her admirer.

At last, the poem of Paris was published, and language cannot convey an idea of the impression it created—among his friends. They all met immediately and drank tea, and voted him the laurel and the bays without a dissentient voice. For the first time in his career, Paris began to feel that life, after all, had not disappointed him. His passion for Glaucopis increased daily in an exact proportion as his vanity was gratified. Every review that appeared in his favour—and as most of the wits who dined with him were critics, these were not rare—he admired her more ardently, and he was just on the point of offering her himself and his unrivalled fortune, when an ill-natured wag, who had not succeeded in gaining admittance into the Glaucopian coterie, published a satire on all the friends. It was irresistible, and set all Troy a-laughing. He painted them, as indeed they were—though not to the mind's-eye of the deluded and inexperienced Paris—a set of affected poetasters, remarkable for the mediocrity of their talents, and the insolence of their pretensions. He unravelled the secret intrigues and the disreputable manœuvres by which they had obtained almost a monopoly of a prostituted press: he lashed the wits who laughed at their entertainers behind their backs, while they ate their dinners and praised them in the public journals: he showed how pernicious was this conspiracy to real taste, and how fatal to authors of real merit, who had no patrons but the public, now bewildered by false panegyric and hired applause: finally, he dissected the sonnets of Glaucopis, and mauled the still more ambitious efforts of her pupil in so efficient and unanswerable a style, that the lady felt it absolutely necessary to retire for a short time into the country, whither her mother earnestly invited Paris to follow them.

VIII.

Now, although his head had been a little turned by the sudden accession to his marvellous fortune, there was not really a better-hearted person in the world than Paris; one more frank, less conceited, or more anxious not to delude himself. He was shrewd withal, and after the first blow, not only laughed at the satire, but really felt grateful to the satirist for opening his eyes. Paris had been seized with the very common and very excusable desire of seeing the world, and as circumstances favoured him, he had seen it to very great advantage. Few people had seen as much in so short a time. He had acquired considerable self-knowledge in the progress of his adventures, and now that his spirit was calm and his head cool, he felt profoundly that however delightful for a time may be the excitement of the great world, the only true source of permanent happiness flows from the heart. He felt that he was lone. There was a time when it had been otherwise. He remembered Œnone who had loved him when he was a simple shepherd. Who was like Œnone? the beautiful, the innocent, the intelligent, the devoted? Œnone, who loved him for his own, own sake! Amid the splendour of his palace, he covered his face with his hand, and sighed a deep, deep sigh.

He was miserable, yet things might be worse. He had been false to Œnone, yet still she might have been faithful to him. He had, at any rate, escaped both the political *intriguante* and the *bas bleu*. He had

extricated himself, at least, from the fatal ties of ambition, and the desperate mesh of literature. He might be unhappy, but he was still free.

He ordered his chariot.

It was sunset when he arrived at Ida. He quitted his radiant car, and stole unperceived into the grove of pines. He started as he beheld a female figure standing by the altar. Could he trust his sight? Was it indeed Œnone? He approached her unobserved. She had placed his bust upon the altar, and was crowning it with flowers. He advanced, he gently gained her hand, and pressed it to his lips. She turned, she started, she averted her eyes, pale as death, and trembling in every limb.

"Lord Paris!" she exclaimed, in an agitated voice.

"Oh! call me thine, Œnone!" replied the impassioned Paris. "Oh! call me thine! for I *am* thine, beautiful, beloved girl; more truly, more fondly, more devotedly, even than when we wandered in the woods of Ida, and pledged our mutual vows on the banks of Simois. Yes! exquisite Œnone, call me not false, behold I am faithful! Ah! believe me, darling, that if you knew all, you would pardon, you would pity me. My father, whom we deemed a simple shepherd, has left me an inheritance surpassing that of kings. In a moment of distraction I was seized with an irresistible passion to view that world which I could now command. I have viewed it, and I have returned to my Œnone! Yes! Ambition, with all its lures, the splendour of Power, and the arrogance of Wisdom, have dazzled, but have not seduced me. It is at these enchanting feet that I have resolved to lay myself and my fortunes; it is here that I entreat that I may devote myself to Beauty and to Love!"

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

III.—Leonidas.

On Homer.

When the bright sun in heaven ascending high
With burning axle flows along the sky,
The sacred circle of the moon turns pale,
The starry lamps, those blazing myriads, fail.
So, mightiest Homer, thy surpassing song
Arose, outblazing all the tuneful throng;
Each lesser bard, before its beam dismay'd,
Dazzled, retired, and silent sought the shade.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

Every man thinks his own geese swans—his own shad salmon—and his own real estate the true land of Cockaigne. Every man, likewise, thinks himself distinguished above all others for having encountered marvellous adventures in the course of his earthly pilgrimage; he is, in his own imagination, not only the greatest adventurer, but the greatest sufferer among mortals—the mighty Atlas, whose broad shoulders are destined to sustain the great firmament of evil that overshadows the wide universe. For a verification of this fact, good reader, turn to any one of your neighbours and set him talking about himself—by no means a difficult task in any case—and you will discover that he has been a Job in tribulation as well as patience. Even honest Dogberry was a man who had "had losses;" and I have known an alderman complain that his weary soul was full of care, as if he were the scape-goat for the sins of the whole corporation.

Such being the fact, it may be held pardonable in me to pretend to have seen service myself. There was a day when I thought, with most of the gentry alluded to above, that I was a very odd fellow—that nobody had plagues and vexations like me; but those were days of green experience, when I used to dream, as simple ones will, in spite of their grey-beard teachers, of human perfectibility—of the perpetual motion—of disinterested friendship—of squaring the circle—of making my fortune, and I know not what other extravagant nonentities. I now begin to philosophize, and doubt whether I ought to consider my own destiny as marked by any very strange anomalies. In short, honest reader, I have had adventures as well as you; but mine, perhaps, may not cast yours into the shade; and my excuse for this prefatory prosing is, that if you find my geese are not swans, you may perceive that it was by following a very common example I made the mistake of thinking them so.

"They are all true," said Corporal Trim, in allusion to the stories he had in store for Uncle Toby, "for they are all about myself." I can offer the same satisfactory proof of the truth of mine, except in the case of one or two, respecting which I can affirm, with Sancho Panza, they are so indubitable, that a body may not only believe, but swear to the truth of them. Reader, I have been a traveller; but whether travelling or at rest, I have suffered the common lot of mortality in having tricks played me. Listen to my narrative; you will be quite as well employed as in picking straws. My first shall be

A Sailor's Trick.

It was towards the end of December that we put to sea from Boston, in America, bound to Europe. The northern coast of the United States is proverbially tempestuous in winter, and we found the season of our voyage no exception to the general rule. Scarcely had we lost sight of the land, when a furious gale of wind sprung up, that continued with little intermission for fourteen days. Tremendous squalls drove us at times nine and ten knots an hour; showers of rain, sleet, and snow, poured upon us in rapid succession. Day and night we were pitching over the mountainous billows, the vessel rolling from side to side, as if each moment about to upset, or plunging her bows into the front of a

mighty wave, as if to precipitate herself headlong into the depths. She was as deeply laden as she could swim; and it strikes one with astonishment, on observing such a heavy mass labouring over the restless waters, and exposed to all the fury of the elements, how bits of wood can hold together in this agitation.

At night, 'tis as good as an electric shock, after you have been tossed from side to side in your berth, till every bone in your mortal frame is most desperately sore. For the first night or two, indeed, you might as well attempt to sleep within a tread-mill; but when you have become a little used to the bouncings and jouncings that greet your first attempts to go to sleep, and your senses are just beginning to steep themselves in forgetfulness, it has all the rousing effect of an electric shock to be awakened by the shipping of a sea. Bang! comes a most tremendous thump over your head, that starts you up in the twinkling of an eye, with the horrid imagination that the ship has struck upon a rock. The next instant ten hogsheads of water come rushing down the cabin doors. The captain scrambles upon deck, swearing at the booby of a fellow at the helm, whose awkwardness led to the accident. The mate bustles about, and makes up in noise what he lacks in knowledge; the sailors grumble, the pigs squeal, the fowls cackle, and all above and below are in a sweet condition.

At dinner 'tis an exhibition of legerdemain. The plates, spoons, and bottles spin about upon the table as nimbly as the apparatus of a conjuror when he cries *Presto!* Try to swallow anything, and you are baulked in a style that Tantalus in limbo never saw surpassed. Seize your fork, and make a lunge at the morsel on your plate; ten to one that you hit the edge of your neighbour's dish, if you do not indeed serve him a more clumsy trick by nailing his hand to the table, which he is holding on in anticipation of a desperate roll, which he feels coming. Attempt to drink, and the contents of the glass go somewhere between your chin and your elbow. Though you cannot help yourself to victuals, you commonly get a portion of what belongs to your neighbour—his glass dancing into your face, and his dish upsetting into your lap. Mind how you sit, or a lee-lurch will jerk you from the seat, and send you skating super-diagonally, till you bring up slap against the wall. Look sharp at all times, and bite sharp when you can. Such are the comforts of a dinner at sea.

However, stormy weather does not last for ever. After crossing the warm and smoking current of the Gulf-stream, the tempests abated. I had little apprehension during their continuance, as I knew the vessel to be well built and nearly new, and I had full faith in the skill and experience of the captain and crew. For all this, I had been served a trick.

The lone ocean! what a solitude! We were in the great track of navigation across the Atlantic, yet, after leaving the American coast, not a sail caught our eye till we had passed the Azores; nothing but the salt, vast, dread, eternal deep. Now and then a solitary gull, or shearwater, or petrel might be seen skimming over the waves; or a shoal of porpoises or black-fish, cutting through the water, offered a momentary spectacle; or, more rarely, a Portuguese man-of-war—not a ship, but a shell-fish. I was leaning over the ship's rail, one serene sunny day, watching the navigation of this little craft with its beautiful bluish-green

hull and white striped sail, scudding gracefully forward under a gentle breeze. Suddenly it struck sail, and sunk out of sight.

"Gone to Davy's locker!" exclaimed the mate, who had been scanning the phenomenon as well as I, "and now look out for squalls."

"Aye, but we have already weathered too many of them to be apprehensive on that score," replied I.

"Aye, to be sure!" answered Bill.

"So tight a ship as we have got under us, you know."

"Tight—O! hem!" said Bill, with a roll of his eye, and thrusting a huge quid into his cheek, "Oh, aye! tight! yes! ha, ha!"

There was something in the fellow's look at these words that I did not comprehend. "Aye! tight and sound, why not?" returned I, casting my eye along the ship's side.

Bill looked more significantly than ever, and I could perceive that he watched my eyes very sharply. As my glances wandered fore and aft, I thought something looked oddly near the main chains. I stared hard at it, while Bill was twisting up the muscles of his face, as if he knew something more than ordinary.

"What is that bit of board clumsily stuck on the ship's side there?" asked I.

"A little bit of gingerbread-work," answered he, with an arch leer.

"Gingerbread-work, hey? let us nibble a bit at it," returned I, beginning to suspect something. So getting over the side, I clambered down to the spot, and set to knocking and scratching about it.

"Avast! avast!" cried Bill, in some agitation, "you will have it off."

"What, then, is there anything underneath?"

"Nothing but a hole through the ship's side, about as big as your head."

"A hole through the ship's side?"

"Aye!" replied he, with great gravity.

"And how long has it been there?"

"All the voyage."

"Come now, Bill, you are buttering me down. Tell me the truth."

"'Tis true as the moral law; but say nothing about it—the other passengers might be sort o' scared, you see."

"Aye, if they believed it; but"——

"I'll tell you just how it happened; the whole affair to an affigraphy. You see we lay at the wharf in Boston, all loaded."

"Well!"

"Well, trying to haul off into the stream, the ship grounded just at night, and when the tide left her, she took a heel against the wharf, and the end of one of the fenders coming in a sort o' clumsy way against her broadside, smashed it right through."

"And you put to sea upon it?"

"Exactly so: first nailing a bit of pine board over the place, and giving it a daub of black varnish; 'twas all done in ten minutes after we found it out in the morning. 'Twould have taken time, you know, to unload and repair."

"Gracious powers! Have we come through all these gales of wind with a leak of two square feet ready to burst upon us?"

"Ha, ha!" said Bill, hitching up his waistband, "many is the time I've chuckled in my sleeve to hear you bragging to the old man how

tight a ship you had got—'tis just above the water-line, though—no danger. Yet, when the sea ran high, I used to put my head down the after-hatchway, and hear the water pouring in—it made me feel kind o' streaked."

"Streaked! by the powers! you deserve to be streaked and striped too, for serving a man such a trick."

"Oh, for the matter of that, it is all as good as a sermon; there's a moral law and an inference to everything."

"And what moral do you make of all this, Mr. Parson?"

"Why," replied Bill, with an air of the greatest mock-gravity, "such is the lot and luck of all mortal mankind. Many a chap carries sail, without knowing what a crazy craft he is floating in."

"Truly, Bill, you have spoken like a Professor, for a good moral might be handsomely picked out of the affair. But have a care for the future; and the next time you undertake to preach me a sermon at sea, don't give my ship a punch through the ribs by way of a text."

A Yankee Trick.

It was a time of great bustle and expectation in the little village of L——, situated "somewhere out of the world and up in the woods," in the state of Massachusetts. There was to be a special frolic in the shape of a horse-race—a horse-race, do I say? I mean a scramble of quadrupeds, for since the practice had been known there, very few of the animals that put their hoofs in would have been entitled to the name and honours of a horse at Doncaster. Four-footed animals they were for the most part, though some of them kept the fourth in reserve, and chose to go upon three—Narraganset pacers, Vermont shamblers, Berkshire blunderers, Connecticut caperers, Worcester plough-joggers, Dogtown dumpies,—in short, the tag-rag and bob-tail of the four-footed creation; not that Yankee-land is deficient in prime horse-flesh, witness the Tom Thumb the Great, or the steeds of the mail stages, if you have been in that country; or the progeny of that celebrated mare whom a flash of lightning chased all round a ten-acre lot, without being able to catch her. But horse-racing is no regular trade or common occupation in New England; nobody makes a business of rearing animals for the turf; and when an occurrence of this sort takes place, it is no very studied affair, but a frolicsome scramble among all the beasts of burden in the neighbourhood, or such as chance brings along at the moment.

Once a year it had been customary to run a race of this sort in the village of L——, and the fleetest runner of this motley multitude won a prize of some value, to which every adventurer contributed a sum. On the present occasion the prize was considerably augmented by an offer from an individual who had constituted himself a society for the promotion of horse-racing, and more than common interest was of course excited at the approach of the festival. The old farmers who had horses fit for running, gave them extra quantities of corn and fewer applications of the lash, as if to be fat and fleet were the same thing. Some, however, were more cautious in their preparations, and, among the rest, Job Hawker, a sly, calculating, guessing, questioning, bargaining, swapping, Jack-of-all-trades sort of a chap, long-sided and limber-tongued, with a face as grave as a deacon, but a roguish twinkle of the eye on occasion, that gave you assurance he was no greenhorn. Job's horse had beaten

them all hollow the former year, and he was in full confidence of the same good fortune this time. Hewbeit, he took all imaginable precautions to secure success, and put his steed only to that quantum of exercise and fodder which he judged conducive to speed.

But while he was flattering himself with the prospect of a certain victory, and as the day of trial approached, he was thrown into consternation by the arrival of a stranger, mounted on a Canadian pony, who came with the avowed intention of putting in for the prize. At the first announcement of this intelligence, Job fell into despair, for it so happened that he knew the individual, having encountered him in the northern part of Vermont, while on a trading excursion in that quarter. Job had witnessed a trial of speed which the pony exhibited there, and knew that his own Bucephalus was no match for him. It was plain that if the Canadian took a share in the race, he must win, and the catastrophe seemed inevitable, for nobody had a right to exclude him. It was a grievous thing for Job to think of having the prize snatched from before his eyes, when it had been augmented to a double value, and just at the moment when he imagined it within his grasp. Job had not all the patience of his namesake of old, as evinced by his conduct in this emergency. He did not sit down and curse the day he was born, giving up the whole concern for a bad bargain, but he sat down upon a log of wood and scratched his head. This sage manœuvre was practised for the purpose of devising by what art, stratagem, cunning device, or quizzical circumvention, he might get rid of this formidable rival. His first thought was to inveigle him into a *swap*, but that would require a great deal of palavering and chaffering, and must prove a long job—too long for what little time remained. He then thought of buying him off from the enterprise, giving him a bird in the hand for two in the bush; but this would cost too much, and Job was resolved to have the whole or none. His third project was to frighten or obstruct the pony by some preconcerted accident, just at the time of setting out; but this did not appear, on consideration, to be a safe proceeding. Various other tricks suggested themselves, but no one seemed to be just the thing. Evening drew on—the next morning was to bring all parties upon the turf—and there was not a moment to be lost. Job had cudgelled his brain for two hours to no purpose; he started up in a great puzzle, and began to wend his way homeward. As he reached the little green in front of the meeting-house, he heard a loud huzzaing; he looked up and beheld a crowd of people following a fat ox, with a flag upon his horns. At this instant a thought struck him; he did not shout *Eureka*, but it was because he knew no Greek. Early the next morning, on that hint he acted. He clapped his military hat upon his head, (Job was a Lieutenant,) and waited upon the Canadian.

"Well, I suppose, Squire, you are the gentleman with the pony?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Ah, I guessed as much. Well, I suppose you are a thinkin' o' racin' to-day?"

"Yes, if it is according to rule."

"Sartin! It's all accordin' to rule, if in case you have tried to beat the beater."

"Beat the beater!"

"Yes, beat the beater; you know what that is, I take it."

"No, hang me if I do."

"Well, that's a good 'un; but I guessed as much. You see the case is exactly this: I beat the last races, and you, being a new comer, must give your horse a try with me before you can enter for the race."

"Oh, if that is all, I am content; bring out your horse, and let us try as quick as you please."

"Your horse!" exclaimed Job, with well-feigned surprise.

"Yes, your horse; you don't mean a foot-race, sure!"

"Why, Squire! don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"Know what? why it is my *ox* that is to race, and not a horse!"

"An ox!" cried the Canadian, staring with all the eyes in his head.

"Yes, an ox," returned Job, with imperturbable gravity. "Why I thought you knew all about it."

"About what?"

"About racin' to be sure. Did you never hear of my ox that beats all creation?"

"No!" exclaimed the Canadian, in the greatest astonishment.

"Why, didn't you see him about town yesterday?"

The man was thunderstruck; he had seen the ox, and this strange announcement made him believe what he had always been told, that Yankees were born devils. "I have beaten horses," thought he, "but never tried with an ox." Job kept on a grave face.

"My ox is all saddled and bridled," said Job; "are you ready?"

"I think I won't try this time," replied the man, hurrying away with a most desponding look. He ordered his pony to be got ready, paid his bill, and mounted to set off. The landlord stared.

"Why, you mean to stay and try the race to-day, don't you?"

"No, no," replied he, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head. "I'll run my pony against any horse, but there is no knowing what a cursed ox *may* do."

Job bore away the prize that year, and the stranger never came again to disturb him; but his last words are still a common saying in the town of L——; and whenever a horned beast gets antic, he is specially impounded with the remark, "There is no knowing what a cursed ox *may* do."

My Grandfather's Trick.

My grandfather was an old sailor, an incorrigible yarn-spinner of course; but that I never objected to, for I was always fond of stories. It was my supreme delight in my childish days to sit by his fire-side on long winter evenings, and listen to his tales of the wild and wonderful—qualities in which a sailor's narrative is seldom deficient. Nobody had greater store of good things of this description than my grandfather; he had forgotten more than Marco Polo ever knew; and as to Princess What's-her-name, in the "Arabian Nights," he would have beaten her out of her thousand and one, and started anew on an even bet. My grandfather's tales, moreover, were all true; I had his word for it; though now and then he *did* make me stare with something that had a twang of the long-bow. Once he came very near catching a man with two heads on the coast of Labrador; another time my hair stood on end at the recital of certain particulars of his voyage to Guinea, after

gold dust and elephants' teeth—how the negroes caught him in a mammoth mouse-trap—how they hung him up by the heels to smoke, and then coddled him in a kettle of hot water to make a dish of *kouskous* for the great Mumbo Jumbo. Sometimes, too, the hurricanes blew a little too hard for my credulity; as particularly in that gale off Bermudas, where the wind was so high that it took ten persons to hold one man's hair on his head. The ships, moreover, which he had seen on occasion, were rather large craft according to my experience in naval architecture; the Merry Dundee, for instance, that swept all the sheep off the Cape of Good Hope with her studding-sail booms, while going round the African continent before the wind; the vessel that had grog-shops in all her standing blocks, and where the officers used to ride out on horseback on the fly of the pennant. But passing over these trifles, which, if not facts, doubtless escaped from him in the heat of narration, my grandfather's stories had an air of so much sincerity, authenticity, and *vraisemblance*, that I always listened with the most profound attention, and wondered that a man who had encountered so many marvellous adventures, and made such miraculous escapes, should live through them to smoke his peaceful pipe, toast his weather-beaten shins before the fire, and tell tales for my delectation.

But notwithstanding my grandfather's great experience and boundless memory, my appetite for stories was still greater, and before I grew very large, I began to perceive that the old gentleman had pretty nearly *told out*. In truth, his exchequer soon began to run short in the coinage of the usual narratives, and he found it pretty difficult to answer my demand for a new story. Still I was pertinacious and craving; it was he who had nourished the appetite within me, and now it was his lot to suffer by it. How I teased him day after day for stories! At first he attempted to fob me off with his old stories new vamped, but the trick did not succeed; my memory was too good for him. He now put his invention to the rack, and tried to amuse me with tales which, as the Irish clergyman said of "Gulliver's Travels," "contained some things that I could *not* believe;" but as I continued troublesome, the old man cast about for some means of checking my importunities.

One summer day, just after dinner, I was trotting by his side in the garden, where, after taking a few turns, we sat down in the shade of an apple-tree. "Come, grandfather," said I, "tell me a story."

"A story, hey?" said the old gentleman, filling his pipe very slowly, and then lighting it with a sun-glass; "a story? very well." Puff—puff.

"Yes, a story; I must have a story."

"Aha! a story! very well" Puff—puff.

"Very well, grandfather; come, begin."

"Begin! aha! very well." Puff—puff. "Every story must begin, to be sure."

"Certainly; and now for the beginning; come, begin."

"Well, once there were two men—but you have heard the story before, I suppose."

"How do I know that till you begin it?"

"Oh, oh!" Puff—puff. "Very true. Once there were two men went out a bat-hunting——"

"A bat-hunting! what a strange thing!"

"Oho! then you have heard the story?"

"No, no—never."

"Very well. These two men went out a bat-hunting, and one of them got over a stone wall—no, 'twas a fence, I think—fence? let me see."

"No matter, grandfather; let it go fence or stone wall, whichever you please."

"Yes, yes, a fence; very well; one of them got over a fence, and the other stayed behind.—But you have certainly heard the story?"

"No, never a word of it; never."

"Really?"

"Really, certainly, positively, never."

"That's strange; well, never mind, where was I? Oh, I'll begin again. Once there were two men went out a bat-hunting, and one of them got over a fence, and the other stayed behind.—But I know now by your laughing that you *have* heard the story."

"Why, grandfather, I tell you no, as I told you before; won't you believe me?"

"Oh then, if you really have not heard it, I must tell it you. Once there were two men, &c. &c."

In this manner the tale went on and stopped, began again, stopped again, made a new beginning and a new stop, like the story of the "King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles," till at length, vexed with this tantalizing trick, I could endure it no longer, but starting up in a violent passion,

"The dogs take it all!" I exclaimed. "Grandfather, you have no story to tell."

"Ha-ha-ha!" said the old rogue, bursting into a loud laugh; "that is a certain proof you have heard it before. So now my pipe is out, I will take a nap." Then deliberately knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he leaned back in his seat, threw a silk handkerchief over his face to keep off the flies, and composed himself to sleep.

I stood petrified with mortification at the trick, and at last proceeded to finish the apple I had been munching, shaking my head with that threatening, important, mischief-plotting air, which a boy is accustomed to put on when a prank has been played him by a schoolfellow—"Look out, you Sir, the next time I catch you! eh!"

This waggery of my grandfather's, however, is of no consequence, except as a prefatory explanation of

My Own Trick,

Which happened about half an hour afterwards, when the old man had got into the midst of his doze. He had thrust his empty pipe, according to custom, into the side-pocket of his pantaloons, in the lower part of which a hole had been cut for the express purpose of admitting the pipe-stem. In this manner, leaving the bowl out of the pocket, it hung by the neck safely sheathed in his pantaloons. The sight of this suggested to me a trick. I approached him slyly, as he sat asleep, and without disturbing him, thrust the whole pipe within the pocket, where I slipped it down some distance; then, waiting for the moment when he awoke, I burst upon him with a loud cry, and the marks of great agitation.

"Hollo! hollo! grandfather, look out! look out! mind! mind! bless my heart! mercy on us!"

"Hollo! what's the matter?" asked the old man, starting up and rubbing his eyes.

"A black snake! a black snake, grandfather! there he goes! there he goes! right up the leg of your trousers! stop him! kill him! quick! quick!"

"My grandfather sprang upon his feet, clapping his hand upon his pantaloons; he felt something slipping downward within, and in his confusion at awaking suddenly, never thought of his pipe, but only of the reptile, with the name of which I had alarmed him. "Aha!" exclaimed he, giving it a sturdy smite with his fist, "avast there! avast! avast! none of your nibbling at my knee-pans; I'm meat for your master, you lubber! avast there! heave-to!"

"Kill him! kill him!" exclaimed I, pretending great terror; "smash him soundly."

"That I will," said the old man, redoubling his thumps, while the pipe began to snap into pieces under the blows; "I'll make your bones crack, you pirate! I'll coil you up in the cable-tier, you son of a shoal-water eel, I will. Strike your topsails! the grappling-irons are on you! the grappling-irons are on you! the grappling-irons are on you!"

"That's right, grandfather," I continued to cry; "pound him, pound him, pound him, give him a dab extra, and he never will call a second time! Aha! Mr. Longback, we'll lay you up in lavender. Another hit, grandfather! pound away!"

He went on thumping himself, and fancying he was killing the snake, till at length, all blowzed with the alarm and exertion, he desisted for a moment, and perceived the bits of white pipe-clay falling into his shoes.

"Heyday! what have we here?" exclaimed he, in amazement; "a black snake? no!"

"No?" said I, bursting into a loud laugh.

"What's all this?" said he, in a great puzzle, while I made a bound some ten feet off. "A black snake, you rogue! Where is he?"

"Gone a bat-hunting, I guess."

"Where!" exclaimed he, feeling up and down his leg, where the fragments of the unfortunate pipe gave but too sure evidence of the trick I had played him. "Oh! ho! ho! ho! Smite my timbers! I'll make you sweat for this, you little *sarpent.*"

The most comical grin shone upon his weather-beaten phiz as he uttered this threat. I was too well assured, however, of the old man's goodnature, to dread any serious requital of this roguery. But he never heard the last of the black snake; for thenceforth whenever we were walking together in the fields, and chanced to espy one of these creatures, I was sure to give him a pluck by the sleeve, and then jump off to a safe distance, crying out—

"Bear a hand, grandfather! Let's put the grappling-irons on that fellow!"

A Frenchman's Trick.

Monsieur Duphot was a French refugee who had fled to America in the beginning of the revolution, and settled himself in Boston His judgment of the Yankees was expressed without reserve—"Ils sont bons enfans, mais ils ne savant pas jouer le violon." But Monsieur Duphot had a waggish neighbour, who, if he could not play the fiddle, could play a trick, as the Frenchman found to his annoyance, having been

April-fooled, and sent on errands after pigeon's milk more times than once by this mischief-loving fellow. He would have paid him in his own coin, but his bad English was sure to carry him into some blunder in the attempt, and the jokes which he plotted commonly exploded on his own hands. However, good luck and his own wits made him amends, now and then. One day, Mr. B——, the joker aforesaid, met him in the market, where the Frenchman was cheapening a quarter of mutton.

"Ah, Monsieur," said he, "you and I are on the same errand. You dine on mutton to-day?"

"Yes, sair; de muttons is more sheap as de bif, *voyez vous.*"

"True, and if you and I buy a bit together, it will be cheaper still. What do you say?"

"Ver well, *allons;* let us see—how moch you vant?"

"Oh, about a quarter."

"*Bien, bien*, and so do I. Den me buy half a mutton *ensemble*, and den me make him two halfs *chacun* a piece."

"Exactly," replied B——.

So straightway making a purchase of a side of mutton he cut it in two, and taking the hind quarter for himself, offered the Frenchman the other.

"*Attendez!*" said the Frenchman; "it is de hind quarter I want."

"Really! now it happens to be the very part I want too!" said the other, pretending surprise.

The Frenchman grinned, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Come," said B——, "let us toss a cent, and he that wins shall put his hand upon one piece, and say, 'Who shall have this? while the other turns his back, and answers I or you."

"Ver well."

"Here it goes then; head, I win—tail, you lose."

The former proposition was uttered, as the coin flew into the air. "Aye," said the Frenchman to it, and "No," to the latter, for he had been tricked that way before. Mr. B—— was caught in his own trap, for it was not a head. "However, 'tis an equal chance yet," thought he.

"*Tournez donc*," said the Frenchman; and slyly whipping out his penknife he chopped off the tail from the one portion of the mutton, and clapping it upon the other, cried out, as if in his usual blundering way,

"Who shall have dis wid de tail on?"

"I!" replied the other, jumping round in great glee, at the supposed *etourderie* of his companion.

"Den you take him, de fore quarter."

Mr. B—— scratched his head, without saying a word, for a moment or two, till the explosion of laughter which accompanied the trick had in some degree subsided. Then, with an exceedingly foolish look, he marched away, carrying his fore quarter of mutton with the tail on, which winds this tale off.

A Neapolitan Trick.

Napoli, ho!—Napoli, ho! cried the sailors of our brig, as we passed with flowing sheets the strait between Capri and the main land, opening the broad bay of Naples, and catching a distant glimpse of a long line of white houses on the shore ahead of us.—*Ecco Napoli!* shouted the passengers.—*Grazie a Dio*, exclaimed the padrone; *Siamo a Napoli.* These exclamations might have been supposed to denote the conclusion of a long and perilous navigation, but ours had been a voyage of but five days from Messina: true, we had Scylla and Charybdis to pass, but Scylla is an

immoveable rock, tall enough for a light-house, and will not run against you if you do not run against her; and as for Charybdis, it is no great splash,—a little bubbling of the water, a short chopping wave or two when the wind blows, but nothing that ever gave a sailor a wet jacket; you might paddle over this mighty whirlpool in a pumpkin shell: such are the humbugs of antiquity.

Why the crew were so rejoiced to get to land I cannot tell, unless it was that they might eat the more. I verily believe there is not such another set of gormandizers upon earth as the Neapolitans. They talk of nothing else but eating; *mangia, mangia, mangia* is the eternal sound that rings in your ear as you go through the streets of Naples. The piles of macaroni that one person will swallow would frighten an alderman: the lazzaroni, as is well known, eat it by the *yard*. The army is enlisted for no other purpose than to eat; you never see a soldier do any thing but trundle his provision-cart from the magazine to the barracks. As to their sailors, a vessel of thirty tons has a crew of fifteen or twenty men, one-half of whom are always eating, while the other half manage the vessel. I watched their movements attentively during the voyage, and upon my corporeal oath, there was not a moment in the whole passage when their chaps were not going. The vegetables that formed a part of our stores were piled upon deck, and they made a heap like a haystack. *Fruges consumere nati*; if ever a people under the sun merited this description it is the Neapolitans.

If the crew, however, felt a joy at the sight, so did we, though not from the cause I have guessed at above. We were about to set foot on Italian soil, nay, on the continent of Europe, for the first time; and most sublimely did I feel of course at this interesting moment. But from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a single step, (I think somebody has said it before.) The step was made as we landed at the Mole.

It was necessary to have our luggage examined by the custom-house officers, and the moment we set foot on shore we were surrounded by a troop of *doganieri* with shouldered muskets and swords at their sides lest something should be smuggled. It is true we were from Sicily, no foreign part—but that mattered nothing, a *doganiere* would overhaul you in passing from one street to another, could he find the least shadow of a pretext for it. Travellers are free plunder with these fellows, and no chance of squeezing their pockets is suffered to pass unimproved. The sight of a trunk is the prospect of sure gain, for there is no escaping these great pests of Italian travelling; "they stop the chariot, and they board the barge." *Bisogna fare la visita* must be answered with a prompt compliance; then it is "open locks, whoever knocks," and he who wishes to avoid trouble and delay must grease the fingers of his annoyer with silver ointment, that it may slip through his luggage the easier. We had nothing but the common travelling apparatus and submitted to the scrutiny with all patience, and no fears for the result. One package after another was fumbled, and nothing found worthy of seizure; but at length on groping within a basket which purported to contain only a table-cloth and napkins, the eye of the searcher brightened up with a sudden gleam.

"*C'è qualche cosa qui dentro,*" exclaimed he, with the air of one who had made an important discovery.

"*Niente*," was my reply.

He plucked it forth without heeding my assurance that it was nothing, and drew to light something rolled up in a napkin. Now the reader may as well be informed that in tossing our baggage into the boat, the *ragazzo* who acted as our steward on board ship, had, in his zeal to execute matters with scrupulous fidelity, laid hands upon a bacon bone from which we had breakfasted that morning, and thrust it into the basket aforesaid. In this manner, without being aware of it, we had been detected in the act of smuggling one pound and three-quarters of smoke-dried pig's flesh, which, coming under the general denomination of *salame*, as we were informed, was liable to duty according to the ordinance in such case made and provided.

"*Come niente?*" exclaimed the *doganiere*, unrolling the napkin, and exposing the interloping scrag of bacon to view. "*Eccolo.*"

"*Ecco!*" cried another of the troop, holding up his hands.

"*Ecco!*" said a third; "*Ecco!*" said a fourth; and all crowded round the basket. The thing was not to be concealed: there lay a pound and three-quarters of bacon staring them in the face. In a moment a mighty jabbering, shrugging of shoulders, tossing of heads, and flourishing of arms ensued. I knew not at first what to make of this sudden movement. Least of all did I imagine that the morsel of meat before me had caused such a stir.

"*Che c'è?*" demanded I.

"*Il dazio*," was the reply.

"The duty? What, a duty on a bacon bone!"

"*Sì, signore.*"

I could not avoid bursting into a laugh on the instant, though the officers preserved the most inflexible gravity. My next impulse was to seize the article, and throw it into the street, by way of convincing them, from the little value I set upon it, that no premeditated act of smuggling had been practised; but a second thought withheld me. "Let me play out the play," said I to myself; "here is a chance for witnessing such a comedy as I never saw before." So putting on a grave look, I shook my head, and stood by to see the result.

Had I not witnessed the whole transaction, I never could have been made to believe that sixteen custom-house officers, *gendarmes*, and *sbirri*, would have been summoned together in grand divan to deliberate upon the course to be pursued in relation to a mouthful of bacon. Yet so it was; a messenger was despatched to the Grand Custom-house with intelligence of the seizure—the whole party assembled on the spot where the event took place, from whence they adjourned to a *corpo di guardia* in the neighbourhood, in order to consult on the affair with more convenience. Here, in a room guarded at the door by sentinels with fixed bayonets, the scrag of bacon was placed on the floor in the centre, the officers formed a circle around it, and the consultation began. It was too capital a scene to be lost by any man that had a sense of humour.

I ran off full speed for my companion, who had gone to accompany two ladies to their hotel. "For heaven's sake, H——," exclaimed I, "make haste and come along with me."

"What is the matter?"

"Matter! such matter as will give you food for meditation as long as you live, or you are not the man I take you for."

"Heyday! what mischief is breeding now."

"Breeding! aye, breeding on a grand scale. Come and see a convocation of sixteen owls sitting upon a goose-egg."

"You are farcical!"

"Of course; 'tis the way here, I find; and you will find so too, if you will but just accompany me. I'll show you a farce for nothing, and a better one than ever was played within the walls of a theatre. 'Tis entitled, 'The Bone of Contention; or, Great Cry and Little Meat.'"

"But explain."

"Why the long and the short of it is, that the whole revenue tribe are in a rout about the remains of our breakfast; a bit of it was left upon the tablecloth, and came ashore *perdue*. See what it is to have linen and buck-baskets."

Off I dragged him to the scene of action, where we found the whole wittenagemote most gravely occupied with the affair; twenty times, at least, was the unfortunate bone taken up, turned round and round, and over and over, and weighed in the hand, and minutely inspected every possible way, in the midst of a serious discussion whether it should be seized as smuggled goods, or charged with the duty, and allowed to pass. A council of state could not have carried on its deliberation with a more important air. Had the whole been designed as a burlesque, it could not have been executed more capitally.

All this took place on a spot adjoining the Molo, where hundreds of people were passing; a great crowd gathered at the door, and listened and looked upon the proceeding with as much seriousness as the actors in the farce. We bore our share in it with all the mock gravity we could assume at so ludicrous a spectacle. At length the question having been fully discussed, was solemnly put to vote, and we were gratified with the intelligence that, in consideration of our character as strangers, it had been decided to allow the bacon-bone free ingress into the continental part of the king's dominions on payment of the customary *dazio*. This we agreed to, and a bill for the same was formally made out in the following style:—

IL SIGNORE ———.	*Dr.*	
To duty on *salame*	. . .	6 grains.
Stamp duty	. . . .	2 „
Total	. . .	8 grains.

This sum being paid, and the bill receipted and registered in due form, one of the officers immediately left the place in great haste; probably on an errand to the Minister of Finance, to inform him that eight grains, or threepence-halfpenny English, had gone into the Royal Exchequer. The others more deliberately twirled their mustachios, and turning on their heels, broke up the sitting. The sentinels faced to the right-about and marched off, the multitude dispersed, *chacun se retira en sa chacuniere*, and thus ended the grand council of the scrag of bacon.

"Reader," as Hervey says, (*vide* Noll Goldsmith, *anent* the case of Mr. The. Cibber,) "pause and ponder, and ponder and pause." Contemplate the ills that pork-flesh is heir to; think on the vagaries of destiny, as exemplified in the fate of the *disjecta membra* of a Yankee squeaker! Sweet scion of a grunting race! did it ever enter thy piggish noddle to imagine, while nuzzling the green sod on the hills of Vermont, that a bit of thy hinder end would ever kick up such a dust at the Gran Dogana of his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies? Q. Q.

THE CRIMES OF PRIZE-FIGHTERS.

ADDRESSED TO VISCOUNT DUNCANNON.

It is, we trust, with a justifiable pride, and even laudable satisfaction, that we are able to congratulate the public upon the extensive benefits which the peace of the country has derived from our late exposures of that complication of all private robberies and public crimes which, to the disgrace of our magistracy, has been allowed to exist under the at once fraudulent and ridiculous term of stage or prize fighting. The Ring, as it is absurdly called, has been lately so prolific of manslaughter, of robberies, and of crimes which outrage nature, that great strength has been given to even those parts of our late articles which appeared to the uninitiated to be exaggerations beyond the verge of even possibility. The subject has been brought before Parliament by several eminent Members; it has engaged the attention of the Judges, and of the executive government; and in the next session an Act will be passed that will effectually suppress a system of crime and of violations of the laws which has led foreigners to consider us as an anomaly to all civilized nations.

It is at present our intention to illustrate our original exposure of this great nursery and school of felonies and offences of all sorts, by what has occurred in the Prize Ring since our number of the "New Monthly" for the month of May last; and the reader will see that the manner in which this corps of great and small criminals has set the laws at defiance often exposes the magistracy of the country in a most ridiculous, and often, we are sorry to say, in a by far worse than a ridiculous, point of view to the people.

Our readers may recollect that we exposed the fact, that what are pretended to be brutal exhibitions of savage and sanguinary combats between hired ruffians are, in reality, nothing more nor less, in almost every instance, than mock fights, got up by black legs, flash-house keepers, and the swell mob, for the sake of plunder; and that the fighters in general are comprised of felons and criminals of every description, who either expiate their crimes by sentences of courts of law, or who, if more successful, terminate their career by keeping brothels, or houses for the resort of thieves—the highest point of a fighter's ambition. Finally, we added, that so far from prize-fighting engendering manly feelings, the pugilists, even the very best of them, were often men convicted of those crimes, and notorious for those habits which are peculiarly designated *unmanly*. Let us briefly show how far all these views have been lately confirmed in our criminal courts.

Let us commence with one of the very highest and best of our pugilists —Abraham Belasco—who beat Cribb's redoubtable coalheaver; then beat the formidable Jos. Hudson; then Jack the butcher;—was then defeated, after a most bloody battle, by the celebrated Tom Reynolds—(a cross, or sham fight)—was again beaten by the famous Jack Randall. He successively defeated a Gloucester champion, then Joe Townsend of Coventry; then the famous Phil. Sampson—and, in short, more of the ring succumbed to his science, strength, and brute courage, than we have space to record. Here we have one of the very greatest and best of the greatest, and the best of the heroes of the ring. This hero's brother, a pugilist, after an extensive career of crime, was at length convicted and transported for a robbery, and is now in New South Wales—*par nobile fratrum.* But this hero, Mr. Abraham, had had many warnings and hair-breadth escapes; no man had been had up before the magistrates so often as Abraham for assaults, extortions, and offences of a very heinous nature; for to his heroic and manly profession of a prize-fighter, he added the correlative vocations of a hired bully at brothels, a hired bully at hells and low

gambling-houses, and, lastly, he kept hells himself, and conjointly with his wife, he kept a brothel, both of the latter being of a far more atrocious or unmanly character than has often been heard of in this country.* The details of the trial and conviction of this cowardly ruffian and his wife have been so fully before the public, that it is unnecessary for us to repeat them here.†

If in this case only one thing were proved, the compatibility of the most atrocious, cowardly, and unnatural offences and habits with great pugilistic skill, and all the finer qualities of the prize-ring, we should not have dwelt upon it, even to show that prize-fighting does not necessarily encourage manly feelings. The case might have been an exception to a general rule; but brothel-keepers among the fancy are numerous, and Belasco's habits were as notorious to the ring as the drop at Newgate—he associated with the pugilists, sparred at their benefits, appeared at their flash-houses, and was such a favourite amongst these manly characters, that, after his conviction, a gang of fighters actually had the impudence and audacity to attempt his rescue from the hands of justice.

Of a similar character with this, is the fact, that when a contemporary periodical (the 'United Service Journal' for January last) first exposed the character of the prize-ring, two actions were brought against it for a libel—the one by —— Spring, alias —— Winter, the ex-champion—(more of ex-champions presently)—and the other by Belasco's brother, for a mistake in his *Christian* name. We do not say *par nobile fratrum*, even with respect to one common trade between them—prize-fighting—for this would be unjust; but suffice it to say, that Belasco, the Jew, dropped his action for the Journal's making a mistake in his Christian name; and with

* A dreadful case of an old man's being rescued from murder, by a rush of the police and of the neighbours into the gambling-house from whence the cries proceeded, exposed in the newspapers the fact, that the house or hell was the property of Mr. Belasco, and that the ruffian, who had beaten the old man, was Belasco's hired bully.

† Some of the facts elicited at this horrible trial were truly heart-rending. It is the worst trial of the sort, perhaps, that ever took place in this country. How this horrible traffic was discovered was through a most affecting circumstance. One of the children had, for being drunk and disorderly, been committed to the House of Correction for three weeks, at the expiration of which period her sister went to the prison-gate to take her away. She found herself anticipated by Mrs. Belasco, who was in waiting there with a cab. The girl came out, and both parties claimed her. Words led to a quarrel—a scuffle ensued, the parties had to appear at Bow-street, where Mrs. Belasco was fined five pounds for the assault, the heaviest punishment the Magistrate could inflict.

Again:—They (the children) were residents under the paternal roof. What was the history of the fall of one of them? She was walking through Leg-alley, returning from an errand, when she was dragged by force into this house, and her person ——; that was the disgusting fact. Even prize-fighting was an honourable pursuit compared to his filthy occupation. He had only one word more to add to this miserable detail:—The father of one of these children, on hearing of his daughter's infamy, wrought on by misery and pain, was seized with a brain fever, and his sufferings only ceased with his death.

There is something dreadfully demoniac in the following scene, described at the trial. "Here were kept children of the most tender years: the wages of their sin—the money thus horribly obtained, these little girls were obliged to hand over to Mrs. Belasco—he gloried and boasted of this odious traffic. When Mrs. Gill, the unhappy mother of a child thus seduced, entered the brothel, and saw Belasco seated at the table with divers of these children, before whom a tankard of gin was placed, and when this woman, in the fulness of proper womanly feeling, vented her indignation at such a sight, he (Belasco) replied, '*Why we make our living out of them!*'" We know not, in the annals of crime, dreadful as they are, any such a complication of the fiend, with the cruel, mean, cowardly, and unnatural essence of the miscreant. And this is one of the most eminent of the prize-ring!

Spring, or Winter the Christian, the 'United Service Journal' is still *pendente lite.*

Since our last article on this subject (1st of May last) there has not actually passed one single week, without legal proceedings having been taken, in England, upon from one to five cases of death by fighting. These cases exhibit circumstances of the most horrible cruelty, in which mere boys have been killed in unequal fights with men; feeble old men have been killed by pugilists of youth and vigour; women have often been mixed in these at once cowardly and atrocious scenes; and fathers have been convicted of stimulating to the murder of their children, and wives to the sacrifice of their husbands. Wherever the actual ring or avowed boxing professors have been concerned, the burglaries, the highway robberies, and petty larcenies have been innumerable. We will give a few proofs of these facts.

We have now before us a frightful list of inquests and indictments upon the loss of life, from prize-fighting, since the 1st of May last. About twenty cases are of disgusting atrocity, and from a few, we will give three or four features, as many as our space will afford—*ex uno disce omnes*—and having shown the cowardly, unnatural spirit engendered by the system, with its nucleus of all breaches of the law, we will conclude, by showing the monstrous laxity of our magisterial system and of our police; even now that the government, the judges—actually the judges—the legislature, the clergy, private societies, and great public bodies have determined to suppress the system, and to expunge, if possible, the stigma of its infamy from this enlightened age.

In a fight, at Manchester, in August last, a young man was killed, in a horribly cowardly manner: and Lord Lyndhurst, in sentencing three of the pugilists to transportation *for life*, said, "That in the whole course of his experience, he had never met with a case of more savage brutality." The chief instigator to this unnatural combat was the *father* of one of them. In another case, tried at Bury, an athletic pugilist, aged twenty-four, killed an old man of sixty, who had wished "*to give in*" but who had been compelled to fight until he was killed. The Judge of assize said—"It is necessary to make a severe example, in order to put an end to these brutal scenes. *I wish it to be understood, that all persons who take any part in these criminal encounters, whether as principals, seconds, or otherwise, are equally guilty,*" &c. &c. At another fatal fight, in which a man named Hingley was killed, it appeared, in evidence, that the chief instigator of the fighters was the wife of one of them, At Warrington, we find two brothers fighting—one of them was killed, and the agent and manager of the fight was the father, whilst the wife of the deceased gave evidence of the fractured skull of her murdered husband, and was in favour of its being considered a fair manly fight. In one week in May last there were three deaths by fighting. A poor sweep, at a game of skittles, was cheated, and his antagonist, upon his remonstrance, procured, to *argue* with him, "a *notorious pugilist,*" who, says the evidence, "without any ceremony, knocked the deceased down twice: when he got up a second time, he entreated him not to strike him again, but the pugilist struck him a third time a most violent blow under the ear, which knocked him down, and he never rose again. Two or three persons carried him to a stable, and left him, *whilst* they went to witness another fight in a neighbouring field. In about an hour one of the parties who had carried him into the stable, went to look at him, and found him dead. The jury found a verdict of wilful murder.* Can human nature be more harrowed—does it want more to convince the most callous mind and unfeeling heart, that

* A similar case occurred at Tewkesbury. A man, most horribly mangled in a prize-fight, was suffered to remain all night upon some hay in a field, and the next morning was found dead.

this pugilistic profession is a complication of errant cowardice, of treachery, ferocity, and fraud? Enough of this part of our subject. Let us now advert to the astounding mal-administration of the laws.

Among, literally, very many scores of such occurrences as the following —all since 1st of May last—we find, at Middleton, a prize-fight, at which, say the papers, "As a matter of course, the countrypeople had their pockets picked, and every shop and public-house, at which the fancy coves gained admittance, was plundered; much damage was done to the pastures and fences." &c. &c. On 9th September last, a prize-fight, for 25*l.* a side, took place, near Uxbridge, and a newspaper says—"There was hardly a decent person on the ground; and the *amateurs* consisted of the vilest dregs of the gaols, flash-houses, and workhouses. Nothing of a portable nature was safe on the line of road—ducks and fowls, the ragged linen of poor cottagers, hung on the hedges, or in the little gardens of the hard-working poor, was made prizes of. At a little road-side public-house, *kept by a man well known to the fancy*, a general row took place between the winners and losers: upwards of a dozen battles were fought opposite his house, and the chairs and tables of the unfortunate landlord went to wreck in every direction, and the fragments were borne off in triumph," &c. In succeeding papers we find the celebrated pugilist, Jack January, sentenced by the magistrate for an assault in rescuing a gang of thieves who had been caught robbing a garden; but the matchless impudence of the case was in the police. The police inspector told the magistrate "that January was one of the fighting men, and had, therefore, been for a great length of time under the surveillance of the police,"—and yet, to our positive knowledge, the police allows the utmost licence to these fighters, even in those dens of infamy called flash public-houses, kept by ex-pugilists, and licensed by the magistrates. We are next told that Tit Shields, aged seventy-three, who had been, for fifty years, an inmate of almost every prison in the metropolis, was committed for robbing a gentleman of his watch (9th September.) "Tit," says the report, "was one of the REGULAR FANCY PRIGS; he was never absent from a fight, except when in *quod*, and at the Tennis Court he had *eased* (robbed) hundreds of stupid starers." Let us first observe, that the police gave countenance to this Tennis Court, until the inhabitants around it petitioned for its suppression, on the ground of the excessive multiplicity of robberies and outrages; let us state, that as soon as the nuisance was suppressed, the daily exhibitions at the Tennis Court became nightly exhibitions at the flash sporting-houses, licensed by the magistrates.

Let us now reflect upon the folly of our talking of an intelligent police, or upright magistracy. In the very next paper we find a police charge of a daring robbery, at what the papers call "the Den"—"a well-known rendezvous of cullys and sharpers." This den, be it known, is kept by a notorious patron of the ring, one of the fancy,—is the resort of the fighters, —and is licensed by the magistrates. The sitting magistrate, on this occasion, told the keeper that his license would be in danger, if he again allowed as many as fifty of such characters to be in his house, so late as five in the morning. What a truly barbarous notion of police is this! If, we suppose, this man of the fancy had fewer than fifty such persons at five, or more than fifty an hour or two before five, his license would not be in jeopardy! In the very next newspaper, we find two inquests upon deaths by fighting (in London). The succeeding paragraph tells us that "THE WELCH CHAMPION,—this pugilistic hero was *again* committed to the tread-mill" for an assault and attempted robbery;—then we find J. Hart, the swell-mob and fighting-hero, before the Lord Mayor for robbery;—then follows a respite of Belasco's horrible case;—then a disgraceful action, in which —— ——, the pugilist, was worsted;—then two cases of daring robbery, the last of which was committed by ——, "a well-known member of the swell-mob gang of prize-ring thieves." We have next a whole posse

of boxers hired for the Stroud election; then a case of keeping the ring with naked swords, by which one man was killed, and for which the inquest has found a verdict of wilful murder;—then a fight at Northfleet, attended by several robberies, and scandalous outrages on board the steamer, that brought the fighters and swell-mob from the place of combat to London. The list is interminable *.

Let us now come to more curious illustrations of our incredibly ridiculous and culpable notions of police and magistracy. First, the police make charges against a keeper of a public-house for suffering bad characters to resort to it; and one main proof is a police inspector's oath, that he had seen a certain celebrated fighter at the house, who had been tried at the Old Bailey for felony. This fighter had, likewise, long been known to the police as the leader of one of our principal gang of pickpockets. Since this police case, will it be believed—is it possible that any man can credit the fact, than this prize-fighter has actually been licensed to keep a public-house himself, and this after he had just been second in a prize fight in which a man was killed? Thus a man whose very presence in a public-house endangers the keeper's license may be a very proper character to keep a public-

* Can the public believe it possible that the prize-ring has its organ in the press? and of such a character that this sporting-paper could publicly advise the "United Service Journal" to pay hush-money, in the shape of a compensation, to this Belasco, for an injury to his character? Such is the fact.

In defending the prize-fighters, the boxers' journal urges that Thurtell, a gambling, black-leg crosser of fights, a getter-up of fights, a second of the fighters, an inseparable friend of the gang, was only an *amateur*, and the son of a most respectable man; next, that Bishop and Williams, the Burkers, only witnessed fights LIKE *many of the most elevated men in the country;* that, though Harris the boxer was hanged for murder, there is the fullest persuasion on the minds of those conversant with the case (*alias* the boxers) that he was hanged innocently; and, it is added, by way of compliment to the boxers, we suppose, that a friend whose honest testimony would have proved his innocence, got out of the way, and suffered him to be hanged out of pique at an affront. Then a great boxer, convicted of robbing a poor girl of a shawl, we are told, took it by way of JOKE; and of the ex-champion, Carter, who was transported for a robbery † for seven years, this boxing journal observes, "it is generally believed that Carter was innocent of the crime." Unfortunately for this general belief, this ex-champion of England has since been tried again, and received a second sentence for stealing a shirt. The clean stolen shirt was found on his body, under his own dirty shirt, and yet it may be again generally believed that he was innocent, although he pleaded guilty. Of Parish, transported for stealing a watch, the apologist of the fighters says, that "*he never dishonoured the ring;*" and "in his hardships was tempted to commit the offence." Of the celebrated pugilist, Perkins, this champion of these characters says—"He was highly respected by *all* classes at Oxford; it is true he was transported for stealing a watch, but it is well known he was not the thief," &c. Some persons may, perhaps, imagine that the excessive stupidity, the blundering absurdity, of such a mode of defence, amounts to irony, and becomes a laughable exposure and severe attack upon all whom it means to serve; we must yet, however, put it to them, whether, amongst the lower classes, the pouring out of such apparently flagitious indiscrimination between crime and legal conduct, must not materially tend to feed the gallows, and to fill the hulks and prisons with such Thurtells who were only amateurs? murderers, who were hanged from the pique of boxing friends? ex-champion robbers, who were transported on a general belief of innocence? highway robbers, who were tempted by hardship, and never dishonoured the ring? watch-stealers, who were respected by all Oxford? and child-burkers, who only attended fights, LIKE *the most elevated men in the country?* Does it not behove the magistracy to reflect on the pugilists and the swell mobs pouring forth such matter amongst the needy and desperate characters of London, whenever those magistrates are sentencing to punishment the unhappy wretches that have been seduced to crime by a system which the magistrates tolerate, in spite of the very laws which they have been sworn to execute, and are paid for executing?

† This Carter was likewise advised to bring an action against the 'United Service Journal' for libel.

house himself, under a magisterial license!—Where is the Home Secretary? Where is public shame and decency? Had the magistrates refused licenses *prospectively* to every professed pugilist, the system, *ipso facto*, would have died, the pugilist's goal being to keep a hell, a brothel, or a public-house. Among the great pugilists that have kept, or keep, hells, brothels, or public-houses, we now cursorily recollect the names of thirty odd, comprising every champion and pugilist of celebrity, some of whom have been hanged, others transported, and others imprisoned or punished for various offences. Such is our system of police, and such our magistracy*!

Recently the stipendiary magistrates of —— Office were determined to put a stop to a prize-fight, and exerted themselves with vigour, but were defeated and laughed at for their pains; and yet all the numerous preliminaries of the fight took place by public advertisement at a prize-fighter's public-house in Holborn,—the fighters were training by advertisement at two public-houses in the country,—the fight was attended by the pugilistic flash-house keepers, by the swell-mob, and numerous robberies were committed, and yet not a single step has been taken to bring any one of the parties to justice.

Staines and its neighbourhood have been the scene of very many fights, fair, fraudulent, and fatal, but they have all been accompanied by burglaries, larcenies, highway robberies, and crimes of every grade and description. The clergy, gentry, farmers, and tradesmen of every description about Staines, have petitioned the House of Commons to suppress so gross an evil. Mr. Briscoe, M.P. for Surrey, declared that nothing could be so disgraceful to the country as such brutal exhibitions and pre-announced violations of the law, and defiance of the magistracy. Mr. Ewart, M.P. for Liverpool, considered these prize-fights a national disgrace. Mr. Attwood thought the law, if duly enforced, was sufficient to suppress the practice. Mr. Plumtree, member for East Kent, said "it was quite impossible that the country could continue to allow such atrocious and horrible practices as were exhibited at prize-fights." Mr. Ruthven denied there was any manly courage displayed in prize-fighting. Sir Charles Burrell said, that "it was not to be endured, that prize-fighting should take place, congregating, as it did, all the scoundrels and ruffians of the metropolis and the country," &c. It is singular, that the day after this debate took place, one newspaper alone contained two cases of death by fighting, and four indictments against (four) prize-fighters, for a burglary and robbery to the extent of 500*l*. On another occasion, Mr. O'Connell, in Parliament, designated these fights as cowardly, savage, and fraudulent, and as the sources of all crimes. On another night he again called on the Home Secretary to do his duty and suppress them. On a third night he gave notice of a motion to that effect, and declared, that by the law, all contrivers, aiders, and abetters, and witnesses of fatal prize-fights, were guilty of *murder*, and on these declarations he was loudly cheered by the House. On another occasion, Mr. Wilkes, member for Boston, brought the subject again forward, and met with great applause, in stating that he would bring in a bill to suppress the crime.

We have now seen the sense of Parliament, and of the Judges, upon this subject. The sequel is most curious. To three applications to the Home Secretary in Parliament, a reply is given, that Government means to do nothing on the subject. To a petition from a body of clergy, gentry, farmers, traders, and others, to Lord Melbourne, the Under Secretary of State replies, that "*it is the duty of the magistrates to prevent all breaches of*

* Of course, in these cases, the delinquency is of very different degrees. An ex-pugilist is not to be reviled for his former life, if he has abandoned it, and keeps a public-house, or carries on any other legal trade; but if he makes his public-house, by advertisement, the rendezvous of fighters, for the purpose of contriving fights and carrying on bets, he is even worse than he was in his original vocation.

the peace;" and that it "is the duty of all inhabitants, who are aware that violations of the law are about to take place, to give information to the magistrates, and to call on them to perform their duty," &c. Soul of Pantagruel, was ever a parallel to this exhibited! First, it is a duty of magistrates to prevent all breaches of the peace. They are not prevented. The Home Secretary is the head of the magistrates, and he will not stir on the subject. Scores and scores of inquests on manslaughter—trials after trials for murder take place; verdicts of wilful murder, and sentences of death or transportation for life, crowd on each other; robberies are as thick as blackberries throughout the country,—all arising out of this breaking of the peace. The Judges declaim against the evil—Parliament follows in the same track—the people petition—the magistrates won't act—and the Home Secretary says, "They ought to act. I am a magistrate; I won't act; I am the head of those who ought to act; and I won't make them act, nor tell them to act." Let us suppose such a dereliction of duty to pervade our army, navy, or any one branch of our public service, and what an exhibition shall we have of "England and the English!" But this is only part the first. Part the second is yet worse. "It is the duty," says Mr. Phillips, "of all inhabitants, who are aware that violations of the laws are about to take place, to give information to the magistrates, and to call upon them to perform their duty." Why, the magistrates are the very persons who know it all, and long before the inhabitants know it; and as to information, this is no secret, for the premeditated offence is always advertised weekly for many months, and every particle of the crime is concocted under the noses of the magistrates, and by their licensed and protected favourites. A pugilist, and consequently a criminal, is licensed to keep a flash public-house. He advertises, every week, that a fight is to be got up at his licensed house. Advertisement follows advertisement—paragraph after paragraph appears, exposing the nightly assemblages of lawless criminals —the progress they have made towards the violations of the law—the money collected for the purpose—how they have maltreated, baffled, exposed, and ridiculed all magistrates who have interfered with them. Then comes an announcement of the very licensed flash public-houses in the country at which the intended law-breakers are in training—then an announcement of the day on which the offence is to be committed—then a long announcement of the perpetration of the deed—then advertisements of the licensed houses at which the criminals, and all connected with them, are to divide the spoil—and then advertisements of intended repetitions of such crimes. All this is done in spots licensed by the magistrates. The crimes and all their consequences are every day made known to the magistracy, and yet the Home-office tells the country that it will not act, because the magistrates have not been informed of the intended offence by some inhabitants who knew nothing of it, until they found their fields ruined, themselves beaten, and their houses robbed. And what follows? After all is known to the magistrates, what is the consequence? Not a criminal is punished; but when a boxing keeper of a flash house, at which all the crime was organized, comes before the magistrates, he is again licensed to keep his den; and if one of the fighters themselves asks for a license, we have thus seen magistrates saying, "Although you are too lawless a character to appear in a public-house, you are a very proper person to keep one; and as you have all your life set us at defiance, and lived by breaking the law, we reward you with a legal license, to keep a house to encourage others to do the same*." Were Caffres ever in such a state of ignorance of laws and public duties as this? According to the Home-office, when numerous gangs of criminals, by and with the license of the magistrates, announce an intended crime—when they proceed to commit it in a certain town—when

* Many conscientious magistrates will never sanction by their presence these licentious scenes.

thieves and ruffians, in thousands, enter the town for the purpose of committing every sort of depredation—when the magistrates themselves witness and encourage the crime,—they are exempt from blame, provided some inhabitants cannot plead, "There was a man in our town, and he ran up the steeple," to give information to the magistrates, and tell them to do their duty. Queen Dollololla, or Abrahamides, might have had such notions of a magistracy. We will conclude by one case, exhibiting, in full infamy, the system of pugilism, the monstrous delinquency of the police and magistracy in not preventing the crimes, and of the Government in not punishing the delinquents.

The magistrates of Andover prevent a prize-battle being fought within their jurisdiction, and receive the thanks of a jury for their conduct. The ruffians, followed by all the swell mob, footpads, burglars, and criminals collected from London, Birmingham, Coventry, &c., immediately move just without the jurisdiction of the borough, and the fight takes place; the magistrates of the district violating their oaths by actually countenancing the exhibition, and thus bringing their brother magistrates of Andover into contempt with the multitude.* Messrs. Gaynor (a licensed publican) and Dutch Sam are the combatants; the first being seconded by a notorious cross, or swindling fighter, the keeper of a public-house; together with Deaf Burke, who had just killed one Byrne in a fight, Byrne having previously killed a pugilist named Mackay. The other worthy, Dutch Sam, the keeper of a brothel, was seconded by the captain of a gang of pickpockets, &c. What a complication of villains! One poor wretch had not the slightest chance of victory; and the account says, "his mouth was horribly cut—his whole face was a miserable mass of contusions, and he was all but blind—he was covered with his own blood. Human nature could sustain no more—he was borne from the ring insensible to everything but his mangled features." Let us ask whether the brothel-keeper, the swindler, the pickpocket, or the murderer, in this ring, were half as vile as those who, for two hours, could coldly witness so savage and atrocious a scene? Let us ask whether any language can be severe enough against our rulers, who have not brought to account the magistrates that, in dereliction of all duties, and in violation of all the feelings of men and gentlemen, could permit such a breach of the laws? Let us ask what respect ought our people to have for their rulers, when not one of these four heroes has been tried and punished?

But this is not all. After this cowardly, truly cowardly fight, in which one ruffian mangles another unable to resist him, merely, too, that black-legs, swell mob, and fighting public-house-keepers may plunder the unwary, a second fight takes place on the same spot, and in which a poor wretch named Noon is beaten to death by one Swift. The seconds here are the aforesaid Dutch Sam, Jem Ward, and Dick Curtis, with the substitution of a convict from the hulks, named Adams, for Burke, the killer of Byrne, the killer of Mackay.

Swift was convicted of manslaughter; and Judge Patteson, on passing sentence, observed, "There were other parties more criminal than the prisoner. It was evident, from the deceased having been taken home in a carriage and four, that there must have been persons there of high stations in society. If such persons ever came before him to be tried, the higher their rank, the more severely would he deal with them. It was creditable to the national feeling, that such exhibitions had fallen into disrepute," &c.†

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* What says Mr. Phillips in this case, respecting the inhabitants informing the magistrates, &c.?

† To show the disgusting profligacy of these wretches, whilst Swift's fate and that of his second were in suspense, a paper announces—"Heavy bets have been made in the sporting and 'thimble-rig' circles, that all the men will be acquitted; and the most minute calculations have been entered into at the flash fighting-

Judge Patteson's IF is curious. Why are they not brought to justice? We have seen the sentiments of the House of Commons on the subject—the determined reprobation of prize-fighting by the Lord Chief Baron Lyndhurst; and that the Judge who tried the manslaughter case at Bury Assizes said, "It is necessary to make a severe example, in order to put an end to these brutal scenes. I wish it to be understood, that all persons who take any part in these criminal encounters, whether as principals, seconds, or otherwise, are equally guilty." Notwithstanding all this, not a man is brought to justice, and the government—the police branch of it—refuses to do its duty.

Both these atrocious fights—that between Gaynor and Sam, and that in which Noon was killed—were arranged at the Castle Tavern, kept by Spring, and at another such house, kept by Burn, an ex-pugilist. The nights, and hours of the night, at which all the pecuniary and other means of these atrocious violations of the law were to be contrived at the Castle Tavern, were advertised and paragraphed week after week, and yet this, and other such houses, are patronized by the magistracy,—and, after the very keepers of them appear at fights—at fatal fights—even in the characters of seconds, the magistrates renew their licenses, without any condition that such scenes shall not be repeated. The law-officers even give a perfect impunity to the solitary journal that trumpets forth these prospective crimes, amongst all that are desperate and infamous; and yet we hear ministers declaim against the vice, the profligacy, and dangers of unstamped publications.

The poor hireling wretches, such as Swift and Noon, are killed, or transported for killing. The rich keepers of flash-houses, who bribe their hard necessities, who contrive the fights, and back them in the ring, for the sake of plunder, though they actually make their crimes notorious by advertisement, are not only allowed to escape, but are licensed by the magistrates. All the principal black-legs, fighters, swell-mob, flash-house-keepers, felons, and newspaper-administerers to crime, who herd together—who get up these fights—who meet nightly at the dens of infamy in common for the purpose—who appear at the fights, and make known their division of the spoil—are as notorious to the magistrates as the character of Thurtell, or of any others of the fancy; and yet whilst these men are licensed to live on plunder, the poor victims whom they hire to fight are killed with impunity, or transported for killing.* When Lord Lyndhurst,

houses, as to the amount of punishment that will be awarded in the event of a conviction. We have heard that the odds have been thus quoted at the principal den:—10 to 1 against transportation for life; 8 to 1 against fourteen years; 2 to 1 against seven years; 5 to 4 against imprisonment for two years; even betting as to one year; 2 to 1 on six months."

* The manner in which the desperate criminals, equally with pitiable starving wretches, are matched to fight by flash-house-keepers, and the swell mob, without their consent or even knowledge, is exemplified in the case of the poor murdered Noon, who left a wife and child to starve by his untimely end. We copy a letter which illustrates the system:—

"*To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.*

"Sir,—It was some time since stated that a match had been made between Anthony Noon and me for 50*l.* a-side, to come off in the same ring with Sam and Gaynor, and that 50*l.* a-side were down to bind the bargain. I have not been able to discover by whom this match was made, nor can I learn with any certainty whether it has been made or not. To end all doubts I now beg to say, if no such match has been made, I shall be ready to enter into such an engagement on Tuesday next, at the *Castle Tavern, Holborn,* to post the pony; and if any money has been put down, if the stakeholder will come forward, my friends will find the necessary funds to proceed with it. "Yours, &c. "OWEN SWIFT."

The match was evidently got up without Owen Swift's (the slayer's) knowledge.

Judge Patteson, or the other Judge, sentenced such poor wretches to punishment, and merely denounced the richer miscreants, who hired them

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We will now insert a very few of the many advertisements announcing these two fights. They are really curious relics of the last records of departing infamies. We copy them from what is vulgarly called the only sporting paper:—

"YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND TOM GAYNOR.—According to agreement, a meeting is to take place to-morrow evening, at the *Castle Tavern, Holborn*, to enter into regular articles for this match. The match, our readers are already aware, was made at a sporting house at the West end of the town, in December last—Sam's backers agreeing to back him against Gaynor, 300*l*. to 200*l*. 15*l* to 10*l*. were put down, which to-morrow evening is to be increased to 75*l*. to 50*l*., when the future deposits and day of fighting is to be arranged."

February 16, 1834.

"Notwithstanding the *mighty* efforts of the 'United Service Journal,' under the dictation of its interested contributor, the match between Sam and Gaynor was made on Monday evening, at the *Castle Tavern, Holborn*, in the presence of a more numerous and respectable assemblage of the patrons of the ring than has been collected on a similar occasion for many months."

March 16.

"OWEN SWIFT AND ANTHONY NOON.—Tuesday night being appointed for giving up the battle money to Swift, as the conqueror of the Nottingham hero, *The Castle*, in Holborn, was crowded to an overflow, every room being 'a bumper.' At ten o'clock the reward of valour was handed to the fortunate winner, and all bets were immediately paid. Swift then said he was prepared, according to his challenge, to make a match with Anthony Noon for 50*l*. or 100*l*. a-side."

March 30.

"SWIFT AND NOON.—Articles for the match between these men, for 50*l*. a-side, were duly entered into on Monday evening last, at Jem Burn's—the fight to come off in the same ring with Sam and Gaynor. The next deposit is to be made at the *Castle Tavern*, on Tuesday, the 8th of April. Both men are confined to 9st. weight on the day of fighting."

April 6.

"OWEN SWIFT AND ANTHONY NOON.—These men 'post the pony' on Tuesday evening, at the *Castle Tavern, Holborn*, for their second deposit, and on Wednesday evening Anthony Noon will give a sparring *soirée* to his friends, preparatory to his going into training."

April 13.

These men posted their second deposit at the *Castle Tavern, Holborn*, on Tuesday evening.

April 27.

"YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND TOM GAYNOR.—The fourth deposit for this 'tip-top' affair was made good on Monday evening, at Jem Burn's. Both men sported their phisogs, and looked well; it is their intention to go immediately into training. The fifth deposit is to be made at the *Castle Tavern, Holborn*, on Monday, the 5th of May.

"SWIFT AND NOON.—It is expected they will each go into training at the same time with Gaynor and Sam—Noon stowing himself under the wing of Gaynor, and Swift under that of Sam. The fourth deposit is to be made on Monday, the 5th of May, at the *Castle Tavern, Holborn*."

May 4.

"YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND GAYNOR.—The last deposit but one for this interesting match is fixed to be made to-morrow evening, at the *Castle Tavern, Holborn*. Both men have gone into close training, Sam in the vicinity of Epsom Downs, Gaynor on the Western-road.

"SWIFT AND NOON.—These little *phenomena* of the light weight have gone into training, Swift with Sam, and Noon with Gaynor. The next deposit for their match is to be made to-morrow evening, at the *Castle Tavern*."

June 1.

"YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND GAYNOR.—The last deposit for this 'tip-top' affair is appointed to be made to-morrow, at the *Castle Tavern, Holborn*, after a sporting dinner, at which it is expected there will be a respectable muster of the *élite* of the patrons of manly sports.

for crimes; when they left unscathed the magistrates that had licensed the rich miscreants, or had countenanced the breach of the law—they forgot the saying of George III.,—"If Dr. Dodd is pardoned, every man that has been executed for forgery has been murdered." We congratulate the public, that Lord Duncannon, with the almost unanimous consent of Parliament, will immediately suppress this horrible system. The cause carries with it the whole religious and moral sense of the community, together with the entire weight of its property and intelligence.

We now wash our hands of the subject, with ineffable contempt at the magistrates who permit these breaches of the law; and with the strongest reprobation of those judges who transport and imprison the hireling fighters, whilst they let escape the hirers, whom they denounce as the greater criminals, and whom they know to be licensed in their infamous vocation.*

R.

"Swift and Noon.—These men make their final deposits to-morrow evening, at the *Castle Tavern*—thus killing two birds with one stone. All the men, we hear, are in 'splendid condition,' and all equally confident, so that a first-rate treat may be anticipated. The fights are to come off on Midsummer-day, within one hundred miles of London."

June 8.

"The approaching Fights.—Sam and Gaynor.—The final deposits for the 'trial of skill' between these men was made at the *Castle Tavern, Holborn*, on Monday evening, after a sporting dinner. Both men were present, and apparently in excellent trim. Six to four were offered on Sam, but no takers. The toss for choice of ground is to take place at Jem Burn's on Monday week.

"Swift and Noon.—These men posted the balance of their stakes on Monday night, after Sam and Gaynor had set them the example. Both looked 'as fresh as kittens,' but Swift was not quite down to his weight of nine stone. Swift the favourite at 5 to 4."

We need not pursue the subject of Noon's murder—of Sam's horrible fight. If Government prosecute not such advertisements—if magistrates license such houses—and if magistrates do not prevent, but encourage, such exhibitions,—how can Judges conscientiously punish the survivors of fatal fights, or for the robberies committed at them?

* Whilst our article was at press, a stage fight, between a convicted and transported felon and a notorious thief, was fought (on the 21st of October) near Dartford. The second of one of these scoundrels was the notorious ex-champion Tom Oliver, whose son, on that very day, was convicted at Queen-square Office, for picking pockets at the fire. It was further sworn against him that "he was a most notorious smasher, and had frequently been in custody for uttering base coin." The quantity of base coin uttered on the road to Dartford on the day of this fight was immense. The people of Gravesend, seeing such an immense number of the swell mob brought down by the steamer, swore in a body of special constables, and drove them out of the town. Ought not the Home Office to strike out of the commission of the peace those disgraceful magistrates of West Kent who permitted this breach of the law? They are well known. Ought not all the scoundrels pre-eminent in producing this fight to be indicted? At least, the fighting publicans at whose houses the fight *by advertisement* was contrived, ought to be deprived of their licences.

SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

Irish Beggars.

It is impossible for those who have been brought up amid the pleasant scenes and teeming luxuries of England, to comprehend the length and breadth and depth of Irish suffering. They may read of it in books—they may scrutinize it in pictures—but how completely do they fail to obtain even a remote idea of what it really is. The eye must see it—the ear must hear it—to conceive of its extent, or to appreciate its influence; and deeply dead to every feeling of humanity must the heart be that does not sympathize with it.

"How happy," said a young Irishman to me, the other morning,—"how very happy you must be—you have no beggars here!"

I endeavoured to convince him that though there were but few whom *he* would call *beggars*, there was a great deal of poverty in the country. He laughed at the notion of considering people *poor*, who had a roof over their heads, and bread to eat, and that, too, without working for it; and bade me call to mind the thousands and tens of thousands without food, clothes, or dwellings, that are scattered over considerably more than half of my unfortunate country.* He was right;

* Although it is far from the writer's wish or intention to introduce into her "Sketches" any political topics, she cannot resist her desire to quote the following passages, contained in a letter from an intelligent Irish friend, recommending to her perusal a "Plan for the Improvement of Ireland," written by an able and accomplished officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Colebrooke:—

"There is no country that wants improvement—none that so many attempts have been made to improve, and that has profited so little by those attempts, as unfortunate Ireland—credulous, excitable, with strong imagination and weak judgment, its population are a prey to every demagogue who appeals to their passions, while the calm and judicious friend who addresses only their reason, is not listened to. Among the latter is Colonel Colebrooke, the author of this 'plan;' but anything he has to say will be drowned in the inflammatory sedition of those who tell the Irish that agitation is better than industry.

"The brief picture the author gives of the state of Ireland, is afflicting to humanity. It concludes with the following frightful passage:—

"On the failure of the crops (of potatoes), having no employment at home, they are reduced to subsist on charitable contributions through the winter, or by the collection of weeds and nettles, producing fever and death.

"The representation of Sir John Davis, 150 years ago, that bodies were frequently found with their mouths smeared with docks and nettles, on which they had endeavoured to support life, is here found to be the actual state of things in the nineteenth century—both originating in the same cause—agitation and insurrection.

"To relieve such wretchedness what can be done? The first preliminary step, and absolutely essential to any other attempt, is to silence or weaken the influence of those who make a trade of excitement, and detach the poor peasant from the pursuits of industry to the perpetration of outrage. Until this infatuation be passed, it is in vain to hope for improvement. No capitalist will speculate in a country, when the only return he can expect for his outlay, is to be murdered if he ask for it;—no solvent agriculturist will settle in a place where his house is burnt down if he attempt to improve his land;—no sober, industrious man will take a farm where his life is in imminent peril, day and night, from the idle, drunken, turbulent tenants, who were ejected from it. The very first step, then, we say, is to insure tranquillity and security, and then any plan of amelioration may be tried with a prospect of success.

"The plan proposed is to form a joint stock company for the improvement of land.

and yet within the last two months I journeyed from Bannow to the county-town of Wexford—a distance of more than sixteen miles—without encountering a *single* beggar, or one who appeared to need alms. Our way lay through the highly-cultivated baronies of Forth and Bargy. I cannot give a favourable account of the state of the road—for it was jolting and ill-made as usual, winding to the summit of the mountain of Forth, but commanding in the distance one of the most extensive—I may say *cultivated—sea* views I had ever the good fortune to behold,—while the fore ground was studded with gentleman's seats—white and cheerful cottages—and a number of castles and fortresses of the olden time—scowling upon the earth in all the variety of tower, turret, and bastion. I never saw a district so full of the relics of antiquity—they were almost crowded in the landscape, yet they appeared as if actually placed where they were necessary to the pictorial effect of the whole. I said the sea view was *cultivated;* the expression needs some explanation:—it had signs of life on its vast expanse—it was not an immensity of water floating in majesty until joined by the horizon: it was broken near the shore by the peninsula of Ballytigue—by the projection of Cape Forlorn—by the Saltee Islands—and, far and away, by the Tower of Hook, frowning on its pedestal upon the waves that wrestled in the bay, and clambered the rocks in gigantic merriment:—then there was the long line of smoke streaking the sky, and marking the steamer's course—there went the wide-spread canvass of the well-stored merchantman, proud of its cargo, and yielding but little homage to the waves or winds; the light skiff danced amidst the spray, while its pennon floated and gleamed in the distance, more like the tiny sail of the nautilus than aught that could carry half a dozen living creatures, either for profit or pleasure, upon the ocean. The signs of existence and traffic floated upon the waters—you saw the traces of life, but you heard no sound; we were completely above all human habitation—we looked down upon the peopled earth and the majestic sea. Sometimes an ambitious raven would whirl, cawing above our heads; or a peal of cheerful laughter from the harvest-field climb the rocks, and strike upon our ears as sweetly as a "marriage-bell,"—but else all was silent—profoundly still—the glowing sun above our heads—the granite fortress of the mountain's top mingling with the clouds—and this extensive and beautiful panorama at our feet. It was a scene never to be forgotten—so varied—so sublime—but, above all, so tranquil!—The horses

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One million sterling to be raised as a capital, in 10,000 shares of 100*l.* each, and a charter of incorporation to be obtained, under the name of 'The Irish Land Company;' the Company to direct their attention to the improvement of the land they purchase—building farm-houses and cottages, making roads, draining and enclosing; their farms, so improved, to be let at moderate rents.

"The population of Ireland is estimated at eight millions, and the area twenty million square acres, of which one-fourth, or five millions, are *waste, but capable of improvement.* By reclaiming these five millions of waste acres, at the expenditure of 10*l.* an acre, a property would, in three years, be created, valued at ten millions, and yielding a rental of five millions. Employment during the operation would be given to 833,000 persons, and a permanent settlement for 2,500,000.

"Surely, if there be any truth or practicability in these speculations,—and we think there is both, if the country were quiet,—it would be better and more laudable for English capitalists to endeavour to improve poor Ireland, and settle her population at home, rather than send both money and people to Canada, Africa, or Australia, the Pole, Equator, or Antipodes."

crept slowly on—so slowly, that as the coachman walked by their side up the hill, we could inquire the names of the different castles and dwellings within view.

"How very free this road is from beggars—we have not encountered *one* since we left Bannow!"

"Why, then, it's proud myself is to hear your honour say that same," responded Andrew,—"for the English quality are ever fauting the beggars—the craythers, though, God help us! none of us know whose turn it may be next. *Sure if I was struck* *, what would keep me from it? God brake hard fortune! I have no one belonging to me, to talk about, and the end would be, I should take to the road!"

"Why do you not save money, Andrew? Many of the English servants save."

"It's asy say Save! What could a boy like me save?—'tis true my mistress riz me to ten pounds—but then she's so *cruel clean*, that the half of it goes for washing; white gloves, and white stockings, and white cravats! Besides, where's the good of saving? Denying one's self everything, and then die maybe afore the time comes to spend."

Irish all over, thought I. The people here are either constantly reasoning, like madmen, right from wrong principles; or, like fools, wrong from right ones—in either case they are in error, and are likely to remain so, until a complete change is effected in their managing and management.

We soon entered the town of Wexford—unfortunately too well known in the annals of Irish rebellion and Irish violence; violence exercised by the party, under whatever name it might be described, that chanced for the time to be in the ascendant. It is an ugly, straggling, inconvenient, dirty town, with noble quays, a new and very pretty bridge, a handsome bank, a curious court-house—(the very dirtiest, I have heard, in Ireland)—and inhabited by the most hospitable of hospitable people. I suppose what is called *society* is much upon a par with other country towns—a little love, a moderate degree of friendship, an immoderate degree of envy, a due proportion of flirting, a circulating library which has no books to circulate, a reading club where, as the boy said, there was "no nothing," a favourite preacher, and a smart military detachment. I write my description from memory; for during my visit everything to me was *couleur de rose*—everything except the beggars!

"There's enough of 'em here, any way," said Andrew, turning round, as he pointed to a multitude who were waiting for us at the door of the great inn.

Good God! it was a pitiable sight—the host of dirty, starving creatures who thrust themselves around the carriage-door, so as completely to prevent its being opened. The servant came round to the other side, which was less closely blockaded, and, placing his face close to the glass, whispered—

"If yez will be plased to throw a few halfpence among them, it'ill scatter them, my lady, and then you can get out."

"A few halfpence!" To look upon the moving mass of starvation and misery, one would have imagined that the wealth of Crœsus would go

* Fell ill; "struck of a suddent," fell ill suddenly.

but a short way to alleviate their distress. One of the group—a tall, lithesome fellow, with rolling black eyes, and a pitiable vacancy of look —grasped the carriage-lamp, or rather the part where the lamp should have been, and swung himself backwards and forwards, singing out, "A penny for Johnny, a penny for Johnny—long life to the king and O'Connell—O'Connell and the king! A penny for Johnny, *and another for Jack*—poor Jack! poor Johnny! poor Johnny! poor Jack!" "Don't mind him, lady dear," shouted a woman, the upper part of whose form was enveloped in a coarse blue cloth cloak, while, from over either shoulder, lolled forth the head and arms of a squalid, half-starved child; "sure, he's a fool, and the fools never want—every one gives to the fools, to set off their own sense—look at me, and God bless your sight! —look at me, with nothing but a blind man,—(come here, Dan'el, lead him forward, Lanty,)—nothing but a blind man for a father over my ten children." "But see here, your honour, look at me, with as good as eleven, and no father at all over them!" interrupted another who, not being encumbered with two living creatures on her back, was, I suppose, better able to fight her way, and maintain her station at the carriage-door. "Stand back, Mary Shiels!" exclaimed a third; "what a brag you make about *your* children—and every one of them far away, barring those ye borrow for a set off—eleven indeed!—it's asy for the likes o' you to have double eleven, when you never cares what comes o' them!" This address, delivered to Mrs. Mary Shiels, was given in a tone and with an air of what I should imagine Billingsgate eloquence—the head thrown back, the arms a-kimbo, the voice wound to a high pitch, and the eye discoursing as rapidly and decidedly as the tongue; but as the second part of her speech was addressed to ourselves, the attitude, air, manner, and voice changed miraculously, and was delivered in a drawling brogue. "God mark ye to grace, and bestow a trifle upon the poor widdy, the *real* widdy—give her a *teaster*, or a little sixpence, just to keep her from starving! Sure, it's yerselves have the kind heart! See here the hardship God sent upon me," and she lifted a child distorted in all its limbs, and in the lowest state of idiotcy, close up to the window. The miserable creature clapt its twisted hands together, and as the thick matted hair fell over its small dull eyes, and it scratched at the glass like some wild animal seeking to disinter its prey, I thought I had never seen so painful or disgusting a spectacle. Those unfortunate idiots which in England are confined in proper asylums, in Ireland are reared to excite compassion from the traveller; and I think that at least every tenth family is cursed with one of those helpless creatures. You meet them by the way-side, in the cottages, basking in the sunshine, wallowing with the pigs upon the dunghills, and always soliciting alms, which is hardly ever denied them. Many of those witless beings, as they grow up, attain a degree of cunning which, with a species of animal instinct, they manage to turn to good account. And what are called "*Naturals*," in the expressive idiom of the country, form a class perfectly unknown in any other land.

But to return to my beggars. Let it not be imagined that the few I have specified were the only ones who demanded gifts; there were blind, and lame, and drunk, and sober—but all civil, and all tolerably good-tempered—exercising their eloquence or their wit, as it might chance, upon their auditory, and intent upon extracting money from our com-

passion. My feelings were at the time too strongly excited to be amused, though one, a *boccher*, or lame man, succeeded in clearing a space that he might give my honour a dance, while "Piping Brady," an old, blind, white-headed man, "set up the pipes" to the exhilarating tune of "Saint Patrick's Day," which acted like magic upon the group. "Poor Johnny, poor Jack," who had continued whirling round and round, keeping up his petition and singing it in every variety of tone, rested, like Ixion, upon the wheel; and as the decrepit creature jumped to the music with extraordinary rapidity, and flourished his crutch in the air, the whole assembly seemed spell-moved, the old men and old women beating time with their feet and sticks, and snapping their fingers at the conclusion of every bar, and the children, forgetful of their misery, dancing in right earnest, their pale cheeks flushing with exercise, and their rags quivering around them!

Nearer to the door of the inn, stood a girl, I could hardly call her a woman, who had asked for charity with the silent eloquence of her eyes, but had neither pressed forward, nor been excited by the music. The hood of her long blue cloak was thrown over her head, and shadowed the upper part of her beautiful face; her eyes were mild and blue, they might have been bright once, but their lustre was dimmed by weeping; and her fair long hair hung uncombed, untrained down either side of her face. There was something so classic in her form, that it called to mind those Grecian models, where the drapery clings so closely that you imagine it adheres to the naked form—the falling shoulders, the outline of the graceful back were distinctly marked, and she had gathered the folds up in front to cover a sleeping infant, which she clasped to her bosom, so that the cloak, thus confined, fell in many and thick folds, nearly to her ancles, which, of course, were divested of any covering. The boccher's dance was finished, and well pleased were the exhibitors to receive a silver sixpence between them—threepence for the piper, threepence for the dancer; "poor Jack, poor Johnny," recommenced his tune and whirl, and the beggars invented fresh miseries.

"Why, then, 'twas a lucky drame I had last night brought me to the town to-day!" exclaimed one of the score who followed us under the very porch, "and maybe ye'd listen to it?—I dreamed I was down in the very bottom of a paytee pit, and three magpies came flying over my head, and one, God save us! was like the gauger that broke my husband by his lies, and the other was the very moral of that handsome gentleman, and, sure, it's myself sees the likeness of your sweet self, lady, to t'other mag!"

"A hole in yer ballad!" exclaimed one voice—"A hole in yer manners!" shouted another—"Liken a white-faced lady to a magpie, Judy!" vociferated a third.

"And why not?" replied the impenetrable Judy, "why not? isn't a magpie a knowin' bird, and a handsome bird, and a fine bird?"

"Yet ye said he was like the gauger, just now;" answered a little grey-eyed, cunning-looking man.

"People may be like each other, and yet not the same at all at all; you're like yer father, Tim, and yet he was six feet high. He was an honest man, Tim.—Neighbours, dear," she continued, appealing to the crowd,

"do any of ye see any likness betwixt Tim an his father in that way?" There was a loud laugh, and Tim shrunk behind, while Judy went on.

"Well, the last magpie said to me, says she, 'Never heed the gauger,' (and sure I saw in a minute it wasn't a magpie at all, but yer darlint self was in it,) 'for I'll give ye an English half-crown to buy a blanket and linsey woolsey to make ye a petticoat'—what, God-break hard fortune! I've not had these five years."

"Oh! a penny, any way, lady dear, to keep the could from my heart," roared another.

"There's two pence for you," exclaimed my companion, "if you will promise not to drink it." "Success!" exclaimed the fellow, catching the halfpence gaily in his hand, "I'll do that same this minute," and off he went to the whiskey shop, where, unfortunately, three parts of the Irish spend what little they can obtain.

We distributed perhaps more than we ought amongst the crowd, for which our worthy landlady reproved us; while directing her maid, a slipslop, capless girl to dust every thing in the house barring the pictures, which must not be touched, which she never would have touched since Ally Kelly rubbed out his reverence's nose with her scrubbing-brush and cleanliness.

I have been often much astonished at the—*not* apathy—for that is the last fault the Irish can be accused of—indifference manifested, particularly by the middling class of society, to the horrid misery of the poor. You cannot walk out in a country town without meeting at every turn a population of poverty. I have attempted to count the beggars—I found it impossible—the barefooted creatures were beyond number—and yet the shopkeepers and tradespeople, nay, the greater part of the gentry, do not appear pained or distressed by the recurrence of such scenes as freeze a stranger's blood, and make him hasten to quit a country where the degrading wretchedness of his fellow-creatures seems to upbraid him for the indulgence of his smallest luxury.

"Lord, Ma'am," said the landlady, "we have fewer beggars in our county than in almost any other, and it is useless to attempt to suppress them or lessen their numbers; they spring up like mushrooms. The men set off to make English hay, and gather in the English harvest, and then the woman shuts the door of her cabin, rolls her infant in her blanket, secures the blanket on her back by turning the tail of her gown over it; the eldest girl carries the kettle, the eldest boy the begging bag, the middle ones have nothing to carry, and a couple of younger children hang by the mother's cloak, and so they travel from place to place, and there's none of the farmers will refuse them a *lock* of straw to sleep on, a shed to sleep under, a mouthful of potatoes, or a dole of meal. They are much happier than they look, and by the time the winter closes in, why the husband comes home, and then they live maybe comfortable enough till the next spring, when the mother, with the addition most likely of another child to roll in the blanket, again shuts the door, and again wanders through the country, while the husband repeats his visit to England, where he is well fed, and well paid."

"How wretched!" I exclaimed.

"I dare say it seems so to you, Ma'am," she replied, "but they are

used to it—they do not feel it a disgrace; and many a fine man and woman is reared that way after all."

"To what purpose?"—I almost unconsciously inquired.

"Purpose," she repeated—as the Irish generally do when they hear a word whose import they do not clearly comprehend—"why, as to purpose, the boys, in the time of the war, used to make fine soldiers—I don't exactly see what all the '*little garsoons*' who are growing up now are to do—go to America, I suppose, or beg, or——"

"Starve!" I added.

"Ay, indeed!" she replied, but without any emotion; "so they do starve by dozens and dozens, up the country; and my husband says its a sin to send so many pigs and things to England, and the poor craythurs here without food."

"And yet your provisions are so cheap; I saw fine chickens to-day for eightpence a couple."

"Is it eightpence?" exclaimed the landlady in amazement, "Ah, lady dear, they knew you were a stranger—catch them asking me eightpence! I could get the finest chicks in the market for sixpence-halfpenny a couple—eightpence indeed! Oysters are up to tenpence a hundred, and potatoes to twopence a stone—and more shame, now that the country is poorer than ever—but what signifies the price, when the poor have not it to give?"

"But why do they not work?"

"Who stays in the country, except one here and there, to give them work?—Ah! it's easy for the fine English folk to make laws for us," she added, her broad, good-humoured face assuming a more animated expression; "it's easy for them to make laws—they who have never been with us, and know nothing of us, except from what's *on* the papers, which are done up by this party or that party, without any regard to truth; only all for party. Sure myself and my husband were buint to ashes in the 'Independent,'—and all, they said, through a mistake—and we here quiet and happy—more than many wished. But there's Mrs. Lanagan, I ask yer pardon, but may I just inquire how she is? She came to me for a bad pain she had on her chest, and I gave her a blister to put on."—I requested Mrs. Lanagan might walk in, and in she came, a delicate-looking woman, with a harsh deep cough.

"Well, Mrs. Lanagan," commenced the hostess, "*how* are you to day?"

"Oh, then, thank you kindly for asking, *sorra a boillah* on me at all at all.* I was pure and hearty yesterday, but I'm entirely overcome to-day. I've been out among the Christians, looking for a trifle; but the regular ones gets the better of me; and the farmers' wives have little pity for us, as long as we're able to keep the roof over our head."

"But your chest, Mrs. Lanagan; did you put the blister on your chest as you promised, and did it rise?" inquired the landlady.

The poor woman looked up, with an expression of simplicity I shall never forget, while she replied—

"Why, thin, mistress dear, the niver a *chest* had I to put it on, but I have a little bit of a *box*, and I put it upon that, but sorra a rise it

* I cannot translate this literally, but it means, I am not at all better.

rose; and if ye don't believe me, come and see, for it's stickin' there still!"

This affected my gravity, or rather destroyed it; but the landlady commenced a regular lecture upon the stupidity of ignorance, which she intended me to understand as the evidence of her superiority. She assured Mrs. Lanagan that she was ashamed of her, and that it was such as her who brought shame and disgrace upon the country.

"Why, thin," replied the woman, "as to disgrace, mistress honey, it is not our faut if we're not taught better, for no one can call us stupid, barrin they're *stupid themselves.*"

It will scarcely be believed, yet it is true, that I was tempted once more to ascend a "jaunting car:" it is a weakness to be overcome by persuasion, a desperate weakness, and yet I could not help it. The car was new, handsome, and the property of a kind friend: there were many things I must see—Johnstown Castle and the lower portion of the Barony of Forth, celebrated for fresh eggs, "*sweet*" butter, and pretty girls. I esteem fresh eggs as a rarity, and I dearly love pretty girls. I cannot understand how a person can ever look without a smile into a pretty face; it is a sentiment, a point of feeling with me. And certainly the girls of the Barony of Forth, or, as they call it, Barny Fort, are very, *very* pretty, well worth going even ten miles, but *not* on a jaunting car, to look at; their eyes are so bright and black, their hair superb, and their manners so shy, so winning,—so—I hardly know how to define it,—except from their being so un-English, so unstarched. Nor do I know a prettier sight than three or four dozen of those nice, clean, smiling, blushing girls drawn up at either side of a dirty, hilly, ugly street in ugly Wexford on market-day. Their clean willow-baskets hanging from their well-turned arms, their green or crimson silk neckerchiefs carefully pinned, and the ends in front drawn beneath their neat chequered aprons, while, at every step you take, you are saluted with—"New laid eggs, my lady, three a penny,"—"Sweet fresh butter,"—"Beautiful lily-white chickens, my own rearing,"—"I'm sellin' these bran new turkey eggs for a song, for I'm distressed for the money to make up the price of the cotton to weave in with my own yarn."

"I'll sing you five songs for them, Patty!" exclaimed a wag.

"Oh, let us alone, Peter, and don't make us forfit our manners by breaking your head before the quality; it's a bad market we'd be bringing our eggs to if we let you have them!"

I have seen many more superb market-places, but I never saw so many pretty girls as in the ugly town of Wexford. Having agreed once more to perform *dos a dos* upon the aforenamed car, I made up my mind to suffer more than ever from the beggars, but I found that they always assembled in proportion to what they considered the greatness of the equipage. Thus a car would attract less attention amongst these knight-errants of poverty than a carriage; and as two carriages were standing at the door of the principal inn, we passed comparatively free. The Irish have an idea that upon those *dos a dos* you see the country better than from any other machine—heaven help them! they have strange ideas on many subjects, and are a most odd compound altogether. We passed through the town with not more than a score of beggars dangling after us, and repeating their petitions in every variety of tone—thrusting their idiot and half-starved children almost into our arms, making us

exceedingly angry at one minute by their importunity and noise, and the next amusing us so much by their wit and good temper, that we could bestow upon them half, nay, all our money with good will—at one time provoked by their dirt and indolence, and again sympathizing most sincerely with their poverty and distress. You are perpetually excited either by displeasure, pain, or amusement, and you can hardly tell which preponderates.

After much jolting and delay, we passed the suburbs, and there, beneath the trunk of a blasted tree, her entire figure shrouded in her cloak, sat the girl whose appearance had attracted me amongst the crowd on a former occasion. I could not see her face, even her hair was concealed by the hood which fell unto her knees; but I felt assured I could not be mistaken, the rounded shoulder, the graceful sweep of the back, all convinced me I was right.

I ordered the servant to stop,—I called to her,—there was no reply,—I sprang off the car,—I drew back the hood of her cloak, still she moved not, and her black hair had fallen like a shroud over her features, and upon the baby which was pressed to her bosom,—I threw back her hair, and laid my hand upon her forehead; it was clammy and cold as with the damps of death! I attempted to move her head back, and, sinking on my knees, looked into her face—it was as the face of a corpse before the features have been decently composed by the hand of the living; the purple lips were parted, the teeth clenched, the eye fixed, the hollow cheek white as marble. I saw that the infant moved, and I tried to unclasp her arms from around it—I even succeeded in pulling the little creature in some degree from her embrace; but the mother's love was stronger than death; rigid, lifeless as she appeared, she felt what I was doing; her arms tightened round her baby, and her lips moved as if in speech; the child cried, and clung to the breast from which it could draw no sustenance, and the miserable parent grasped it with an earnestness which almost made me tremble lest she should crush out its little life. The cloak had fallen from her; but I quickly drew it over her shoulders, for I perceived that she was entirely destitute of any other covering, except some tattered flannel that had been wound round her waist; the case was sufficiently plain—mother and child were dying of starvation.

In a few minutes I succeeded in conveying them to the nearest cottage,—a perfectly Irish dwelling, a little away from the road; and it was really heart-cheering to witness the eagerness which the inhabitants evinced to restore the poor creature to existence. Big and little, old and young, hastened to do their best. It is not at any time difficult to draw the Irish from their employment, but now that they had an object worthy of their energy, they exerted it heart and soul. One wanted to force raw whisky down the throats of mother and child; but the more rational poured the water off some boiling potatoes to prepare a warm bath. While the old deaf mother of the family mixed some spirits in milk and gave it spoonful by spoonful to the young woman, a pretty girl, (one of my market beauties, who, like myself, was accidentally passing,) to whom the mother had resigned it, fed the little infant with new milk.

"It's poor Milly Kane,—God break hard fortune!" said one, who was shaking a quantity of barley-straw in "the warm corner" for her visiters

to lie upon. "It's poor Milly Kane, sure enough! And had you seen her this time two years, Madam, when she was the lily—the pride of the whole parish—it's little you'd fancy to see her there now!"

"Has she known better days?" I inquired, when about to leave the cottage.

"Better," repeated the old crone, shaking her head;—"ay sure;—you see how finely she's come to, and indeed I'll mind what you say, and only give her a sup or a bit now and agin;—it was a mercy you seen her when you did, for half an hour more would have finished them both."

"But you say that she has received food and clothing from many well-disposed individuals; how is it then that she is so dreadfully reduced?"

"Did I say so? Why then more shame for me; may be it's into trouble I'd be getting her," replied the woman hastily; and I could draw forth no further information. There are circumstances and people which occupy so much of one's attention in this world that it is impossible to banish them from the mind; and yet, to all outward seeming, they are in no way different from twenty other things or persons we encounter. When I returned from our ride, we were surrounded by all the beggars, who, now that the carriages were gone, had no other object to attract their attention; yet there was one figure my imagination conjured up, which remained before me far more palpably than those who, with strength of voice and energy of action, called aloud for charity.

As the evening drew in, I borrowed a rough rug cloak, and, taking a few trifles with me that I thought would be useful to poor Milly Kane, I was soon at the door of the cottage in which I had been so hospitably received. The door was fastened, carefully fastened, on the inside; it had neither lock nor bolt, but a chest and table had been placed against it; and they were not removed until my voice had been remembered.

"Do you shut up so early?"

"Sure, then, we wouldn't have shut up at all, had we known the good luck that was coming to us, my lady," replied the woman, curtseying.

"Well, how is your patient? better, I hope? Where is she?"

"She's better, my lady, and she's gone."

"Gone!" I repeated in astonishment, perceiving that the woman had spoken truly, in one sense, at all events; for she had quitted the "warm corner."—"Gone! Where?"

"Oh, myself knows nothing at all about Milly Kane and her goings; only one came for her."

"One! Who?"

"Oh, some boy or another. Maybe it was her father, only he's dead, poor man."

I sat down, believing from my heart that there was some mystery, some concealment about Milly's disappearance, which I could not discover, and which, of course, I desired to fathom.

"Where is your husband?"

"The never a know I know where he is, or if he is at all. He left me as good as five years now, to go to Newfoundland; and, God help me! I never heard—to say heard—of him since; and I live by the help of good neighbours and good Christians—like many more."

I looked round the room and perceived that a quantity of what are called "wattles" were placed so as to conceal a door at the upper end of the room: indeed, I do not think I should have perceived it, had I not fancied that I saw a gleam as if of candle-light stream through a chink; the woman perceived it also, and with the ready wit of her sex and country anticipated my question.

"It's a bit of a shed we put up for the pigs, because the quality lately have been very angry with us for letting the craythurs have the run of the house; and my Padeen's in there making 'em eat; they're but delicate lately, owing to the measles."

"Indeed!" I replied; "then that is a healthy one, I suppose, that I see lying under the shadow of the wall?"

The old woman's keen eye glittered upon me for a moment, with an expression I did not at all like; but she quickly answered—

"Troth no, that's a sick one entirely; that's not fit to be put out. Bonneen gra," she continued, addressing the animal, "Bonneen gra, how's every bit o' ye? Bonneen was a heart's joy, a Cushla!" The brute grunted, but moved not.

"I am so sorry poor Milly is gone," I said, producing what I had brought for her from a little basket, which a gentleman of my acquaintance very disrespectfully calls "a smuggler."

"Maybe I'd see her to-morrow; or if you'd lave the things with me, I'd send the childre to hunt her out in the morning, Madam."

"How can you expect me to leave them with a person I know so little of?"

The woman became heated in a moment; one would have thought her temper had hardly time to ignite when it blazed out with all the energy of her country.

"And ye wouldn't trust me with them bits o' rags for fear I'd keep 'em!" she exclaimed. "Me! Oh, murder, how we are belied to the furriners entirely! or a lady like you would never think sich a thing. Keep from Milly Kane what was given to her! I, who many a day have taken the whole bit out of my own, and the half bit out of my children's mouths to keep her from starvin'! and if I chose to say what I know, I could fill this hand with goold, if t'other would consint to crush her heart. I'm standin' on my own flure, lady, or I'd tell ye my mind more plainly. All Wexford knows I'm poor, *but the Almighty knows I'm honest!*"

At this instant, the wail of a child came from what I had been told was the pig-shed; at first loud and shrill, then low and suffocated, with a murmur of words in different voices; at last I heard a weak female voice exclaim, "Let it cry out, Michael; don't smother my babby, let it breathe," and then the infant's voice rose higher than at first. Suddenly the door I had noticed was opened—the wattles fell to the ground—and a tall man issued from out the chamber, with a bold, firm step.

"Oh Michaelawn! Michaelawn! you're ruined entirely now; couldn't ye keep back!" exclaimed the woman.

"I'm ashamed that you kept me back so long," he replied; "and the lady here—sure, only for her, where would Milly and my child be now? Stretched could corpses upon that table, instead of lying in that bed." I had never seen a more ruffianly, nor yet a finer-looking fellow; his head was so well set, his brow so bold, his bearing so

intrepid, that either from fear or respect, or a mingling of both, I arose from my seat; he interpreted the action to a desire to see his wife, and preceded me to the room.

The pale mother attempted to support herself on her elbow, but could not; I drew near to her; she grasped my hand, and kissed it fervently. I laid my small offerings of food and clothing on the bed; and the little infant, whose cry had ceased, looked with its large eyes into my face. I could not forbear turning round to the old storyteller, and saying—"What a prettily-furnished sty!"

She appeared angry and sulky; but the young man spoke for her.

"If I was caught this night in Wexford, I'd be hung as high as the steeple in a month."

"Michael!" said Milly, in a tone of trembling terror.

"Whisht, honey—whisht—I'll tell the truth, for I mind hearing onct that a lie is the devil's bait to catch fresh sins; and I've enough ould ones left. Well, that fear has been over me for as good as three weeks; and God in heaven knows we had a purty good spell of starvation afore that. When I begged, I was tould to work, but no one would employ me, because——"

"Michael!" interrupted my poor patient.

"There, darlint, I'll not tell—lay easy, for God's sake!—well, there was a ship that agreed to wait off Cape Forlorn, to take me an five others beyant seas, if we'd do the work of the ship for nothing, and these three weeks we've been waitin for it; and *she* used to come in and beg, and gather what she could in the town all day, and in the night steal down to us, where I was hidden, with it; but I little thought how my jewil had reduced herself to keep the bit and the sup to me, while I stayed on this cursed ground; and last night we got word how the ship would be there to-morrow at day-break, and when she was laving me as I thought for good, till I could send for her out, as I passed my arm over the cloak round her, I thought she felt thin o' clothes, and I tould her so; but she turned it off, *as she always turned the throuble away from me.* 'I'm not bare as ye think,' says she, 'only the weather's warm, and I hav'n't strength to carry much clothes;' and now for me to see that the wales in her bleedin' feet are deep enough to bury my finger in—but oh! the wales in my heart are deeper, to think I brought her to this!" The tears and sobs of a strong man are terrible to look upon and hear; he covered his face with his hands, to hide his emotion.

"Michael! Michael!" repeated Milly, "trust in God! Don't ye see the friend to the fore, that was sent me from a far country. Oh! but it's worse to me than the sore feet to see ye take on so!"

"And if ye plaze, my lady, I'd never ha' said the lie about the pigs, only ye bothered me with the sharp questions and looks, and Mich wouldn't lave Milly till the last, for I thought she was going, and sent for him," said the crone, with a still lower curtsey than she had greeted me with at first. "And I hope yer honour won't let on that he's been here?"

"*The first gun!*" exclaimed a hoarse voice through a broken window at the head of the miserable bed.

"Then I must go: the ship's in sight; that's our word," returned Michael. The poor sufferer fainted in the last, perhaps the very last,

embrace of her husband. "I'll lave her so: if I was to stay I couldn't now save her from starvation!" said the wretched man: "but, lady, pity her still. If I'd took the advice of that poor heart-broken girl, I shouldn't now——"

"Mammy! mammy!" shouted a bare-footed urchin, rushing into the cabin, and who had doubtless been set on the watch; "there's three Peelers coming down the street; and one has gone round Martin Clay's park!"

Michael glared fiercely round the room, and seized a pitchfork that had fallen with the wattles.

"Fool!" said the old ready-witted story-teller, "what's the good of that? Crawl under the bed, and we'll make it out." He did as he was desired; and I never experienced till that moment the desperate anxiety which it is possible to feel to defeat the ends of justice;—the man might have been a murderer,—it was all the same to me.

"Sit down," said the crone to the scout, "and be gettin' yer lesson." The brat, in the twinkling of an eye, had obeyed her orders; and, with his finger resting on the greasy page, was seated on "a boss" in the chimney corner. I was about to administer some restoratives to poor Milly, but the more judicious woman whispered—

"For God's sake let her alone; if she comes to, and *they* here, she'll begin screetchin' for her husband."

The policemen entered. They were both civil, though they turned over the wattles, and one of them even poked his staff beneath the bed.

"Sit down on the bed, a lanuan," whispered the director to me; "they won't disturb a lady, though they'd think little about 'tossicating the poor."

After muttering something to each other they went out; remaining, however, near the door.

"They're on the watch, Devil's curse to them!" exclaimed the woman. "Padeen," she added, calling so loudly to the child that they could not avoid hearing her; "Padeen, lay by yer lesson, good boy, and go down for a farthin' light to Mrs. Gralaher. And harkee, take the broken Chany cup for a drop of vinigar for the sick woman." As she spoke, she beckoned the boy to her, and whispered, "Tell Mrs. Gralaher, for her soul's sake, to set on a make-b'live fight. *She knows the ould trick.* To do it this minute, or it 'ill be no good; and screetch murder and fire; and burn the house if there's nothing else for it, till these devils lave the street,—which she can see from the back windy."

The young rascal nodded his head, and paddled off with the cup in his hand; and so swiftly did he do his errand, that, in less ten minutes, there was a riot in the street that effectually called off the police and enabled the rapparee to escape; not, however, before he had again embraced his wife, who did not recover her consciousness for more than an hour.

Poor Milly was not likely again to require friends: whatever her husband's crimes might have been, she had no participation in aught but his love; and instead of wanting, she hardly knew what to do with the treasures that were heaped upon her.

When we were leaving Wexford, the "story-teller" made her way

through the usual crowd of beggars, and, on the plea of old acquaintanceship, pressed closely to my side. "*He's* safe off, *a bouchla*,—out o' the harbour and all; and she's got a scratch of a pen from him to say so! And it's to my thinkin' she'll be soon after him,—and why not? But ye'll see herself presently at the ould tree, and——Stand back," she said, addressing the crowd who pressed upon us; "stand back, and let me spake to the gentlewoman; it isn't charity I'm askin', so ye needn't keep starin',—chokin' with the envy like a pack o' sea-gulls over a cockle-bed. And what I was saying is, that, upon my soul, if ye come fifty times to Wexford (as pray God ye may), I'll never tell ye another lie!—troth I won't;—and there's not many as good a story-teller as myself would say that same."

I perfectly agreed with her; and we proceeded on our journey until we arrived at the old tree, beneath whose shadow stood poor Milly. While somewhat farther on the little shoeless, stockingless scout was, as he expressed it, "playing at cuttin' throats" with a still younger reprobate—a nondescript, as to age or sex.

Milly was not a person of many words: true sorrow is not eloquent —except in its silence.

I thought I had never seen a picture of more calm and placid beauty, but it was rather the beauty of a statue than of a living woman. Her hair was shaded back, and the thin snowy throat appeared hardly sufficient to sustain the small head upon its slender pedestal. Her cloak was still drawn up in front over her child, and though the infant retained the anxious expression attendant upon starvation, it crowed at the motion of its own fingers, and was evidently gaining strength.

She came close to the window of the carriage, and said,

"Will I never see ye all again? Are ye going away entirely?"

Her lip faltered, and her eyes were swimming in tears.

"Going, Milly; but perhaps not for ever."

"For ever for me—for ever for me; for I shall be gone far, far before you come back. But God in heaven, who hears my prayer, will bless you wherever you go! May none belonging to you ever know sin or shame! But, lady dear, *he* wasn't as bad as people think—oh no! indeed he wasn't. God bless you more and more! but don't think hard of him. 'Twas the drink, and the bad company—but 'twasn't himself. And sure what'll ail him now, when he has taken an oath against the drink, and is out of the way of temptation, to be as good as he is kind; and, though I say it, handsome!"

How much better I love women than men! how disinterested and self-denying are my own dear sex! The worthless rapparee! who deserved transportation at the very least, was so idolized by that pure and innocent creature, that the entire desire of her heart was, not that I should grant her any further relief, but that I should think well of her good-for-nothing husband.

"'Twas the drink and the bad company, but '*twasn't himself!*"

There was a distinction!—none but a loving woman could have ever made such!

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
  Young children at our play—
And laugh to see the yellow things
  Go rustling on their way:
Right merrily we hunt them down,
  The autumn winds and we;
Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
  Or sunbeams gild the tree.
With dancing feet we leap along
  Where wither'd boughs are strown;
Nor past nor future checks our song—
  The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves
  In youth's enchanted spring—
When Hope (who wearies at the last)
  First spreads her eagle wing.
We tread with steps of conscious strength
  Beneath the leafless trees,
And the colour kindles on our cheek
  As blows the winter breeze;
While, gazing towards the cold grey sky,
  Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all past by,
  And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves
  In manhood's haughty prime—
When first our pausing hearts begin
  To love "the olden time;"
And, as we gaze, we sigh to think
  How many a year hath pass'd
Since 'neath those cold and faded trees
  Our footsteps wandered last:
And old companions—now perchance
  Estranged, forgot, or dead—
Come round us, as those autumn leaves
  Are crush'd beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves
  In our *own* autumn day—
And, tott'ring on with feeble steps,
  Pursue our cheerless way.
We look not back—too long ago
  Hath all we loved been lost;
Nor forward—for we may not live
  To see our new hope cross'd:
But on we go—the sun's faint beam
  A feeble warmth imparts—
Childhood without its joy returns—
  The present fills our hearts!

DESTRUCTION OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Praise be to Economy, exulted the "Globe" the other day, the antiquated machinery of the Exchequer has ceased to exist,—the old tallies will make capital firewood. So far, very well; but out spoke the Spirit of Economy again, in the shape of the Court of Bankruptcy. We want another room—that in which you have lodged your firewood is the very thing for us; carry off the tallies, and let us have it. Forth came an order, then, from the Board of Works, to burn the tallies at once. Mark what followed. A curious old gentleman, hearing the fate that awaited these venerable bits of wood, applied to purchase them. The "Herald" is unkind enough to whisper that he had something like a sordid motive in this; that it was not altogether out of generous sympathy for the reverses of official sticks; that, in fact, he had acted on some private intimation "that persons curious in such matters would like to purchase bundles of them for museums and collections." Be this as it may, the application was refused. Mark, still, the vicissitudes that herald in great events. The worthy Mr. Milne of the Board of Works having issued further directions for the removal of the devoted tallies into some especial burning place, an inferior officer took on himself to consider thereupon how much more economical it would be to burn them on the spot. Economy again! On the spot accordingly they *were* burned, and with them—*the two Houses of Parliament!* Economy has cost the country three hundred thousand pounds.

We are quite aware that this event is not a matter of pleasantry; but though the levity that can never be grave is a very gross affectation, and a thing that we abhor, every one must admit that this fire is not one of the gravities that may not be lightened. It has had its points of instruction. It is impossible, for instance, not to see, after this, that a time may come when swamping expedients will do nothing for the House of Lords. It is vain, too, after this, to say that there was not too great an abundance of combustible materials in the old Houses, and that the new ones should not try to dispense with them. It would be ridiculous not to mark some special providence in the fact, that the fire got into the Court of Chancery, burnt the Lord Chancellor's judicial wig, and then escaped as it had entered. Nothing can get *through* the Court of Chancery; lucky is the fire, or anything else, that, once in, can escape out of it. We hold none of these things, as a witty contemporary might, to be types of political perils; for, in a matter of this sort, we have nothing to say to politics. We mention them only as curious matters. We may be allowed to add, from personal observation, that mischievous Acts of Parliament make capital smoke. The Poor-Law Amendment Bill, and the Bill against the Chimney-sweeps, particularly distinguished themselves in this way.

But the House of Lords and the House of Commons are both destroyed! That is certainly a grave circumstance. It was in Drury-lane Theatre we first heard of the destruction having commenced, and we are ashamed to say, we did not believe a word of it. It was not till we saw almost every one about us talking each with his neighbour—till we observed the excited faces that occasionally came into the house, and the excitable ones that in numbers went out of it—it was not in fact till

there seemed one buzz of out-of-door anxiety through the whole theatre, that we believed there must be something unusual going on without. Again we inquired, and again were told that the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and Westminster Hall were all on fire! Still it was difficult to believe; for there, two boxes from us, sat an eminent philosopher, *whose residence is within the Hall itself*, listening to the rumours all around him with his old, unmoved, half-contemptuous, half-self-complacent smile. But we forgot at that moment that he *was* a philosopher, and that philosophy can control all things. He has seen too much, we presume, to wonder at anything more. "Wonder," says the poet, "grows unnactive by excesse," and for those who have been through eighty years astonished at all sorts of astonishments, there can be nothing, we fancy, left, unless it be to express astonishment at being astonished no longer. Even this, however, the philosopher did not seem to feel, nor anything else. He heard everything and sat quiet. His manuscripts might perish?—no matter, that is the world's loss, not his. Reverently we admit this, and we shall believe the pleasant essayist after this, who protested that nothing could move him, not even the universe splitting about his ears at breakfast—

He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And fill his tea-pot midst a falling world*.

So, however, could not we, and off we hurried from the theatre to the scene of the fire. It was certainly the grandest thing, at one period, we have ever witnessed. The night, as on the night of the great fire of 1666, was a fine one, with a sharp wind and a very brilliant moon. At some distance from Whitehall, the struggle between the two lights in the sky had a very strange and emphatic effect. On the scene itself however the moon was vanquished, and "paled her ineffectual fire!" Along the whole frontage of buildings which enclosed the Parliament Houses glared a huge sheet of lurid flame. Occasionally the wind, shifting on uncertain points, rolled it back, then brought it again dashing forward towards the Abbey, while, in returning, caught as it were among the inimitable fret-work and tracery of the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, it lingered an instant with a sort of playful pause before the wind dashed it again upon its office of destruction. Then the Abbey looked for some instants over the scene in dark and frowning quiet, but soon to its highest pinnacles the wayward light again played over it. These contrasts were noble. All the triumphs of light and shade in Art had prepared us but poorly for them.—We must stop ourselves here, however, in consideration for the reader; some detail will be found elsewhere, and we must be merciful. The newspapers have rioted and revelled in this fire so much,

* Amidst loud crashes, and with flames bursting all around him, it may be certain that this eminent person ate his supper at home, on the evening in question, with most quiet composure. He took his candle with him, after he had supped, to light himself to bed,—though the glare without was at that time abundantly sufficient to have penetrated the "blanket of the dark" within. While the safety of the Hall and of his house were yet unassured, while danger was waking all around, the philosopher slept. Was he with Plato in the groves of the Academy?—in Elysium with his favourite Virgil?—Was he while the Hall, which had witnessed so many of their triumphs, tottered on the verge of destruction, discussing republics with Ireton, or framing, with Harrington, immortal commonwealths?

have dallied so fondly with metaphors of all sorts—have lingered so feelingly among regrets, and tropes, and passionate phrases, and still carry their readers on so remorselessly from day to day through periods that have no end, and through passages that lead, as those of the Lords and Commons now do to nothing—that anything more in the way of description must prove for the present commonplace. It is enough to say that the fire was not arrested until all the buildings in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords were either destroyed utterly or burnt down to the naked walls.

No wonder! We beg the reader's attention to the following passage from a work, "Designs for Public and Private Buildings," published some years ago by Sir John Soane:—"In the year 1800, the Court of Requests was made into a House of Lords, and the old buildings, of a slight character, several stories in height, surrounding that substantial structure, were converted into accommodations for the officers of the House of Lords, and in the necessary communications. The exterior of those old buildings, forming the front of the House of Lords, as well as the interior, *is constructed chiefly with timber, covered with plaster. In such an extensive assemblage of combustible materials*, SHOULD A FIRE HAPPEN, WHAT WOULD BECOME OF THE PAINTED CHAMBER, THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND WESTMINSTER HALL? *Where would the progress of the fire be arrested? The want of security from fire, the narrow, gloomy, and unhealthy passages, and the insufficiency of the accommodations in this building, are important objects* WHICH CALL LOUDLY FOR REVISION AND SPEEDY AMENDMENT." This call, urged so strongly in this remarkable passage by Sir John Soane, passed of course without the slightest notice; and now at last his emphatic question has received its emphatic answer! What *has* become of the House of Lords, and its famous tapestry, from which images of the virtue of the dead had so often frowned into shame the degeneracy of the living? What *has* become of the Painted Chamber, and *its* famous tapestry, and the more famous figures behind from whence it had its name, exquisite in drawing and still almost fresh in colouring—figures which had been there for nearly five centuries—which connected us as it were immediately with the long insensible and silent, and seemed, as we gazed curiously upon them, some in the death throes of conflict, others in the quiet majesty of rest, to mingle themselves again with us in the world, and to join their passions, experiences, weaknesses, or desires to those which swell the living tide of humanity? What *has* become of the House of Commons, where so many illustrious deeds have been done—where so many great minds have made stand against violence and fraud in the cause of liberty and reason—in whose halls were hung "armoury of the invincible knights of old"—where Pym, Eliot, and Hampden acted together in immortal fellowship—where Pitt thundered, and Fox persuaded, and Burke spoke daggers and flourished them too—that House of Commons wherein, whatever the monstrous wrongs that may have been committed there, the greatest and most awful decisions have been passed that appear in the annals of history? and never, in any history, has been brought to such decisions, in any place, a calmer reason—a firmer nerve—a policy more comprehensive and enlightened—a constancy more lofty and sustained. What has become of this House of Commons? What would have become of Westminster Hall itself, with its thousands of undying memories and glories, notwithstanding all

the honourable exertions that were made, if the wind had not suddenly and most providentially shifted still farther to the west?

The answers have been given in characters of fire. Such could never have been the so disastrous issue, had the emphatic warning we have quoted been attended to in time. But so it is ever, in our country, with all public improvements—something disastrous must force them on. A murder will do it, or a fire—nothing less. When a fire burns down a few old houses, our authorities begin to think that the street might be wider and more handsome—when an old tottering gable-end has toppled down and knocked out the brains of a few worthy citizens, our city surveyors think it right to point out the instability of gable-ends various. Before the fire of 1666 every body complained of the wretched and unhealthy narrowness of the streets—every body pointed out their danger—but nobody came forward with improvements. The great improver came—in the shape of the Great Fire. The result was a new city, richer in wealth, in the means of health, in grandeur, and all the conveniences of life. Lord Rochester indeed had every reason on his side when, in answer to those who had charged that calamity as a judgment on the King and his court, he protested, in his witty and profane fashion, that Heaven had never showed a judgment of a better sort.

We cannot, however, speak altogether in this way of the present calamity. The reader will have seen, by this time, that we do not affect to disregard the memories and living records of the past. We cannot pretend to be masters over habit—far less over feeling, and association. We hold that the cold and scornful temperament which some people call philosophy refutes itself by its own disdain. Heaven knows our passions are sufficiently engaged in looking about us,—let us not abandon the only control to this, the wisdom that would look back occasionally to the struggles of the past, and throw us forward on the hopes of the future. The past has been called the heir-loom of the world. The places, then, that have witnessed its deeds are to some extent, as it were, the freehold wherein that heir-loom should descend for the inheritance of posterity. It is very well to say that the words or deeds of distinguished Englishmen will be had in grateful remembrance, notwithstanding the ruin of the places where they were spoken or performed,—to a great extent we trust this is so; but it were very vain indeed to deny, that the existence of these places do not more immediately connect us with the actors of those words and deeds—do not impress us with a nearer and more personal feeling,—do not enthral us with a dearer sympathy, and encourage within us something that is greater and more reasonable than reason—a fond and loving imagination. We hold that half the mischief that has been committed in the world, and that it is just now in especial danger of having committed within it, has resulted, and will result, from a want of imagination. Let us beware, then, how we loosen its bonds. Every blow that is inflicted on it "strikes to the seat of grace within the mind." It is, indeed, the cheap defence of nations. It is, in itself, the sustainment of that polite, as well as philosophic, spirit, which has been the ornament, the preservative, and the eternal honour of great states. When they have abandoned it for grossness or indifference, their greatness has surely left them.

Where we can preserve it, then, by preserving the food that sustains it, let us not fail to do so. We have a great opportunity even from this calamity.

The fire which has burnt down the House of Commons, has left almost entire the old walls of St. Stephen's Chapel,—the noblest remains, perhaps, of a certain style of architecture existing in the world. The inner box which held the benches of the Commons, burnt away completely, has revealed the original walls and proportions of the building, with much of the original mouldings and exquisite tracery, and with many of those curious paintings that had adorned the ancient chapel, and are records to prove that the art existed in our country at the very period in which Horace Walpole protested it had left no vestige of existence. Than these walls as they stand at this moment, we know nothing more curious or more interesting. It becomes, therefore, a matter of more than ordinary interest to watch the proceedings of those to whom the task is intrusted of rebuilding or destroying. We shall not fail to watch them closely, and we are glad to observe the same spirit of watchfulness already awake in some of the daily journals.

To say anything at present about the new buildings that have become necessary for the use of Parliament might be perhaps somewhat premature. We do hope, however, that no advantage will be taken to shuffle the monstrous Buckingham-Palace job from the Royal Possessor, for the purpose of saddling it on the nation. Westminster Hall might be admirably fitted up for the temporary want, and St. James's Palace still more admirably. Something of this sort should be done; let us expect that everything will be done fairly. And may the occupants of the new House of Commons, by duties justly estimated and well performed, deliver down to their posterity associations as noble, as those which, with all its faults, and follies, and weaknesses, and crimes, yet remain to hallow the recollection of the old.

Of the causes in which this fire originated, we have had a vast variety of versions. The only reasonable and sensible one we have already given. But Sir Harcourt Lees' protests that it was the work of a Popish incendiary, and swears that "an explosion of a most sanguinary and diabolical character is not far distant in both countries;" but poor Sir Harcourt has been long accustomed to dream thus of an afternoon—

And in the fancied ferment of still air,
Call up a subtle Guy Faux from his lair!

The "Morning Post" is a little more reasonable, and only ventures to suppose the burning an ebullition of the Unionists. The positive Mr. Cooper (the ironmonger) of Drury-lane, who protests he heard the fire spoken of at Dudley three hours after its first breaking out, has given employment to these conjectures, and excitement to the very honourable and listless Lords of the Privy Council, for a whole week. The penny-a-line men have been as learned as usual on the occasion, and have furnished historical parallels to Mr. Cooper's acute ear, from the period of the battle of the Nile up to that of the ninth book of Herodotus. We do not believe a word of Mr. Cooper's statement. A Commission should really be issued to inquire into his fondness for dreaming—or drinking brandy and water—or making himself notorious; either of the three explains everything. The Exchequer tallies were obviously the origin of the fire; or else it was, as has been suggested, an act of spontaneous combustion—the appropriate close of Lord Brougham's Session of immortality. These reports of a wilful origin have always been persisted

in after any great fire. People love the excitement of supposing it; we only hope there is no fear of such excitement giving birth to the object of its hopes in the shape of some youth, such as he that fired the Ephesian dome; or of some *ex post facto* criminal, such as the wretched person whom the reports against the Papists persuaded to come forward after the City was burnt, to pretend that he had done it. He got hanged for it. Nor were the Papists the only party then maligned. Though there were no unionists, there were republicans, and the Morning Posts of that day said that *they* had fired it. The Morning Heralds, on the contrary, swore it was the Dutch; and other zealous journals protested it was nobody but the French. The best reason, however, given at last, was, that it was a direful punishment for the sin of gluttony, because the fire began at Pudding-lane and ended at Pie-corner. This last was a suggestion moreover considered to be quite borne out by the looks and by the consciences of the aldermen of the city. Now really there is something on this score almost as guilty-like in the appearance of many members of the Lords' House, although the Marquis of Sligo had been removed beforehand. We leave the matter however, as it is, undecided. The flames certainly burst forth as ferociously, and blazed as fast and furiously, as though "sin and fire" had been burning together.

One word in conclusion. The loss from this calamity is stated at three hundred thousand pounds in the matter of buildings alone. The actual loss of private property is also great. But do the losses terminate here? We fear not. We observe an ominous advertisement in the papers stating that many papers have been lost from the Augmentation Office. *Are not fines and recoveries deposited there? How many of these are missing? How many estates may be in consequence unsettled?*

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The See of Bristol—Recent Defalcations—Unhappy Differences—An Apt Appointment—Murder of Mr. Southgate—The Birmingham Festival—The Indies, West and East—Mysterious Disappearance—A Planet-struck Heroine—Sorrows of the Sweeps—The late Conflagration—Death of Earl Derby—Bits of News.

The past month has been unusually eventful, and demands a larger space than we usually bestow upon this department of the Magazine. One catastrophe claims the greater share of our attention, but, notwithstanding its paramount importance, we prefer taking it in its chronological order; because we are anxious to delay, to the last, our details, in hopes to be able, before we go to press, to afford our readers some satisfactory account of its origin.

The See of Bristol.—The country has experienced a very severe loss in the death of the exemplary Dr. Gray, Lord Bishop of Bristol, a man universally esteemed, not only for great talent, but for a zeal and affection to the established church, of which he was so strong a pillar, and so bright an ornament. His Lordship was the son of Mr. Gray,

the eminent jeweller in Sackville-street, and owed his elevation in the church to his own abilities.

His Lordship has been succeeded in his bishopric by Dr. Allen, the rector of Battersea, and of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, who is also a prebendary of Westminster. Dr. Allen resigns the livings, but retains the stall, the revenue of the see being wholly inadequate to the maintenance of the dignity. Dr. Allen is, we believe, a clergyman of considerable learning, and of sound orthodox principles. The immediate cause of his promotion is his having been tutor to Lord Althorp, who, on the whole, does his talents, as an instructor, considerable credit. We are able to add, from authority, that Father Spencer, Lord Althorp's brother, who is seventeen years younger than his Lordship, and has embraced the errors of popery, was not under Dr. Allen's tuition.

RECENT DEFALCATIONS.—Great consternation and confusion were occasioned in the city in the early part of the month, not only by the failure and disappearance of Mr. Bentley, a partner in an extensive silk-warehouse, but by the allegation of forgery made against the fugitive, and the consequent stoppage of the house; this was followed by the declaration of insolvency on the part of Messrs. Gomersal, the bill-brokers, and that again by several other bankruptcies of firms connected intimately or remotely with the original delinquency. Mr. Bentley has not been apprehended, although he has been traced to Holland, it appearing to those most interested, that the affairs of the concern would be rather embarrassed than benefited by his capture. But this, however, was not the worst,—Mr. Richard Mee Raikes, the eminent merchant and governor of the Bank, has been declared a bankrupt also. He disqualified from the chair and went to France, and the effect this event produced can scarcely be described. It turns out, however, that Mr. Raikes never, in a single instance, availed himself of his power or privilege as governor, for the purpose of relieving any private pressure, and that he was not in debt to that institution one shilling. At a subsequent meeting of creditors, very few persons attended, but several debts were proved.

It is stated that the total amount for which the bankrupt's estate is liable is upwards of 90,000*l.*, to meet which the assets are said to be about 21,000*l.*; but from the imperfect manner in which his books have been kept, it is impossible to ascertain what sums will be claimed from parties abroad, to whom Mr. Raikes acted as agent. The assets are composed of the 12,000*l.* Bank stock, his qualification for governor, which is in fact worth only 8920*l.* sterling; but it is supposed book-debts, to the amount of 1000*l.*, the furniture, library, and stock of wine in Harley-street, will make up the difference.

The Bank-stock was, on the interference of the directors, not absolutely sold, but transferred into the hands of trustees, by whom the proceeds will be handed to the official assignees, for the benefit of the creditors. Some difficulties are said to have arisen with respect to some trust property, which must be arranged before Mr. Raikes will be able to meet his creditors. Mr. Raikes is at Calais, in constant correspondence with his confidential clerk. The failure appears to have been in no degree whatever anticipated by his lady or his nearest connexions.

UNHAPPY DIFFERENCES.—Since our last, the feud which first broke

out at Lord Grey's unfortunate dinner at Edinburgh, between the Lord Chancellor and Lord Durham, has most considerably increased. The noble Lords hold no measured language with regard to each other,—Lord Brougham stoutly contending for caution and moderation in the pursuit of reform, and Lord Durham expressing his conviction that nobody can go too fast or too far in so glorious a crusade. The public have heard for a long time of two parties in the cabinet. The principal advantage derivable from "the fall out" between the two Lords is the knowledge which we gain of "who and who are together," (as Sir James Graham said when he so honourably quitted the government,) for, upon the memorable occasion in question, Mr. Edward Ellice and Sir J. C. Hobhouse strenuously supported Lord Durham's ultra-declarations and principles.

While this difference is going on, Mr. O'Connell, having been unable to coax or frighten Lord Duncannon into disposing of the Irish law offices according to his suggestion or dictation, has denounced the noble Viscount and sworn allegiance to Lord Durham. Mr. O'Connell, who was perfectly aware of Lord Duncannon's favourable opinion with regard to giving him the Irish Attorney-Generalship when his Lordship was out of the Cabinet, fancied that he would be equally anxious to attend to his wishes now that he is in it. Mr. O'Connell reckoned without his host, and, therefore, finding himself neglected and contemned, his anger is proportionally great, more especially as in one of his early letters to Lord Duncannon, since his accession to office, he not only "butters" him with praise, but goes the length of pointing out to him how he may induce him (the Agitator) to soothe Ireland.

This is a sort of compensation to Lord Durham—he has lost the friendship of Lord Brougham and gained that of Mr. O'Connell. We cannot compliment him upon the exchange.

An Apt Appointment.—We last month mentioned the accession, to the new office of Comptroller of the Exchequer, of the venerable Sir John Newport, Bart., and Privy Councillor, who, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, has been appointed to the head of this most important department, in order to the suppression of sundry sinecures and other places, all of which are to be worked by the one efficient principal. The present age is distinguished not only by the precocity of talent, but by its durability; and considering that Sir John Newport is appointed at a salary of 2000*l*. a-year, to do the duties of another gentleman who was promised the office, while that other gentleman receives a pension of 1400*l*. a-year, as compensation for the abolition of his office, the duties of which merge in the new comptrollorship, we are quite sure the country ought to rejoice exceedingly at the valuable acquisition the minister has made, by placing the Right Honourable Baronet at the head of one of the most venerable establishments in the government.

Murder of Mr. Southgate.—There is something so revolting and disgusting to Englishmen in the crime of assassination, that it always gives us the deepest sorrow to be obliged to record an instance of the revolting crime. A victim, however, to this cold-blooded depravity is to be added to the too long list of them who have so perished,—Mr. Southgate, the recently-appointed (from London) Surveyor of the Customs at Liverpool,

It appears that a man of the name of Welch having been reproved for habitual drunkenness and continued irregularities, resolved to revenge himself upon his official superior by taking his life. After having spent the whole of Thursday afternoon and evening in a state of brutal intoxication, he rose on Friday and proceeded to the Custom-house yard, where Mr. Southgate was standing. The fellow walked deliberately up to him, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, shot him in the body, near the region of the heart, on the left side. Mr. Southgate uttered a loud scream, and fell to the ground. Like his prototype, Bellingham, the miscreant moved not, but acknowledged himself the murderer, and declared that he did not repent it, at the same time attempting to swallow poison, which he had in a bottle suspended by a tape from his neck. "I am an injured man," said he; "Mr. Southgate reported me to Mr. Ross, and took 20*l.* a-year from me and my children. I was determined to take my revenge, and I am not sorry I have taken it." He became violent however, when the police proceeded to search him, and discovered the vial just referred to. Mr. Southgate lingered till Sunday, after the ball had been extracted, when he died. The assassin did not manifest the slightest regret or remorse when he heard of the too successful issue of his villainy.

The Birmingham Festival.—There has been one of the most splendid music-meetings ever held, at Birmingham during the past month, upon which occasion the new music-hall was opened. The performances were chiefly of sacred music, which excited the anger and animadversion of the puritanical party in the town; the value and sincerity of which were pretty distinctly tested by the fact, that a selection of sacred music had, within a very few days previous, been performed at one of the meeting-houses, wholly disconnected with divine service, at which money was taken for *the benefit of the singers*. The charities, to the use of which the proceeds of this great meeting have been appropriated, have received very large amounts from the profits. The concerts were of the first order; the hall appears to be admirably suited to its purpose, and the company, which was beyond calculation numerous, separated highly delighted with the success of an undertaking in which good taste, good feeling, personal gratification, and the fulfilment of benevolent intentions were so happily and virtuously blended.

The Indies, West and East.—The intelligence from the West Indies is more favourable than was expected. The insurrections in most, if not all, of the colonies have been suppressed, and although strong coercive measures have been necessarily resorted to, there seems a hope that, for a time at least, the blacks may be induced to understand that they are to work sometimes; but it requires something more than lectures or proclamations to separate in their minds freedom from idleness. With regard to East Indian affairs, it appears that the new system of a free trade in tea does not turn out so well as was anticipated. The first sale took place about the middle of the month; and at that, all the teas which were fit for use, sold from sixpence to a shilling per pound dearer than the teas sold at the Company's sales; and, worse than that, a large consignment of what is understood to be the article most likely to be introduced into the country under the new regulations,

was pronounced by the several tea-merchants present, and the broker who offered it for sale, *not to be tea at all, but to be fit only for poison.* After this unreserved declaration of the competent judges, the mixture, miscalled tea, was withdrawn, and the worshipful society of tea-drinkers throughout the United Kingdom have been thrown into a state of the greatest alarm and perplexity. At a second sale on the 24th, the same scene was re-acted, and the same events recurred.

In the Court of Directors, a division has taken place upon the appointment of the Right Honourable Charles Grant to the Governor-Generalship, proposed to the Court by the Board of Control, of which, odd enough, the Right Honourable Charles Grant is President. The division was, for the appointment, 4; against it, 20. Ministers, however, pressed the point, but the Court was inflexible; and a hint of another individual's being named was received by it with a similar want of complacency. Since this, Sir George Shee, the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has been appointed Ambasador at Berlin, and Lord Minto is recalled. It has been currently reported that he is to be offered to the monarchs of Leadenhall, but perhaps all their proceedings may be postponed, since news has arrived that Lord William Bentinck, who merely desired a recall on account of ill health, has recovered. If his convalescence induces a stay in India, the Board of Control and the Court of Directors will be saved some difficulty in what appears rather a delicate affair.

Mysterious Disappearance.—A most singular circumstance has occurred—Lord Glenlyon three months ago left London, since which period he has not been heard of. It has been considered necessary to state this fact by advertisement in the newspapers, offering a reward to any person who can furnish his Lordship's solicitors with any information upon the subject. His Lordship is brother and heir presumptive to the Duke of Athol, and a Major-General in the army. He married a sister of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, by whom he has seven children. At present the affair is full of mystery, and the uneasiness of many of his Lordship's relations and friends is better imagined than described.

A Planet-struck Heroine.—It will scarcely be believed in these days of intellectual refinement, and when the schoolmaster is to be found in every hole and corner, that an intelligent, pretty, and well-mannered girl, a Miss Mather, the daughter of a highly respectable tradesman in Shadwell, should be so completely duped by a fortune-teller, as to give her periodically sums of money, clothes, and other articles, in order to "fill the planet"—just five shillings would fill the planet—then she wanted eight and sixpence more to fill the planet—then ten shillings—then Miss Mather's silk stockings were wanted to fill the planet—then a ruffled shirt of her papa's, and so it went on day after day, till the appetite of the planet appeared to be like that of the invalid "*qui vient en mangeant,*"—and Miss Mather having consulted a female friend, who appeared quite competent to find out a sweetheart without inquiring either of a star or a sibyl, very prudently advised her to be made a fool of no longer, but to tell her "pa," which she did; and the next morning when the planet wanted a flannel petticoat and a velvet bonnet for

breakfast, out came the policeman and apprehended the conjurer, who, with all her intimacy with the hungry monster, was not sufficiently favoured with prescience as to find out that she "was wanted." She was tried last week at the Old Bailey, and having been convicted, was sentenced to seven years' transportation--Miss Mather having promised the judge, that she never would again be induced to try to fatten a star at her papa's expense.

Sorrows of the Sweeps.—There cannot well be a more glaring instance of the absurd fashion of legislating about trifles, than that of the parliamentary prohibition of the cry of "sweep," by those whose trade is that of sweeping. So, however, it is; the collective wisdom of the country has decreed that the sweepers must be dumb and utter not the sound, which we have been from childhood accustomed to hear reverberating through the streets.

Oh, now, they never mention it,
The cry is never heard,
Their lips are now forbid to squeak
The once familiar word.

Nothing can be more ridiculous. As for silencing the sweeps, which it is said was done for a joke, and for a bet of a member of Brooke's, who laid a wager that he would get any clause he chose into any bill in the present House of Commons,—it may be remedied without the sacrifice of a Whig sixpence; and we trust it will be done for the benefit of the class of persons for whose particular benefit the bill was brought in and passed.

The Late Conflagration.—It now becomes our duty to put upon record one of the most tremendous calamities—taken in the various senses of the word—that has befallen this country from the earliest days of its existence; and one which we apprehend will lose none of its terrors by the eventual result of the investigation which has been instituted as to its cause and origin.

It appears that, upon the final conclusion of the arrangements for the Exchequer department under the new regulations, there were left in the offices a considerable number of tallies—pieces of notched lath, by which, under the old system, the Exchequer accounts were kept. These it was thought necessary to destroy, in order to clear the room in which they were kept, for the purpose of converting it into a new bankrupt court, and an order was given to the proper officer to cause them to be burnt; which officer, in consequence of such order, gave directions to the proper persons under him to cause this burning to take place in the open yard near the river. It seems, however, that some subordinate interfered, and those directions were not complied with, and that instead of being destroyed in the open air, they were carried to the House of Lords, and burnt in the furnace or stoves by which, when Parliament is sitting, the flues for warming the building are heated.

At half-past six o'clock on Thursday evening (16th Oct.), the fire broke out in the House of Lords, under the box appropriated to the Usher of the Black Rod, near the bar, and which was immediately over the flue. It spread with the most tremendous and unconquerable rapidity, and in less than half an hour the whole building was in flames,

which burst through the roof and windows with the utmost violence: by half-past seven the fire had completely gutted the interior of the building, with the exception of the Parliament Office, and the roof fell in with a tremendous crash. At this time, the wind blowing strong from the south-west, and driving the fire towards the House of Commons, that building in a few minutes presented one of the most magnificent and awful spectacles imaginable. In less than three-quarters of an hour from this period the roof of the house fell in, and in falling produced a noise like the firing of heavy guns, which caused an alarm to be raised that large quantities of gunpowder were taking fire. It now became the general opinion that the destruction of Westminster Hall was inevitable. The light from the Speaker's house, which had also caught fire, glared through the windows; and by its light might be seen the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Hill, steadily yet actively directing the efforts of a party of the Guards in ripping off parts of the Speaker's burning roof, which communicated with the Hall. Here also, we are told, the exertions of Mr. Westmacott, the eminent sculptor, were of the greatest use in preserving this splendid monument of ancient architecture.

At nine o'clock the three battalions of Guards were on the spot; they were shortly followed by the Blues, and nothing could exceed the zeal and energy of the soldiers in endeavouring to save the most valuable articles from the devastating element: several of the men, headed by Lord Augustus Fitzclarence (the clergyman) and Col. Angelo, were in the turret of the House of Commons when, by the falling in of an intermediate passage, the party were cut off, the fire raging above and below them; a cry was raised for ladders, which were speedily lifted to the window, which was found too small to admit of the egress of the adventurers, when Col. Angelo broke out the frame-work of the window, by which his hand was wounded; the effort succeeded, and the party descended in safety, Lord Augustus, however, waiting until all the rest had gone down, being himself the last man to set his foot upon the ladder.

At ten o'clock the crowd was immense, and the difficulty of removing papers and records, which were placed by order of Lord Melbourne in carts, waggons, coaches, and cabriolets, proportionably great. These carriages, as filled, were driven to the new State Paper Office, in Duke-street, under escorts of soldiers, and their contents deposited in that building. By eleven the whole of the exterior walls of the House of Lords had fallen, and the library of the House of Commons was completely consumed. By half-past twelve the Painted Chamber and the Long Gallery were down; and all the private apartments, drawing-rooms, library, dining-rooms, ante-rooms, and bed-chambers on the southern part of the Speaker's house were destroyed. All efforts were then directed to the preservation of Westminster Hall, which became greatly endangered by the falling in of the walls of the House of Commons between the passage from Palace-yard and the south window of that venerable structure; the laudable efforts of the firemen were devoted to bringing the engines to bear upon the immense burning and smoking mass of ruins which were piled up in this small intervening space.

Meanwile, the flames having destroyed the House of Commons, driven with fearful impetuosity along the passages just mentioned, caught the committee-rooms which form the interior of the Grecian stone building

opposite St. Margaret's Church, which were speedily reduced to ashes, and thence the fire continued its course into the Court of Chancery, which has experienced considerable injury. The other courts sustained little damage, except that which their furniture suffered in removal to the opposite side of the street.

At this period the scene in the interior court of the Speaker's house, a quadrangle surrounded by those beautiful cloisters, which have been so long an object of admiration, was beyond description terrific; the bright pillar of fire rising from the ruins of the House of Commons at a great height—the flames pouring out of the Gothic windows of the gallery on the south side, which contained Mr. Charles Manners Sutton's bed-room and other apartments—the curling smoke rolling over the roof of the Hall on the western side—and the fearful approach of the destructive element along the eastern and western galleries afforded a spectacle of the most striking character.

In the Speaker's garden the appearance of things was melancholy; by half-past one, all that had been beautiful and important, associated in the mind either with the ancient institutions of the country or with social recollections of scenes of the present day, was levelled to the ground. The house of Mr. Ley, utterly destroyed, presented nothing but a mere shell. The valuable and splendid library of the House of Commons exhibited, but two bare walls, while, scattered over the drenched and saturated ground, lay piled in heaps the costly furniture of the Speaker's house, saved from the ravages of one element to be nearly destroyed by another.

It was not until daylight returned that an accurate estimate could be made of the precise extent of the damage to those who knew the localities. It is only necessary to give the following brief detail as published in the London Gazette of Saturday the 18th, 1834.

"The House of Peers, robing rooms, committee-rooms in the west front, and the rooms of the resident officers, as far as the octagon tower at the south end, *totally destroyed.* The Painted Chamber, totally destroyed; the north end of the royal gallery abutting on the Painted Chamber, destroyed as far as the first compartment of columns. The library and adjoining rooms, as well as the parliament offices and the offices of the Lord Great Chamberlain, together with the committee-rooms and the housekeeper's apartments in this part of the building, are saved.

"The House of Commons, its libraries, committee-rooms, housekeeper's rooms, *are totally destroyed*, except committee-rooms 11, 12, 13, and 14, which are repairable. The official residence of Mr. Ley, clerk of the House, totally destroyed. In the Speaker's house, all the rooms from the oriel window on the south side of the House of Commons are destroyed. The state dining-rooms under the House of Commons much damaged; the levee-rooms, together with the public galleries and part of the cloisters, very much damaged.

"The courts of law will require some restoration; but Westminster Hall has received no injury. The furniture, fixtures, and fittings of both Houses of Parliament, with the committee-rooms belonging thereto, with few exceptions, are destroyed. The furniture at the Speaker's is in great part destroyed, and the furniture and fittings of the law courts have sustained considerable damage."

On Friday, as might naturally be expected, vast crowds assembled to view the smouldering ruins, upon which the engines continued to play; and in the afternoon of that day, a cabinet council was summoned, before which Mrs. Wright, the acting housekeeper of the House of Lords, was examined; and the facts elicited by her evidence had the effect of inculpating certain subordinate officers of the Board of Works. In consequence of what transpired, another meeting of the cabinet ministers was held on Saturday soon after the Lord Chancellor arrived from Brighton, and further examinations having been gone into, a privy council was ordered for Monday, to which summonses were sent to several members not usually called to the board.

On Saturday their Majesties visited the ruins, and were received by the Speaker, to whom the King and Queen were pleased to express their great regret for the losses sustained by the right honourable gentleman.

On Monday the Council met, and having sworn all persons concerned in the business to secrecy, proceeded with the examinations of certain individuals, a report of which was published the next day in all the newspapers. These examinations have elicited facts full of the deepest interest, and although in all probability they may not have finally terminated before we go to press, it is absolutely necessary that we should trace their progress to the latest possible period.

Before we commence our abstract of the examinations, it may be necessary to remark, that a variety of circumstances had concurred to induce a very large proportion of well-informed persons to believe that the fire was the work of an incendiary; and this before the facts became public which the examinations drew forth. In the first place, the fire broke out at an hour when the workmen had retired, and the attendants of the House, whose duty it was to go their rounds to see that all was safe, would, it was known, be at tea. In the second place, the fire broke out at a time when the river was at its lowest ebb, so that no assistance of water could be procured for hours. In the third place, the fire broke out on an evening when the wind was blowing harder than it had yet done during the autumn, and from the south-west: from which quarter alone it would have had the effect of carrying the flames from the place where they burst out in the direction of the House of Commons, Westminster Hall, the Speaker's house, and the Courts of Law and Equity. These circumstances, combined with sundry expressions which were heard amongst the mob, gave, we say, to a considerable number of persons, the impression that it was not an accidental fire.

Before the Council on Monday, the first person examined was a Mr. Whibley, Clerk of the Works, who stated that he had authorized a man of the name of Cross to burn the wooden tallies of the old Court of Exchequer in the stoves used for heating the flues of the House of Lords. Orders having been issued by Mr. Milne, the Commissioner of Woods and Forests, that they should be burnt in the open air, he could not have apprehended any danger therefrom.

Mrs. Wright, the acting housekeeper, stated that, during the day, becoming alarmed at the unusual heat of the House (the thermometer being at one time five degrees higher than they ever had been able to raise it with an unlimited use of coals), she sent *three different messages* to Cross, who, in reply, said she need not be alarmed, there was no danger, and he would see that all was right.

Cross was next examined, who said he merely obeyed the orders of Mr. Whibley, and had no apprehension of danger. The Lord Chancellor questioned Cross as to his former course of life; which, although at that time considered by some of the Privy Councillors irrelevant, may, from the turn the affair has taken, be highly important. He persisted in his declaration that he never feared any danger.

Reynolds, the fire-lighter, deposed that he went to Cross three times, and told him he was acting incautiously, as the flues would not bear the heat; adding, "You are going it too rapid, they will never bear such heat." Cross replied, "He knew what he was about." Reynolds still recommended him to put less into the stove at a time. Reynolds's son corroborated this statement; and, besides being present when he cautioned Cross, he (the son) was the person sent three times from Mrs. Wright to beg him to be careful, as she was getting very much alarmed.

On recalling Cross, it appeared that he had quitted the Council Office. Messengers were despatched after him, and upon re-examination he denied that Reynolds ever had cautioned him, or that Mrs. Wright had sent more than once.

With these examinations closed the proceedings of the first day.

The proceedings of Tuesday were marked by a circumstance which produced a most powerful effect upon the public. After Mrs. Wright and some witnesses whose evidence went to corroborate her statement as to the unusual heat in the House of Lords on the Thursday, had been concluded, and Cross and Reynolds had been re-examined, Mr. Cooper, the partner of Mr. Hall, (who together have the superintendence of the stoves and flues in the House of Lords,) and after Mr. Hall had given evidence to the effect that nothing but gross neglect could have caused the accident, Mr. Cooper, we say, presented himself for examination, and stated that he was at Dudley *on Thursday night when the fire occurred*, and that he heard it publicly stated, in the travellers' room at the Buck Inn in that town, that the Houses of Lords and Commons were burnt to the ground. This he deposed to hearing at *ten o'clock of the night* on which the fire broke out *at seven, at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from the spot where it occurred.* Mr. Cooper stated that he could not be mistaken in the day, because he had *that evening* arrived in Dudley from London, and returned to town by the Shrewsbury coach, which took him up in Bilston *on Friday at noon.*

The vast importance of this statement was evident, and accordingly the Lord Chancellor directed that the guard of the coach in question should be sent for. Accordingly, on Wednesday he was examined, and, upon seeing Mr. Cooper, immediately recognized him to be the gentleman who got upon the coach at Bilston on Friday at noon.

Mr. Cooper's statement being thus corroborated, it was considered right to send to some of the most respectable persons of Dudley for information on the subject: which, considering the Attorney-General was once their representative, could of course be easily obtained.

We had entered into this topic at some length, but in consequence of the publication of a letter in the *Times* of the 28th, we are induced to postpone, until next month, any further comments on the inquiry still pending before the Privy Council.——

The great energy, gallantry, and promptitude displayed by the military and the police during the fearful night, were most conspicuous and

laudable, and we are glad to see that his Majesty has, with his usual kindness and consideration, desired his approbation to be conveyed to the troops who were on duty. We suppose it is not usual, or perhaps would not be according to *etiquette*, to acknowledge, in a similar manner, the services of the police force, otherwise we are quite sure that they deserve as much praise as their gallant companions.

Lord Melbourne was early on the spot, and actively directing the removal of valuable papers and documents. Lord Hill directed the operation of the troops with a coolness of temper and decision, which showed the true quality of heroism. Lord Duncannon, who was in Ireland, was praised for his wonderful activity; and Sir John Hobhouse, who was present, is also praised. Lord Munster, with his brother, already mentioned, took a prominent part wherever exertion and example were required; and Mr. Hume himself, much as he has advocated the building of a new House of Commons, did all he could to save the old one.

We regret to hear that the Speaker's loss, not being insured, is very serious. A house has been provided for the right honourable gentleman by Government, as a temporary residence until his official house is restored, which as we understand the Painted Chamber is to be immediately rebuilt as a House of Lords, it will speedily be, and, of course, in that case, the House of Commons will also be raised upon the foundation of St. Stephen's chapel.

The Earl of Derby.—The Earl of Derby is dead. His Lordship was born on the 12th September, 1752, and succeeded, on the death of his grandfather, Edward, 11th Earl, 24th February, 1776. Married, first, June 23, 1774, Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, only daughter of James, 6th Duke of Hamilton, by whom he had issue Lord Stanley, the present Earl, Lady Charlotte Hornby, who is dead, and Lady Elizabeth Cole. The first Countess died 14th of March, 1797, and his Lordship married, secondly, on the 1st of May, in the same year, Miss Farren, the celebrated actress, by whom (who died 23rd April, 1829) his Lordship had four daughters, one of whom, Mary Margaret, Countess of Wilton, only survives.

Lord Stanley, the father of Mr. Stanley, the late Secretary of State (now Lord Stanley), was the oldest heir-apparent to the peerage, having entered his sixtieth year before he came to the title and estate.

Bits of News.—Captain Ross, of the North Pole, is married to a young lady of the name of Jones, aged nineteen. In endurance of cold, the Captain beats most men, yet he has melted himself, and although a more eminent bear-killer than his namesake in Bishopsgate-street, exceeds that illustrious wig-maker in the art of lady-killing.—Mrs. Glover has attempted to act Paul Pry for her benefit; the melancholy degradation failed of its effect, and the house was empty. We should have thought that a common knowledge of the feelings of human nature would have induced the lady to believe, that the exhibition of her figure, dressed *à la Liston*, was not calculated either to attract or please. Mrs. Glover is one of our very best actresses, and we very much regret that anything should have induced her so to expose herself: it is gratifying to know that she was ashamed of what she had done—broke down

in the middle of her folly, and apologized to the benches—audience there was none.

Dr. Stanier Clark, formerly librarian at Carlton-house, and a personal friend of his late Majesty, is dead; by his death a canonry of Windsor is vacant.—Mr. Feargus O'Connor, being about to marry Mrs. Nesbitt, the pretty actress, proceeded to Birmingham for the purpose of completing his engagement, and repaired to the house of Mrs. Lumby, the lady's aunt. On the day of his arrival, and just before he came, Mr. Lumby, the lady's husband, was apprehended on a charge of cheating the Gas Company, of which he was clerk. Mr. Feargus O'Connor, generously abandoning the character of lover *pro tempore*, appeared at the Police-office as Uncle Lumby's friend and adviser,—his aid, however, was ineffectual; Lumby was committed for trial, and Feargus O'Connor, we suppose, bound over, not to keep the peace, but to marry Mrs. Nesbitt.

Sir George Shee is appointed minister at Berlin, in the room of Lord Minto recalled; and Lord Fordwich, the son of Lord Cowper, and the friend of Lord Palmerston, succeeds Sir George as Under-Secretary of State to the latter nobleman. Lord Fordwich is, we believe, in the Blues, and is member for Canterbury, his seat for which he vacates in consequence of his appointment.—Mori, it is said, succeeds Spagnoletti at the Opera House, if the Opera House opens. The trustees of Mr. Chambers have advertised it as "to be let." M. Laporte has remonstrated and protested against this proceeding, and Law again threatens to supersede Harmony in the Haymarket.—Taglioni is married.—Count Rossi (Madame Sontag's husband) will not permit his wife to sing even in private, if he can help it.—There have been riots at Tewkesbury about the poor-laws.—Don Carlos is in good spirits, but wants money.—Lisbon is in a state of ferment. The young queen is to be married to the Duke of Leuchtenburg, which has given great uneasiness to France.—Louis Philippe is in ill health.—The king of Naples refuses to make the quadruple treaty quintuple.—Riots and disturbances prevalent in America. In one place they burn convents, in others pull down gaming-houses; they reject the society of our anti-slavery missionaries, and preach rebellion against the tyranny of their fellow-citizen the President; they have got Mr. Sheridan Knowles to act, and Miss Phillips has got the measles.—In Ireland fires, murders, and robberies much as usual. Lord Wellesley as well as can be expected, and Mr. Littleton State Secretary. All the new law appointments as they should be, and the Conservative society doing wonders.

In London nothing but emptiness and dullness.—An amateur music-meeting advertised at Exeter Hall, where all the singers and players announced are professional band and chorusers, and exceed seven hundred: this will clear the streets, and leave the operatives in the concert in a considerable majority above the auditors.—Parliament prorogued *à la Tom Thumb*. Lord Brougham great as Chancellor.—The court going to Brighton for the season, and their Majesties in perfect health.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Letters from India, describing a Journey in the British Dominions of India, Thibet, Lahore, and Cashmere: undertaken by Order of the French Government. By Victor Jacquemont. 2 Vols.

This work reminds us of old Tournefort. Like him M. Jacquemont was a Frenchman—like him he was a naturalist—like him he travelled in the East—like him he went forth under the auspices of the French Government—and, like him, he has published his work in a series of agreeable letters; where sentiment is mixed with science, and personal feelings with natural productions. He went out with the recommendation not only of Baron Cuvier, and other learned and eminent persons in his own country, but also with letters from the Asiatic Society in England. Every attention, we are happy to find, was paid by our countrymen, and every facility for acquiring information was afforded to this foreigner; and the exclusive and petty jealousies which formerly existed in our possessions abroad, like those of the Spaniards and Portuguese in South America, have happily disappeared; and we no longer shut out strangers, even prying Frenchmen, lest they should see more than we wish to have known of our colonies. The good consequences of this change are obvious. Not only does this amiable and intelligent traveller speak highly and gratefully of the personal kindness which he received from all, but the prejudices which he had imbibed against the British Government abroad have been removed. His opinions are valuable, because they are those of a foreigner who went out, not only without feelings in our favour, but with prejudices against us; and his retractions are not sudden and suspicious, but the gradual and almost reluctant testimonies of a candid mind, slowly but effectually convinced by the evidence of facts.

He landed at Pondicherry, and proceeded to Calcutta. From hence he took his departure for his extensive journey. He travelled through Benares, Agra, and Delhi; passed along the ridges of the Himalaya Mountains, from the sources of the Ganges to those of the Indus—crossed the rivers of the Punjab, where Alexander the Great fought with Porus; and made his way through those Mesopotamian countries lying between the great tributary streams of the Indus, of which little has been known till very lately, since the Macedonian invasion; and from thence returned by Poonah to Bombay, after four years' wandering about the sources of mighty rivers, and the still mightier mountains in which they take their rise. Unfortunately he remained for some time at Tanna, in the vicinity of Bombay, and in that pestiferous climate was seized with the complaint of the country. Under this he laboured for a month in great suffering, and at length he sunk under it, in the prime of life and vigour of constitution, on the 7th of December, 1832, at the early age of 31.

The Letters, which contain an account of his wanderings, are full not only of information, but amusement. His incidents are striking, his descriptions picturesque, his details graphic, his sentiments amiable, and his scientific remarks important. We are sorry, however, to observe some dark shadows throwing their gloom on this excellence. He had been a philosopher of the Tracy school, and certain speculations about the soul are entangled in his natural science, which leave a tinge of materialism and even atheism behind them. It seems as if it was the faint and almost worn out trace of his former notions, and had it pleased Providence that he had lived to a more mature age, they would have disappeared altogether. Were we disposed to find any minor fault with the book, it is the form under which it appears. Letters of journeys, published just as they are written, have been for some time disused by publishers, as formal and inconvenient. In the present instance the latter is remarkably the case. There are no contents heading the Letters, and no index directing to the subjects contained

in them, so that the work is a chaos. The translator, knowing the necessity for such things, should have added them to the English edition, if he had not found them in the French. The book is embellished by two engravings—one a map, which, we think, fairly represents the lineaments of the countries through which the author passed—the other a portrait, which we hope does not fairly represent the lineaments of his own face. If such a thing be prefixed to a work, it should be properly engraved, and not be a staring caricature of coarse and cheap lithography.

The Last Days of Pompeii. By the Author of Eugene Aram.

Mr. Bulwer's productions remind us of a legend we once heard—where a peasant, digging in his garden, discovered first a treasure of silver, and all his neighbours exclaimed—"How wonderful—but let him dig and dig again; he can expect no such fortune a second time." The peasant persevered in his labours, and in a little more time found and displayed a quantity of gold. "Oh! oh!" quoth the gossips, "this man has extraordinary good luck, but if he is wise, he will rest content with what he has discovered, and seek no more for treasure; what can a man's heart desire beyond silver and gold?" But the truly wise husbandman heeded not the chatterers, but laboured incessantly,—and behold the rich reward he exhibited to the view of the astonished multitude—a diamond, which dazzled the beholders. Such has been the result of Mr. Bulwer's labours in his intellectual garden—"Pelham,"—to which he added many, but of the same school, under various modifications—"Eugene Aram," of a higher class of art, remarkable for its singleness of purpose, and the Satanic, yet gentle-mannered grandeur of its hero.

Last, and greatest, is the work now upon our table. So full of the highest poetic feeling—so dilated, yet so minute—the production of a man whose imagination could people kingdoms, and whose wisdom could teach them not only how to govern, but how to submit—whose eloquence is attested by the throbbing brow and quickened pulse of his readers—and whose tenderness falls like oil upon the troubled waters, and quells tumultuous grief into the deep, but silent sobbings of the heart. It would be as contrary to our practice as unjust, to attempt to sketch the outline of this extraordinary romance, which all who have not read will read. We are only called upon to give an opinion, and we were so dazzled with the first reading, that we re-perused its every page, before we felt sufficiently cool to state, in measured and proper phrase, what we really thought.

Nothing can exceed the beautiful arrangement of the whole. Sallust and Clodius would have wearied by their puppyism, but for their constantly associating with Glaucus, whose manners and refinements are but the type of his elegant mind; and yet they would all have glared too much upon the eye, but for the dark shadow of the Egyptian Arbaces, who stands aloft and alone in the world of modern fiction, like the poisonous upas—magnificent in destruction. Then, again, how beautiful is the contrast between the Nazareen Olinthus and the High Priest of Isis—how exquisitely are the doctrines of Christianity drawn into comparison with the idolatry of the times! And who else could conceive aught so passionate, so natural, and yet so pure, as the blind Nydia—the sweet Thessalian, who sings, and sighs, and fascinates throughout the volumes like a strain of music poured from an enchanted shell!

When we heard the startling title Mr. Bulwer bestowed upon this literary star of the greater magnitude, we were fully prepared for the power he would throw into his imaginative scenes; but we anticipated so much difficulty in bringing characters and incidents of real life into action—in re-peopling Pompeii—in creating interest, and calling forth our feelings, as well as our admiration, that we were almost led to say, with those who censured the peasant's industry, "This man should be content with what he has already achieved:" this doubting has rendered his triumph the

more complete—we have little to do but praise. At times we thought the style of the volumes somewhat too didactic, and wished for an incident, instead of a reflection; but when we closed the book, and thought over what we had read, we *felt* how much we had acquired, and re-opened it, in order that the reflection should sink more deeply into our hearts.

We hear that Mr. Rodwell is about to arrange an opera from these splendid materials. We wish him all success; he possesses both talent and industry, but it is an undertaking that might make Rossini tremble; besides, who can he get to sing, or feel the characters? Philips would look—and if we know anything of his intellectual powers—would understand, the part of Arbaces: but where is there a *gentleman* on the English stage who could look or play the exquisite and noble Glaucus? Notwithstanding Mr. Braham's everlasting powers, we hold him *hors de combat* in new music, and Sinclair we have not heard since his return.

Mrs. Wood might be taught the part of Ione; but who could give both voice and feeling to the exquisite Nydia? Those left upon our stage, who could sing, could neither look nor act it; and *vice versâ*. It is in Italian, and only Italian, opera, that justice could be done to "The Last Days of Pompeii." Arbaces, Tamburini; Diomed, Lablache; Glaucus, Rubini; Ione, Sontag, or Garcia; Nydia, the exquisite Malibran: if she would a little tame her spirits, how beautiful she would look in the part! and how well would her voice harmonize with the character! The great *Maestros* of Italy should look to it; and, with scenery such as the Opera-house only can give, we should have an entertainment worthy its origin.

The Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More. By William Roberts, Esq. 4 vols.

In one respect we are unfortunate. Weekly publications get the start of monthly ones in reviews, and literary intelligence of all kinds; but let it be remembered, that their opinions are frequently crude and undigested, from the haste with which it is necessary to send them forth.

The 'Life and Correspondence of Hannah More,' is one which gives ample scope for reflection—and calls for much more than a hurried notice: it is a record of times so long past, that we look upon it as matter of history, and wonder how it was that we once held converse with a lady who "had seen these men."

When Hannah More was young, female talent was like a beacon set upon a hill—there were but few whom the world considered "marvellous"—consequently there was a great deal of attention paid them; and they were more courted, more flattered, more noticed, than they either are, or, we should hope, desire to be, in the present day. They were then held up, not as examples of what female intellect was, but of what it might become; and the compliments they received were paid to the *woman*, not to the *sex*.

Nous avons changé tout cela—there are but few "wonderful women" now a-days—about as many, perhaps, as there are "wonderful men." But knowledge is more generally diffused, and people are the better able to judge for themselves between the *real* and the *counterfeit*. This, however, was a test that Mrs. Hannah More would not have shrunk from. Both her acquirements and habits of reflection were of a deep and philosophic nature; and her latter productions were as remarkable for solid thinking as for classic purity of expression. With all our admiration of her mental powers, we must confess that her correspondence has interested and amused us more than anything we ever read from her pen. Much that she did had an air of forced morality—a rigidity of virtue about it—which would lead to the belief that she nourished in her bosom few of the warmer affections. Her dictates were more like those of a Roman matron, than a Christian woman. But we ought to recollect, that such stiffness of ex-

pression was the taste of the times, and that her models were those of the sterner school.

Her letters show her real self, in its natural character—earnest, thinking, playful, affectionate, and full of the warmest enthusiasm. Her veneration for Johnson—her friendship for Garrick—her correspondence with Langhorne, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter, Garrick, Horace Walpole, and a host of others, called forth all her brilliancy; while, as her days passed on, and she became more decidedly religious, her letters to and from Porteus, Newton, and him whom *she* calls "*young*" Wilberforce, must interest all who study the various shades of human character, or trace the means which are used to bring about events. It is also useful to observe how, with a love of admiration, and a perfect relish for wit and amusement, Hannah More withdrew herself gradually from what she considered wrong, and pursued her way with a steadiness and self-denial that must command respect. Nothing could be more brilliant or more decided than her success: her society was sought after, and courted by the highest and the most renowned; yet, when once convinced that it was wrong to indulge in the pleasures of the world, she withdrew from them firmly and for ever. However we may, and do, differ from her on this subject, we cannot but bear testimony to her heroism and noble decision of character.

There are some letters in the second and third volume from Sir William Pepys, which are the most delightful we have read for many years; and others which are interesting only because of those by whom they were written. This must be the case in every compilation of the kind; and we would offer our congratulations to the editor on having so completely excluded much that might be considered tedious or unentertaining. It required no small degree of judgment to select from the immense mass of correspondence which was placed in Mr. Roberts's hands.

Mrs. More was, of course, of the old high Tory school, and her politics exercised a powerful influence over her precepts and opinions. Her veneration for Pitt is unbounded; and it is amusing, in the first volume, to hear her say, "Unluckily for my principles, I met Fox canvassing the other day; and he looked so sensible and agreeable, that if I had not turned my eyes another way, I believe it would have been all over with me." Those, after all, were glorious days, when such men bent their energies to the conduct of public affairs; and showed, by their firmness, their belief, that what they did was done in exceeding honesty of purpose.

We have seldom felt more real regret that the quantity of books which crowd our table, and the peculiar nature of this department of our Magazine, preclude the possibility of our giving any extracts from a work so replete with interest to all classes of readers. We can therefore only earnestly recommend it, feeling, as we do, that no library should be without the volumes.

Lays and Legends of various Nations. By W. J. Thoms. Nos. VI. and VII.

The excursive flights of research to which the design of this work has excited its indefatigable author have carried him into the regions of Tartary—which have furnished the sixth fasciculus of stories—while Germany, the very heart-home of legendary lore, has contributed the seventh. He who devours at one reading these two numbers of the series will be struck (if he can find a moment for comparison) with the very great diversity of character that exists between them. The tales of Tartary, wild, rude, incoherent, and somewhat puerile, reflect significantly enough the style and nature of the people from whom they emanate; and so do likewise the German stories, which show, on the contrary, a consistency of structure, a power of selection and arrangement, and occasionally a sentiment of poetry, that is in accordance with the known habits of the national mind. Even the most fantastic of the German stories are under some regulation

of design; and few are without some touches of nature that reach our sympathies; but the Tartars, whom Mr. Thoms has here caught and exhibited, are a race wholly uncouth, and know nothing of plan or verisimilitude. They are, nevertheless, curious as monsters; and, if they belong to no *other* class, may be looked at as "sui generis." Of the German stories, there have appeared three numbers during the progress of this publication. These have been gathered into a separate volume, and form a real treasure of popular anecdote and fancy—a highly interesting collection of the "ficta voluptatis causâ."

Four Lectures on the Liturgy; delivered in the Parish Church of Luton, Bedfordshire. By the Rev. E. S. Appleyard, A. M., Caius College, Cambridge.

Those who object to a pre-composed form of devotion seem to forget that it was that which Revelation has always recognized, and the earliest Christian Church adopted. What was the Song of Moses, after the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, but a composed formula? The solemn rite when the adultress was detected, when a murder was committed by an unknown person, and sundry other similar passages to be found in Exodus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, are proofs that such formulæ, on religious occasions, were the constant usage of the ancient Jewish Church—to say nothing of the whole book of Psalms. The Author of Christianity inculcates it himself, by actually composing a form of prayer for his disciples, well knowing how inefficient and improper the vague petitions of men would be, who are so ignorant that they neither know what is for the honour of God to grant, or, for their own good, to receive. The usage was adopted by the Christians who immediately succeeded the apostles. Justin Martyr, about a century after the death of Christ, mentioned a pre-composed form of prayer then in the Church—St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, wrote an exposition of it; and St. Jerome, in the 4th century, speaks of forms of prayer and worship, as being the practice of all congregations from time immemorial. Several liturgies were in consequence composed for the various churches, some of which are handed down to us, and still go by the names of persons or places.

The Liturgy of our Church was drawn up in the reign of Edward VI., by Cranmer and Ridley, and it adopted what was best in all those that went before. We have, therefore, a prayer of St. Gregory, from the Latin; a prayer of St. Chrysostom, from the Greek; and other services from other churches. It was subsequently altered, parts omitted and added, as seemed best conducive to its perfection; till, on the Restoration, it was finally fixed, and subject to no further change.

It is one of those things, in fact, which ought not to change for light or inefficient reasons. It is connected with the deepest feelings and most awful considerations of our nature, which should not be disturbed but for the most cogent cause. Still it is a mere human composition, and, like others, is, and ought to be, liable to the same revision which it has already undergone, and which the advance of the human mind, and the varieties of human language will force it still to undergo. The objections made to it are—it is too prolix, for it is made up of three separate services combined in one. It abounds with repetitions, which the Scriptures call "vain;" so they are condemned by the highest authority. The language, in some places, is too incorrect, and in some too coarse, for the improved education of the present day: we cannot endure, even on our stage, the improprieties and indelicacies of the age in which the phraseology of our Liturgy was composed; it is, and ought to be, still less tolerable in our churches. Finally, things are admitted into it which do not accord with the tolerant and charitable feelings which the members of our Church wish to cherish: among them is the Creed of St. Athanasius, which is

condemned by some of the most learned and exemplary bishops and dignitaries which the Reformation has produced.

But while we thus briefly and with pain touch upon its few imperfections, which are likely soon to undergo a revision, we feel much more pleasure in pointing out its beauties, which are such as were never excelled, or, perhaps, equalled, by any other human composition. It is impossible to conceive more ardour, more humility, more benevolence, than the general spirit of our Liturgy embraces. It takes within its expanded bosom "all sorts and conditions of men," the "afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate;" for the confined, it asks strength—for the perplexed, aid—for the fallen, that they may rise again; in whatever shape or form want, peril, or suffering may come—its prayers go forth to meet them: in the very spirit of Jacob, it seems to say to all, "Ye shall not go unless I bless you." Our Liturgy abounds with passages which, though we are apt to overlook them, evince the admirable tact, if we may so say, of its early compilers; and that they were men highly susceptible of delicate beauties, in their selections, which less cultivated minds would have overlooked. Our service commences with detached verses, which the inattentive would suppose were taken from the Scripture at random, and without much reason for choice; but each of them has its appropriate application, which is well pointed out by our author. When a congregation enters the house of God, and prepares for devotion, it is to be supposed that they are affected with various degrees and feelings of their sinful state: they are met by the following passages:—

"Is any treading, hopeless of forgiveness, the blind path of destruction, he is arrested by the promise to 'the wicked man turning away from his wickedness.' Is any laid prostrate by deep distress of mind, he is told, 'a broken and a contrite heart God will not despise.' Is any labouring under the effects of bodily or mental suffering increased by sin, he is referred to the lost son, 'I will arise, and go to my Father.' Are any deferring the time of acting right, and cheating their souls by delay, the monitory words are appealed to, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Does any tender to the Almighty a mere outward act of devotion, he is told 'to rend his heart, and not his garments.' Do any, like the Pharisee of old, think themselves faultless, and rely on their own righteousness, their error is corrected by the solemn words, 'If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.'"

We would recommend this little book to the attention of our readers. The Lectures were composed fo the humbler classes, but the upper may find instruction from its pious, unpresuming spirit. Our excellent Established Church, and everything connected with it, are assailed on every side. We are no enemies to the salutary and safe reforms by which it may be improved; but we are the decided and uncompromising adversaries of those who would do more. While the flippant foreigner complains of the gloom of our Sundays, and the sceptic sneers at them, the following brief picture of the effects of our Church, and its Liturgy, on our people, must come home to the heart of every man:—"Through the length and breadth of our land, at nearly the same moment, the Sabbath-bell invites all to tread the courts of the Lord's house. Thither bend their way the young and the old, the rich and the poor. The same hour beholds them kneeling—the same form bears their petition to the Throne of Grace."

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe. Vol. 8. Containing Posthumous Tales.

Twelve hitherto unpublished Tales, by this great poet, are so many feasts, not only to his admirers, but to the admirers of nature. There is a feeling of reverence and respect attached to the memory of this admirable man that ought to be encouraged—it is the involuntary tribute which we, of the busy world, pay to the unostentatious virtues of successful, but modest merit, and independent of any helps to our admiration.

The concluding volume of Mr. Crabbe's works contains sufficient within itself to command attention, and to interest our imagination. In a letter to his son, after saying that another series of Tales would be found amongst his papers, Mr. Crabbe continues—

"The works of authors departed are generally received with some favour, partly as they are old acquaintances, and in part because there can be no more of them."

There is much truth in this; and yet when we had read, and read—then closed the book, and felt that we could learn no more wisdom from that pen, our heart felt sad, as though we had lost a friend, and we fancied greater beauty in the page, perhaps, than we should have otherwise discovered. The Tales are of nearly equal merit as to composition; but if they are not so polished as some of his former poems, they are stronger, and excel in fervour and interest.

Sketches by Mrs. Segourney. Revised and re-printed from the American edition.

We are well pleased whenever we meet with an American publication, not for the gratification of detecting and exposing its faults, but of feeling and displaying its merits. Whatever the Trollopes and Quarterlies may say, we think that Jonathan is, and deserves to be, as much esteemed as his brother John, for every valuable endowment which the latter prizes so highly, and we rejoice that it should be so. We are not offended to hear that our brothers, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, having the same civil institutions, and descended from the same fathers, should become the rivals of ourselves in the estimation of foreign countries. We have abandoned the odious, and we had almost said impious opinion, that any people "are our natural enemies." The inveterate and hereditary feelings of hostility which kept us at eternal war with our next neighbours in Europe, have been succeeded by those of amity and good-will, and it is therefore time to give up every petty jealousy that made us look with an evil eye on our relations; we should henceforth only recollect that every advance they make in art, science, and literature is reflected back in lustre on ourselves; for notwithstanding the oceans which divide us in our present localities, all its waters cannot wash out the never-to-be-obliterated marks of a common origin, which proclaim, and ever will proclaim, that "we are one."

Among the ladies who have distinguished themselves in literature among our relatives, there are two whose writings are in high esteem, Miss Leslie and Mrs. Segourney, and of very different characters. The former has the light and sketching pencil of our Miss Edgeworth, or Mrs. S. C. Hall, illustrating native characteristics with a free but amiable portraiture, in tales and incidents, and diffusing over the whole so benevolent a feeling, that we love the characters they represent with all their little feelings. Mrs. Segourney, on the contrary, resembles our Mrs. Hemans; her pictures are of a more grave and serious cast of colouring. She has already distinguished herself in America by the publication of a volume of poetry, "Lays from the West," and some prose works, and we have now her "Sketches" before us.

They consist of five tales—The Father, The Legend of Oxford, The Family Portraits, Oriana, The Interpreter, and the Patriarch; the scenes of which are laid in her native country, and the descriptions and events taken from American life and manners. The Legend of Oxford is founded on a very curious incident. Oxford in America was a colony, established by some French Huguenots, who took refuge in New England on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, where they were kindly received by their fellow-sufferers, the Puritans, who had taken refuge there from England half a century before. The nascent colony being at that time on the frontiers was liable to constant attacks from the Indians, the tales of whose barba-

rities form at this day the fearful reminiscences of their descendants, mixed up with much of the marvellous and preternatural. On one occasion, when they were attacked, and just about to be exterminated by their remorseless enemies, suddenly a form rushed from a forest on the left of their path. "He seemed of more than mortal height, and his flowing robes were girt about his loins with a blood-red cincture. On his head was the resemblance of an ancient helmet, surmounted with lofty and sable plumes. In his right hand a sword flashed with ineffable brightness, and his left bore a blazing torch, which illuminated his pale countenance, yet faded beneath the lightning of his awful eye. He exclaimed, as he approached the little flock of Christians, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'" The consequence of this extraordinary vision was, that the whole body of Indians, overwhelmed with astonishment and fear, fled precipitately, and their victims remained in security. For a long time this vision was the theme of every tongue, and was reported with various additions, and firmly believed by the credulous and superstitious enthusiasts, as a special supernatural interference of Providence to save his own from the hands of their enemies. Of the fact, attested by a number of eye-witnesses, there was no doubt. Time, however, explained it, and divested it of superhuman agency. Three of the regicide Judges, on the restoration of Charles II., had sought refuge in the woods of America. One of them, Col. Dixwell, had taken up his abode in a cave, concealed in a wood near Oxford. He had with him the sash, sword, and helmet which served in Cromwell's wars, and having easily supplied himself with a pine torch, rushed out of his concealment, and was the vision that saved the colonists from the Indians.

Of the style of our fair authoress, we would add a word in a friendly spirit. We think it is too ambitious and dilated, and wants that simplicity and conciseness that would confer upon her curious and amusing tales a much greater interest. We would recommend to her the study of her countryman, Washington Irving, whose chaste but elegant diction has so strongly recommended his writings to the English public.

The Life of Prince Talleyrand. Accompanied by a Portrait.

There is nothing that more marks the difference which the march of mind has created between us and our ancestors, than the sense and show of decency which covers all our publications. Formerly it was the practice, as Lucian says, to call a fig a fig, and a boat a boat; and no art or disguise was used, either in matter or in manner, to veil indecency. Hence it is that the novels even of Fielding and Smollett contain such grossness. The ladies of fifty years ago read, and without compunction acknowledged they read, books abounding with the coarsest passages, and "Tom Jones" and "Peregrine Pickle" were found on the table of every lady's boudoir.

We do not know if morality has been much improved, and our women have really a higher sense and more rigid practice of what is right than their mothers, but certainly the semblance of it is much greater. Works which formerly amused, and were openly read, are now banished, with a feeling of proper propriety, from every respectable library, and those only admitted which are not only polished by taste, but chastened by decorum.

In this state of feeling we are surprised to see the work before us imprudently pushed upon the English public. It is true that a propensity for scandal still exists among us, and an appetite for its details; but not, we hope, in the form in which it is here presented. When restrained by decorum, and seasoned by wit, we confess it still attracts, and its moral ugliness is concealed in the garb of propriety—but here is a gross and naked deformity—

Monstrum a vitiis nulla virtute redemptum.

We will defile our pages with one extract, that the author may be judged of by the best possible standard—his own sentiments:—

"But according to our notions, when one is bent on pursuing *a career of* SEDUCTION, *it is right to begin early;* and it is most commonly *with* YOUNG PEOPLE *of the weaker sex* that the beginnings are easier and more secure. Here one may learn the rudiments of an art, which age renders more and more difficult afterwards to exercise."—p. 20.

Is there a father or mother to be found in England who will admit into their house this infamous advocate for early seduction? The public are just now shocked at the display of precocious depravity exhibited at the house in Lisle-street, and the parish have very properly proposed to bring the infamous keeper to condign punishment, and cleanse this sink of impurity. Here is the *fons et origo mali* in this book. Will the Association for discountenancing Vice overlook it?

Jacob Faithful.

What an exceedingly amusing book Captain Maryatt has drawn out of the river Thames! and how admirably he has succeeded in making barges and wherries—things that we look upon daily without interest—full of life and amusement! His sketches in prose are something like Crabbe's sketches in poetry—rough, racy, and natural. His rustics are rustics, not young ladies and gentlemen dressed "country-fashion," yet showing their origin (like the beautiful print of Cottage Industry) by finishing their tasks at the wrong end. Jacob's gradations of Old Tom, Young Tom, and Tommy, are inimitable. His shooting Putney Bridge, and his adventures at Brentford—his poaching on Wimbledon-common, and his juvenile flirtations with Mary, are graphic and admirable pictures—scenes that Wilkie might have painted,—we mean before he left painting Nature, to show how stately and grand people look when they sit for their portraits.

By the way, we cannot forgive Master Faithful for promoting the union between Tom the Second and that same Mary. A man of Captain Maryatt's experience and observation should have known that a jilt is incurable, that nothing can be done for one so affected—nothing; his old friend Tom deserved a better fate. There are occasional coarsenesses in the expressions, which, if Captain Maryatt intended his work to be read by ladies, he ought to have avoided. We know that canvass cannot be sewn by cambric thread; but there is no necessity for using such canvass on all occasions—it is a waste of strength.

THE ANNUALS.

These agreeable toys of literature are again before us, and, as usual, they are welcome to our table. We must once more complain that they are not kept back until the year is nearer its close. As Christmas presents they were originally designed; but our readers need not be told that, however pleasant it may be to anticipate Spring, it is otherwise with respect to Winter. The Annuals are now in full bloom before the chrysanthemums: this is, at least, injudicious, but arises, we believe, from a foolish spirit of rivalry—a desire on the part of A. B. to secure public favour before C. D. is prepared to ask for it. We are glad to find that all our old acquaintances are again to greet us—that none have quitted the field; and we are also pleased to find that their numbers are not increasing. We have opportunities of knowing that they are by no means profitable speculations; that, taken altogether, the sale is barely equal to the expenditure; and that, consequently, any new candidate is unlikely to succeed further than to weaken, by a few votes, those who are already in possession of the public suffrage.—We are first bound to notice the

Forget-me-Not,

the parent of the tribe. The late Mr. Ackermann lived to see the exotic flourishing among us. His work is, as it has always been, of very consi-

derable merit. The embellishments, if not of first-rate excellence as works of art, do credit to the taste of the selector. Among the best in the volume for 1835 are the Endymion of Mr. Wood; "Now or Never," by J. Wright; Milan Cathedral, by Prout; and My Aunt Lucy, by Wyatt. There is also a print from one of Lawrence's beautiful pictures; but it is sadly ruined by an engraver from whom we should have expected better things. The literary contents of the volume are decidedly good. The opening poem is by an anonymous pen; but it is easy to trace it to the hand of a master. A very noble story is that by Miss Isabel Hill, entitled the "Village Tomb-cutter," written to illustrate a drawing by Chisholm; a tale, also, by Mrs. Charles Gore, is of very high merit; and among the other contributions are many of rare value and interest. They have been, for the most part, supplied by William and Mary Howitt, (it is always profitable to meet them,) T. K. Hervey, Mr. Inglis, Mr. Chorley, and our friend of gone-by days—the "Old Sailor." The public patronage has sustained twelve or thirteen volumes of the "Forget-me Not." It has merited, and continues to merit, the support it has received; and if it "live a thousand years" with continued credit, the world will not have occasion to complain that it has endured too long.

Friendship's Offering.

It is with sincere regret we learn that the excellent and accomplished editor of "Friendship's Offering" is about to leave England, and erect his dwelling in the interior of Africa. Mr. Pringle will take with him the warmest wishes and most sincere regards of all who are either of his personal acquaintance or who know him through his writings. A more amiable and estimable man is not to be found among us. We presume, therefore, that "Friendship's Offering" for 1835 will be the last under his management; and, if there were no other motive, the volume should have the best recommendation we could give it. But it may fairly depend for success on its own merits. As with the plates of the "Forget-me-Not," there are few of a high order of art; but they are all interesting; the prints from Mr. Parris's pictures are perhaps the best. This artist has a fine idea of female loveliness. The landscapes by Barrett and Purser are very attractive; and there is a sweet print of a "Farmer's Family," from a drawing by Wright. The "Group of Children," by Chalon, is, we confess, not to our taste. The papa and mamma may have done well to preserve the likenesses of such "little blessings;" but they are far from being the most bewitching specimens of humankind; and we cannot congratulate the publishers on having assisted to multiply impressions of them. "The Two Kates" is a nicely-engraved print from a picture by Miss Fanny Corbaux, a young lady of high talent. The literary contents of the book have been always good—better, on the whole, than any other of the Annuals. Mr. Pringle is a man of fine taste as well as of high talent, and he has skilfully made his selections: there is not, indeed, in the volume a single contribution below mediocrity; but there are many far above it. The aid of Barry Cornwall and others sustain its poetical character; while in prose we have the productions of Miss Mitford, Mr. St. John, the Author of "Truckleborough Hall," Mr. Inglis, &c. &c. The book is a good book, and keeps the station it has long held in public favour.

The Drawing-room Scrap-Book. Edited by L. E. L.

This is certainly the most brilliant season of the beautiful and valuable volume before us. The embellishments are more varied and more interesting; some pleasing music is introduced; and we never remember to have read more delicious poetry from the pen of the accomplished lady who has performed the difficult task of illustrating no less than thirty-six different engravings, as opposite as can well be imagined in character and design—

"Christian and Hopeful escaping from Doubting Castle," "His late Majesty George the Fourth," "Manchester," "The British Residency at Hyderabad"—and yet the sweet minstrel has discharged this most troublesome duty with right good taste and rare ability. She has breathed the enchanting breath of poetry over them all—peopled the cities with her own imaginings—and closed the volume with a highly-wrought legend of fairy-land, founded upon a story in Mr. Thom's amusing tales of the "good people." But there is one poem in the work to which we would direct our readers' especial attention as being more sublime, more full of the richness of true poetry than anything we have read for a very long time. The poem is an illustration of the frontispiece—the portico of an Hindoo temple. Miss Landon commences with a retrospect of time and history, and continues, in a thoughtful and sublime strain, to comment upon the warm and glowing East,

"The birth-place of the Sun,"

upon its palaces and their ruins.

The inference drawn in the concluding stanzas is magnificent, and expressed with a vigour and harmony that we have never seen surpassed.

"Fall, fall ye mighty temples to the ground.
Not in your sculptured rise
Is the real exercise
Of human nature's highest power found.

"'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
'Tis in the gifted line,
In each far thought divine,
That brings down heaven to light our common soil.

"'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true.
'Tis in the generous thought
Of all that man has wrought,
Of all that yet remains for man to do."

The Landscape Annual.

Mr. Jennings has this year been fortunate in obtaining the aid of David Roberts—an artist of the highest talents, who is at all times happy in his treatment of the subjects he copies from nature, and yet usually introduces into his pictures some peculiar episode which adds greatly to their interest. The most romantic portion of a most romantic country—Spain—has supplied the materials for this year's "Landscape Annual." The prints have been well engraved; and, as a whole, the volume is perhaps the most useful and agreeable of the series. The most remarkable of the embellishments are those which represent the far-famed Alhambra; but among the wild grandeur of rock and forest the artist has also sought and found many rich acquisitions to his store. Among the collection are several wood-cuts of considerable merit. There are doubtless some who will even prefer them to the more ambitious illustrations of the work. Mr. Roberts has succeeded in conveying to us a just and accurate idea of the peculiarities of the country; and we thank him for a very rare treat. To Mr. Roscoe, for the letter-press, we are also much indebted; failure was impossible when the *matériel* was so abundant; but he has selected from the immense mass before him the more attractive legends and the more striking descriptions. His task has been performed with judgment and ability, and the book continues to deserve the extensive patronage it has hitherto met.

Heath's Picturesque Annual. Scot and Scotland. By Leitch Ritchie.

To say that, in the illustrations of this volume, Mr. Cattermole has surpassed himself, is saying but little to express our pleasure and astonishment. There is a power, a spirit, and a variety in their composition and intellect, that we were unprepared for. The artist has made a "giant stride;" and, in most instances, the subjects have been felicitously rendered.

The plate of "Neulpath Castle," although beautifully engraved, fails to give the delicacy of form to the female and the light gracefulness of drapery which we so much admired in the drawing. "Lochleven Castle," too, loses a great degree of interest from the unavoidable reduction of the figures in the fore-ground, and Lindsay, who in the original looks so *strongly ferocious*, in the engraving appears no more than an armed man on a white horse. If we are fastidious in these matters, Mr. Heath may thank himself. We have so long banqueted upon perfection, that we disdain any approach to common fare. Mr. Leitch Ritchie has trod upon dangerous ground. He has followed *The Scot* over his own lands into his own towers,—he has been with him at Craignethan Castle,—he has shared in the mysteries of Glendeargh,—and blown the trumpet at Stirling Castle; and yet, though there is nothing to extol exceedingly, there is nothing that induces a disadvantageous comparison between "the Mighty One" and the unaffected "Biographer of his Moors and Mountains;" it is a comparison that never suggests itself. We were pleased with the matter, and pleased with the industry and good taste which directed Mr. Ritchie in his labours to ascertain everything likely to interest those who associate so many happy hours and so many kindly feelings with the labours and the memory of Scott.

No edition of Scott's works can be considered perfect that has not this beautiful book as an addendum to its volumes.

The Amulet.

This Annual, the tenth volume of which is before us, has pursued a successful career. But, with us, circumstances prevent its having the recommendation to public favour it has so largely and liberally received at the hands of others.

The Juvenile Forget Me Not.

This work, of which seven volumes have now been published, is addressed exclusively to children, and it is but just to say that the editor has accomplished the object she has had in view. With the assistance of many writers, who have long laboured to instruct the young, she has prepared a work full of amusement and information, but in which the latter is so blended with the former that nothing appears likely to produce alarm at the dread of "a lesson." Knowledge is conveyed in so agreeable a form, that it will be sought as a relaxation rather than a task—the surest way of conveying it so as to render it really impressive.

The Comic Offering.

Miss Sheridan this year drives her wag-on (the pun is the lady's) with considerable skill, and, we doubt not, with considerable profit. Three or four hundred pages of fun are, we confess, rather too much for *us*; but her load is seldom heavy, and there are many who will enjoy her jokes, albeit their name is "Legion." Her own contributions are among the best, but she has obtained very efficient aid; and her volume will amply recompense perusal now that wintry weather is about to introduce blue-devils, who must be destroyed at any cost. Several of the graphics—lithographics—are of rare merit; a Mr. Kelly shines pre-eminent in this department.

We have thus noticed all the Annuals that have yet made their appearance; but the three best are to come—"Turner's Annual Tour," "The Book of Beauty," and the "Keepsake." Good tidings have gone before them. Report speaks of them as admirably beyond their predecessors—that, in particular, the one edited by the accomplished Countess of Blessington is of rare excellence.

LITERARY REPORT.

Lady Morgan's O'Briens and O'Flahertys, in 4 vols., will form the next set of "Colburn's Modern Novelists;" and the following one, which completes the collection, will contain Mr. Horace Smith's Reuben Apsley, in 3 vols.

Hector Fieramosca; or, The Challenge of Barletta, an Historical Tale, by the Marquis D'Azeglio, translated from the Italian, is in the press, and shortly will be published, in 1 vol. 12mo.

Tough Yarns, a series of Naval Tales and Sketches to please all hands. By the Old Sailor, Author of "Greenwich Hospital," embellished by Geo. Cruikshank, will speedily appear.

The Spirit of Chaucer, in 2 vols., by Charles Cowden Clarke, is in a forward state.

Mr. Valpy has announced for publication a work for the clergy in general, and for Students in Divinity, under the title of Skeletons of the Sermons of the most eminent British Divines, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes.

Letter to Lord Melbourne, on the State of Education in England, by the Rev. N. S. Smith.

The First Part of a quarterly publication, to contain a Series of 143 Plates of Roman Coins and Medals, comprising all the important varieties of the Consular or Family Series, and those of the Empire.

Will Watch, by the Author of "Cavendish," is in a forward state.

The third volume of Mr. Montgomery Martin's History of the British Colonies, comprising the whole of our possessions in North America, with Maps, Official Documents, and accurate Statistical Tables, is in an advanced state at press, and will speedily appear.

A new work on America, called the United States and Canada in 1832, 3, and 4, by C. D. Arfwedson, Esq., is in the press.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham, a Novel, by Miss Strickland, is nearly ready.

A new edition of the Works of Milton, in monthly parts, with Life and copious original and collated Notes, by Sir Egerton Brydges, and historical and imaginative Illustrations by J. M. W. Turner, is announced.

Mr. H. D. Inglis announces A Journey throughout Ireland in the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1834.

Colonel Murray's Sketches of Scottish Scenery, the publication of which has been so long delayed, are nearly completed, in a double number, to form one volume.

The first volume of Mr. Murray's Variorum Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, printed uniformly with the Life and Works of Byron and of Crabbe, and embellished with engravings by the Findens, after drawings taken on the spot by Stanfield, will be published at the commencement of the new year.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Recollections of the Eighteenth Century, from the French of the Marchioness de Crequy. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

A View of the present State of the Scilly Islands, with an Appendix corrected to 1833, by the Rev. G. Woodley. 8vo. 8*s.*

Tilney Hall, by Thomas Hood. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Nuts to Crack, by the author of "Facetiæ Cantabrigienses." 12mo. 7*s.*

Kidd's Domestic Library; or Family Adviser. 18mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Musical Gem for 1835. 4to. 15*s.*

The Wife's Book; or the Marriage Present. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Anne Grey, edited by the author of "Granby." 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Christmas Tales, by W. H. Harrison. 18mo. 6*s.*

The Keepsake for 1835. 21*s.*

Catalogue of MSS. in the British Museum, new series, Vol. 1., "Arundel MSS." Folio. 1*l.* 8*s.*

Letters from India describing a Journey in the British Dominions during 1828, 9, 30, and 31, from the French of Victor Jacquemont. 2 vols. 24*s.*

Aldine Poets, Vol. XXXI. "Young," Vol. II. 5*s.*

Milner's Life and Times of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D. 8vo. 16*s.*

Forget-Me-Not, 1835. 12*s.*

Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, 1835. *s.*

Friendship's Offering, 1835. 12*s.*

Comic Offering, 1825. 12*s.*

Griffin's Observations on the Spinal Cord. 8vo. 8*s.*

Treatise on Comparative Physiology, from the German of Tiedemann by Gully and Lane. 8vo. 12*s.*

The Amulet, 1835. 12*s.*

Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, by Mrs. Hall, 1835. 8*s.*

Oriental Annual, 1835. 21*s.*

A New Translation of the Holy Bible, from the original Hebrew, by J. Bellamy. 4to. 16*s.*

Account of the Island of Puerto Rico, by Colonel Flinter. 8vo. 9*s.*

Last Days of Pompeii, by the Author of "Pelham," &c. 3 vols post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Tombleson's Views on the Thames and Medway. 4to. 25*s.*

Russell's History of the Church in Scotland. 12mo. 6*s.*

Octavia Elphinstone, a Manx Story. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21*s.*

Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1835. 21*s.*

A Companion to the Atlas; or, a Series of Geographical Tables, by E. Miller, A.M. 9*s.*

Belgium and Holland, by P. L. Gordon. 2 vols. 12mo. 15*s.*

Life of Prince Talleyrand. 2 vols. 24*s.*

Bennett's Wanderings in New South Wales. 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.*

Miriam Coffin; or, the Whale Fisherman. 3 vols. 15*s.*

Landscape Annual for 1835. 21*s.*

Lectures in Defence of the Church of England, by the Rev. S. J. Allen. 8vo. 10*s.*

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK-STREET WINTER EXHIBITION.

The winter exhibition of the Society of British Artists is open to the public. Our readers are, we presume, aware that it consists chiefly of the works of deceased painters, lent by collectors. The principal contributors are the Earl of Egremont, R. Vernon, Esq., Lady Bernard, Lord Northwick, J. Wadmore, Esq., Lord Carnarvon, J. Rolls, Esq., and S. Cartwright, Esq. The works of the Italian and Dutch masters are numerous, but, to our taste, the principal attractions are those of the English school; of these there are many of rare value and surpassing excellence. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Opie, Fuseli, Harlowe, Barry, Bonnington, and Stothard,—from the works of these glorious masters an interesting selection has been made. The living painters have also largely contributed. The walls are hung with fine specimens of Thomson, Turner, Beechey, Mulready, Jones, Hilton, Fraser, Pyne, Roberts, J. Wilson, Creswick, Sayer, &c.

Those who desire to see the old and the modern painters mingled will enjoy a rich treat by visiting this exhibition. We cannot class it, in interest, among those that are to gladden us in spring; but it presents much to admire, and very much to improve, at a time when sights are few in the metropolis. It will amply repay all who visit it, either to obtain amusement or to derive knowledge—to see what has been done in past times, and is doing in the present.

THE DRAMA.

We present an apology this month instead of an article. We shall remedy the omission in our next Number, by a detailed account of the proceedings of the theatrical session. Hitherto, in point of fact, there has been little done of interest, though the bills and the curtains have been drawn up as usual. Mr. Denvil promises something which he may or may not redeem. Mr. Serle has produced a very elegant little drama. Madame Vestris has made her promises, and as usual has redeemed them with a very charming grace. Mr. Yates has been as supernatural as usual, and Mrs. Yates as overnatural. Mr. Davidge promises an opera with Mr. Wilson and other accomplished singers. Mr. Glossop assures us that Britons support native talent, for that upwards of thirty thousand persons have visited his glass curtain, manufactured by Monsieur Cabanel.

Wait a little, ladies and gentlemen, we will see you all well bestowed next month.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

At a recent meeting Mr. Phillips delivered a lecture on chemical affinity. The object of the lecturer was to define the meaning of the term chemical affinity, and to describe the causes which increase, diminish, prevent, or modify its action. He observed, that we are ignorant of the ultimate nature or cause of affinity, and know of its existence only by the effects which it produces on the various forms of matter. To admit of the action of chemical affinity, it was stated that bodies must be dissimilar; and this fact was illustrated by the action of acids and alkalies, when separate, upon vegetable blue and yellow colours respectively, and their loss of this power by combination, so as to form a salt. Another circumstance requisite to its production was mixture; to this, however, there was an apparent

exception, as when an effervescent and deliquescent salt were contained in the same vessel; the latter, without being in contact with the former, would deprive it of its water of crystallization,—an effect which was stated to be due to the carrying power of the air, which conveyed the moisture from the effervescent to the deliquescent salt. Variations of temperature were mentioned as causing alterations in chemical affinity: thus,—at common temperature, mercury and atmospheric air undergo scarcely any change whatever; but, at a certain increase of heat, the mercury combines with the oxygen of the air, and is converted into peroxide, whilst at a higher temperature than that required to form the peroxide, it is decomposed into oxygen gas and a species of mercury. Another experiment performed to prove that affinity is dependent upon the degree of heat, was that of mixing muriate of ammonia and carbonate of lime. At common temperature, these salts undergo no change; but, when heated, it was shown that carbonate of ammonia was evolved, and what is commonly called muriate of lime remained in the vessel. It was afterwards shown, that when the carbonate of ammonia and muriate of lime formed by heat were dissolved in water, and the solution mixed at common temperature, carbonate of lime was again formed and precipitated; while the muriate of ammonia, also reproduced at this low temperature, remained in solution. It was observed that heat, in some cases, caused only partial instead of total decomposition: thus it was shown, that when copper was put into sulphuric acid, no action took place between them; but when heat was applied, then the copper decomposed the sulphuric acid, and, taking part of its oxygen, reduced it to the state of sulphurous acid, which was plentifully given out in the form of gas. Comminution was mentioned as sometimes requisite to cause chemical action, in other cases merely accelerating it. The first proposition was proved by the insolubility of common clay, though reduced to a fine powder in an acid; but some clay, or alumina, which had been recently precipitated, and was consequently more minutely divided, was immediately dissolved by the acid. The second case, on the acceleration of chemical action by minute division, was shown by the greater rapidity with which powdered marble was dissolved in acid than in a mass of the same substance. Concentration was likewise mentioned as another circumstance sometimes requisite to induce chemical action. Mr. Phillips afterwards observed, that oxygen was necessary to cause metals to combine with acids; and this was stated to be sometimes derived from the decomposition of a portion of the acid and water, or the atmosphere, according to the nature of the metal and the acid; further, that the introduction of a third body was sometimes necessary to insure chemical action. This was proved by mixing very small portions of tincture of galls and sulphate of iron in distilled water;—no visible effect was produced until a drop of solution of ammonia was added, when the whole became instantly almost black. In some cases, dilution was necessary to chemical action, as when sulphuric acid requires water to cause action between it and zinc; this, however, was not owing to dilution *as such*, but because, by the decomposition of the water, the oxygen requisite to the solution of the metal was supplied to it. It was afterwards observed, that though a certain degree of oxidizement was necessary to the solution of a metal in acid, an excess might prevent it. The lecturer concluded an admirable discourse with explaining what was meant by the *nascent* state of bodies, which he said frequently was necessary to insure chemical action, and he expressed his regret that time would not allow him to offer any experimental illustration of this circumstance, nor to enter further into the subject, for which he had prepared additional observations and experiments.

VARIETIES.

Recovery of Treasure by the Diving Bell.—One of the most interesting and gratifying experiments ever made with that extraordinary machine, the diving bell, is that which has lately been performed by the Honourable Commander De Roos, for the recovery of the treasures and stores of the Thetis, a King's ship, which sunk in a cove to the south-east of Cape Frio, in 1830. The following is an abstract of a paper read before the Royal Society. The Hon. Commander De Roos, commanding his Majesty's ship Algerine, was instructed to conduct the enterprise. He reached Cape Frio on the 6th of March, 1832, with eleven officers and eighty-five men. A sufficient number of hands were left on board the ship, which was moored in a harbour two miles from the scene of action; others were employed in the boats which they had erected near the Cape, and the remainder, amounting to thirty-five men, were stationed at the wreck. The island, which forms the south-eastern extremity of Cape Frio, is an immense promontory of granite jutting into the Atlantic ocean, sixty miles east of Rio de Janeiro. The cove in the middle of which the Thetis sunk is a square indentation in the cliff, 600 feet deep by as many wide. It is surrounded by nearly perpendicular masses of granite, from 100 to 200 feet high, and is exposed to the whole swell of the South Atlantic, which sets in with remarkable force in that direction. The weather is singularly variable, and transitions frequently take place in the course of a few hours, from perfect stillness to the most tremendous swell. Few scenes in nature are more sublime than those presented by the cove during a gale of wind from the south-west. Frequent interruptions were experienced from the state of the weather, and the almost incessant agitation of the water, which was often so powerful as to render the diving-bell almost unmanageable, and to expose the divers to great danger. The diving-bell consisted of a one-ton ship's-tank, with eight inches of iron at the bottom, in order to give it more depth, and having attached to it seventeen cwt. of ballast, which was found sufficient to sink it. So soon as the requisite arrangements were completed, the Commander made a minute survey of the bottom by means of the diving-bell, and ascertained the exact position and shape of all the large rocks which covered the spot where the treasures and stores of the Thetis had been scattered. The shape of the area, where the precious metals in particular had been deposited, was an ellipse of which the two principal axes measured forty-eight and thirty-one feet; large boulders of granite had rolled over these treasures, and required being removed before the latter could be recovered. The superincumbent pressure of the sea, aided by the huge materials of the wreck of the frigate, which under the influence of the swell, acting like a pavior's hammer with enormous momentum, had jammed together the rocks, and produced a strong cohesion between the fragments of wood and the gold, silver, and iron. The divers suffered much from an intolerable stench arising from decomposed animal substances. The first labour of the divers was to clear away every portion of the wreck; and after this was accomplished, to loosen and remove all the large rocks in succession, beginning with the smallest, and ending with the largest and most unwieldy. Some of these which the adventurous party succeeded in rolling from their situations into deep water, weighed about thirty or forty tons; and the largest, which it required immense efforts to move from its place, was computed to weigh sixty-five tons. This last effort served to prove that no part either of the wreck or stores was left unexamined. After fifteen-sixteenths of the property had been recovered, the enterprise, which had so entirely succeeded, terminated on the 24th of July, and the Algerine returned to Rio de Janeiro on the 1st of August. The climate appears to have been favourable to the health of the party; few suffered from sickness, and the expe-

dition was unattended with the loss of a single life. On one occasion the divers were visited by a whale, which approached so near the diving-bell as to place the party in imminent danger, but fortunately the enormous creature changed his course without doing any injury.

Places of Worship in England and Wales.—Abstract of the total number of parishes in each diocese of England and Wales containing a population of 1000 persons and upwards; the number of churches and chapels therein; number of persons they will contain; and the number of dissenting places of worship therein. Dated May 20, 1812.

(Memorandum.—The population for the diocese of Bangor, Bristol, Chester, Lincoln, Oxford, and Salisbury, has been collected for this abstract from the population returns in 1801.)

DIOCESES.	Number of Parishes.	Population.	Number of churches and chapels.	Number of Persons they will contain.	Number of Dissenting places of worship.
Asaph, St.	41	104,703	49	45,280	96
Bangor	40	52,886	52	27,141	100
Bath and Wells	55	129,965	78	57,800	103
Bristol	41	83,766	58	40,216	71
Canterbury	67	175,625	83	67,705	113
Carlisle	29	58,459	49	25,108	39
Chester	257	568,826	351	220,542	439
Chichester	41	73,313	47	31,690	58
David's, St.	—	—	—	—	—
Durham	75	298,755	113	63,259	173
Ely	14	32,425	22	14,810	33
Exeter	159	362,551	176	152,019	234
Gloucester	36	87,934	46	46,931	76
Hereford	33	82,567	51	39,483	42
Llandaff	11	28,200	21	12,350	42
Lichfield and Coventry	129	430,231	189	122,756	294
Lincoln	129	213,038	165	104,644	269
London	132	661,394	186	162,962	265
Norwich	70	135,900	78	64,668	114
Oxford	30	36,251	50	35,520	38
Peterborough	17	34,825	20	19,450	37
Rochester	24	105,142	36	25,280	44
Salisbury	83	142,009	134	72,243	142
Winchester	120	371,206	193	115,711	165
Worcester	40	75,239	66	36,263	59
York	108	591,972	220	149,277	392
Totals	1,881	4,937,782	2,533	1,856,108	3 438

THOMAS B. CLARKE,
Receiver, &c., of Diocesan Returns made to His Majesty in Council.

Fire Damp and Choke Damp.—A return of the number of persons who have been destroyed by fire damp and choke damp in the mines and collieries of England and Wales, so far as the same can be ascertained by the Clerks of the Peace from the returns made by the Coroners since the year 1810, to an order from the House of Commons, has been printed, and furnishes the following particulars:—Chester, since 1814, 7; Cumberland, since 1810, 140; Derbyshire, since 1814, 19; Durham, no return yet

made; Gloucestershire, since 1810, 3; Lancashire, incomplete.—No return yet made from the Rochdale district, nor the borough of Wigan. The return from the West Derby hundred is from August, 1827, only, that from the Manchester district so recent as July, 1832, 135; Monmouthshire, since 1810, 3; Northumberland, since 1814, incomplete. The Coroners deliver their inquisitions to the Judges of Assize at the opening of their Courts, and not to the Clerk of the Peace, it is therefore expected that the Clerk of the Assize will be able to furnish a correct account. Nottingham, since 1810, 18; Shropshire, since 1810, 89; Somersetshire, since 1810, *one!* Staffordshire, since 1818, 104; Warwickshire, since 1810, 3; Worcestershire, no return yet made. York, North Riding, since 1810, 29; West Riding, since 1810, 346. Of these persons, although the whole were killed in the mines and collieries of this district, the particular causes of the deaths of 230 of them have not been stated in the Coroners' returns. In Brecon, since 1815, 15; Flintshire, since 1810, 39; total to August 30, 1834, 1028.

Education in Factories.—The Central Board, with a view to obtain correct information as to the state of education amongst the operatives, in the forms sent out made columns in which should be entered one by one whether the operative could read or not, and write or not; a large body of information had thence been obtained. Most of the factories which made a return as to wages made also a return as to education, but several did not do so. On the other hand, many more factories which did not return an account, one by one, of the wages, have given information as to reading and writing. The result may be seen by the following table:—

	Can Read.	Cannot Read.	Can Write.	Cannot Write.
Yorkshire	9087	1616	5191	5509
Lancashire	11393	2344	5184	8553
Cheshire	3092	344	1630	1806
Derbyshire	2490	314	1200	1604
Staffordshire	3530	718	2603	1645
Leicestershire	351	92	174	269
Nottinghamshire	948	127	455	616
Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex	1914	433	608	1739
Wiltshire	3015	527	1364	2208
Somersetshire	2040	220	591	1678
Devonshire	755	34	401	386
Gloucestershire	4556	379	1983	2952
Worcestershire	21	—	16	5
Warwickshire	105	15	81	39
Total	43,327	7170	21,488	29,009

The following is a summary of the fourteenth annual report of the commissioners for building new churches:—Churches and chapels completed, 208; ditto building, 5; plans improved, 2; grants proposed to be made for building other churches and chapels, 10; total, 225. Accommodation in churches and chapels completed:—in pews, 125,481; in free sittings, 153,568; total, 279,049.

Militia.—The Commissioners lately appointed by Government to inspect the Militia Staff in the three kingdoms have finished their report, which states that a great number of the non-commissioned officers are inefficient, and consequently recommends their discharge. They further recommend that the small regiments should be united, and that it would be desirable for them to recruit the regular army. That this plan will be carried into effect, there cannot be a doubt, for operations to that effect have already commenced. The correspondence in future is to be carried on through the Commander-in-Chief's Office.

Education of the Poor.—During the past and the present year 328 schools have been received into union with the National Society, carrying

up the amount of schools in union to the number of 2937; and 6643*l.* have been voted in aid of the building school-rooms in 104 places, the total expense of the buildings being estimated at 20,000*l.* The Society has recently made a general inquiry into the state of education under the Established Church in all parts of the kingdom; and an account has been obtained concerning 8650 places, which were found to contain about 11,000 schools, with 678,356 children. It is calculated that there cannot be less, in England and Wales, than 710,000 children under the instruction of the Clergy.

Steam-Navigation.—A return recently published gives the following account of the steam voyages made in the United Kingdom and its dependencies:—

		Voyages.	Tons.
1833	Coastwise	11,401	1.652.089
1833	do.	10,322	1.501.649
1832	Foreign Ports	1.306	132.921
1832	do.	1,112	98,116

It appears from the above that steam-navigation has increased about one-ninth part last year, as compared with the year before.

Import of Cotton.—The number of bags of cotton imported into this country from America, from the 1st of January to the 29th of August, 1834, was 663,256. The total number imported in the whole of 1833 was 652,822, being an increase of 10,124 bags, imported in the first eight months of 1834, over the whole imports of 1833.

The exports of cotton goods and yarns from the United Kingdom, from the 5th of January to the 5th of July, 1834, appear, from a Parliamentary paper just printed, to have been as follows:—

Cotton Yarn	£2 348,655	declared value.
Cotton Goods	7,395,193	
	£9,743,848	

If the exports of the second half year should equal those of the first, the cotton exports of 1834 will considerably exceed those of any former year.

Assessed Tax Composition.—By the 4th and 5th William IV. c. 54, Compositions for Establishments may be entered into from the 5th of April, 1835, for a term of five years, upon the articles assessed in the present year, including any set up since the 5th April last, paying in addition 1s. in the pound on the amount; and certain of the existing compositions may be renewed in respect of Establishments for a similar term from 5th of April, 1835. The notice of intention to compound or renew to be given by the 5th April next. Articles kept for trade, or charged on persons in partnership, or let or used for hire, are not allowed to be compounded for.

Window Duty.—The 7th section of the same act allows a person duly assessed for windows for the present year the privilege of making or opening free of duty any additional window in his dwelling house, warehouse, shop, or other premises; in case of not being assessed by reason of having less than eight windows, his opening an additional number will not make him liable; but in neither instance can he erect or build any addition thereto, or open communication with any other tenement or building adjoining or near, without subjecting the windows in the whole to assessment together, as heretofore.

The quantity of coals consumed in England and Wales is calculated as follows:—In the manufactories, 3,500,000 London chaldrons; in household consumption, 5,500,000—making 9,000,000 London chaldrons, consumed from inland collieries. The quantity sent coastwise on both sides of the island is 3,000,000 chaldrons—making 12,000,000 in all.

A parliamentary report on light-houses has been printed, from which it appears that, for maintaining 134 lights, nearly 250,000*l.* is exacted from the shipping of the country, though the expenses of the 134 lights do not amount to 75,000*l.*, exclusive of nearly 23,000*l.* for collecting! This is indeed a Falstaff's bill—the halfpenny-worth of service to the public, and the revenue given to sack!

Decrease of Public Executions.—The following is a statement of the number of executions which have taken place in London, in each respective year, since 1816:—

1816	18	1826	16
1817	23	1827	17
1818	20	1828	22
1819	26	1829	28
1820	43	1830 (William IV Rex)	6
1821	33	1831	4
1822	23	1832	4
1823	18	1833	3
1824	11	1834 (no execution this year.)	
1825	17		

Custom House Establishment.—From accounts recently laid before Parliament it appears that there are in England seventy-four ports, fifteen of which do not remit 1000*l.* a year each to the Exchequer; twenty-six others which remit between 1000*l.* and 5000*l.* each, and only six which exceed 100,000*l.* per annum, namely—London, 8,692,945*l.*; Liverpool, 3,555,955*l.*; Bristol, 1,016,873*l.*: Hull, 592,181*l.*; Newcastle, 273,586*l.*; and Gloucester, 102,875*l.* Sunderland remits 75,364*l.*; Stockton, 50,010*l.*; and Berwick only 2662. In Scotland there are twenty-one ports, thirteen of which do not remit 5000*l.* a year each; and in Ireland fifteen ports, five of which do not reach 3000*l.* a year each.

Intelligence has been received from Captain Back, who was aware of the return of Captain Ross and his crew to England. It appears from communications up to the 4th of May, from Fort Reliance, east end of the Great Slave Lake, that Captain Back was preparing to depart, with a view of prosecuting the ulterior objects of the expedition.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Law of Duelling in Hanover.—The First Chamber of the States of Hanover adopted, in a recent sitting, a law on duels. The penalty of death is pronounced against the person who, in a mortal combat, shall have killed his adversary; which penalty, under extenuating circumstances, may be commuted to twenty years' transportation. In the case of a duel not before fixed, to be mortal, he who shall have killed his adversary is punishable by six years' imprisonment in the House of Correction, which period may be diminished by extenuating circumstances. Serious wounds from the same cause are punished by ordinary imprisonment. The seconds, who might have used proper exertions to prevent the duel, are not exonerated from punishment. Medical practitioners, whose aid may have been required, are not liable, neither are they obliged to give information on the subject.

It is calculated that the loss experienced by speculators in the Spanish funds since July, has been—at Paris, 200,000,000 francs; at London, 120,000,000f.; at Berlin, 50,000,000f.; at Frankfort, 70,000,000f.; at Antwerp, 30,000,000f.; at Brussels, 15,000,000f.; at Amsterdam, 20,000,000f.; and at Vienna, 10,000,000f. Thus the total loss in Europe amounts to more than 500,000,000f. It is supposed that if a rise in Spanish securities should now be too sudden, it would occasion a loss almost as considerable.

A very singular musical instrument has been lately invented by a mechanic at Vienna. This instrument, which is called a *phonomime*, is considered by musical composers, and others, to be the most remarkable that has ever been produced. It is in appearance something like an organ; but the inventor has found a method, by means of numerous pipes and machinery, to cause it to emit the sound of a fine chorus of male voices. The sound of the human voice is stated to be admirably imitated by the instrument, and a person, who was not aware of the nature of the instrument, could not distinguish the difference. Three of these instruments were tried at the house of one of the *dilettanti* of Vienna, and in a room adjoining was a large company of musical composers and others, and they had no suspicion but that what they heard was actually a chorus of male voices, and the beauty and precision of the supposed voices was universally admired.—*Voleur.*

From a table published in the *Moniteur*, it appears that the number of slaves emancipated in the four French colonies of Martinique, Guadaloupe, French Guiana, and Bourbon, between the end of the year 1830, and the end of May last, amounts to 21,262—namely, in the first, to 13,963; in the second, to 5710; in the third, to 818; and in the fourth, to 771.

Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.—An eruption has recently taken place at Vesuvius, which has destroyed upwards of fifteen hundred houses, palaces, and other buildings, besides 2500 acres of cultivated land. It commenced on the 27th of August, when new craters were seen to open, and thousands of families were compelled to fly from their native land, through heavy masses of heated cinders. The eruption, which had been previously expected from the drying up of the fountains, surpassed everything which history has transmitted to us. The first explosion destroyed the great cone situated on the top of the mountain: and the abundance of inflamed matter produced flashes which darted through the mountain's flanks. A new crater burst open at the top of the great cone, and inundated the plain with torrents of lava. The King and the Ministers hastened to the seat of the catastrophe, to console the unfortunate victims. The village of St. Felix, where they first took repose, had already been abandoned. The lava soon poured down upon this place, and, in the course of an hour, houses, churches, and palaces were all destroyed. Four villages, some detached houses, country villas, vines, beautiful groves, and gardens, which, a few instants before presented a magnificent spectacle, now resembled a sea of fire. Just before the explosion, an English lady was taking a sketch of the incipient eruption, and, had she remained an hour longer, she would have been ingulphed. The lava extended itself as far as six miles within three hours; and six torrents at one time threatened the villages of Torre dell' Annunciata, Bosco Trecase, and Bosco Reale. The palace of the Prince of Ottajano, and 500 acres of his land, are utterly destroyed. The cinders fell during an entire night over Naples; and, if the lava had taken that direction, it would have destroyed the whole of that city.

Spanish Clergy.—The following is the state of the revenues of the Spanish clergy, with the number of that body, according to a census taken in 1826, the latest period at which a census has been made:—61 archbishops and bishops, 2363 canons, 1869 prebends, 16,481 parish priests, 17,411 superior incumbents, 9411 inferior incumbents, 3467 postulans, 27 candidates for livings, 11,300 hermits, 61,327 monks, 31,400 nuns, 4928 curates: making a total of 150,519 ecclesiastics—viz. secular clergy, 57,892; regular clergy, 92,627. This table gives one clergyman for every 91 inhabitants, whereas, in Italy, there is only one in 200; in France, one in 280; in England, one in 350; in Austria, one in 600. In addition to the above numbers, there were 15,615 sacristans, &c., 3225 servitors of churches, 20,346 lay members performing divers religious functions, 7393 secular

ladies; which makes a total of 186,498 individuals belonging to the church or its dependencies. Without including these last classes, the Spanish clergy is two or three times more numerous than that of Italy and France. It is four times that of England without difference of worship. It is seven times larger than that of the Netherlands and Austria, in proportion to the population of those countries. In calculating the fixed revenues of the Spanish clergy, from the cadastral bases of the twenty-two generalities of Castille and Arragon, we find them as follow:—

Patrimony	19,565,000 francs.
Houses	6,230,000
Lands	109,792,000
Cattle	9,143,000
Fixed Salaries	5,154,000
Total	149,884,000

In this calculation is not included ecclesiastical property without revenue, such as the numerous edifices occupied by the clergy, and those which are employed for public worship. On this point it is taken for granted that the statement made by Cabarrus, that their real property might be valued at 3,125,000,000 of francs, is correct. This is just one-fourth of the territorial capital of Spain, which, in 1809, was valued by the Chamber of Contributions at 12,500,000,000 francs. Independently of this fourth of the territorial value of the entire kingdom, the clergy possess other branches of revenue to a large amount, which have been estimated by the Minister, Martin de Garay, and other economists, as follows:—

Ecclesiastical Tithes	81,000,000fr.
Casual	31,850,000
Total	112,850,000

This sum, joined to the above net proceeds, carries the amount of the annual receipts of the Spanish clergy to 262,850,000 fr., which is 1750 fr. for each of its members: whereas, even under the old regime, in 1789, when the French clergy had 405,000,000, each ecclesiastic had but 1300fr.—*French paper.*

A new observatory, far surpassing in magnitude every similar establishment, is about to be built at St. Petersburgh, by command of the Emperor. The observatory itself will consist of three towers, with moveable cupolas. Two of these towers are to be appropriated to the Kongsberg heliometer and the Dorpat refractor; but the centre tower is destined for the reception of an instrument exceeding in size all others of the kind. In the lower part of the towers the meridian and transportable instruments will be placed. Spacious habitations for five astronomers will be connected by two corridors with these towers: so that the whole will form a continuous building, 510 feet in length. Smaller subordinate buildings, for various purposes, will increase the establishment, for the site of which an eminence between six and seven miles from St. Petersburgh has been selected.—*Athenæum.*

On opening recently an Etruscan vase, taken from the ruins of Herculaneum, the learned Abbé Facciolati found an orange pickled in vinegar, in perfect preservation; from which it appears, that the ancient Romans made use of oranges as we do of gherkins.

A lump of silver has been obtained in the silver mines of Konigsberg, which is perhaps the largest ever seen. It weighed 7½ cwt., and is estimated at the value of 13,000 specie dollars.

According to the last census, the entire population of Greece amounts to only 811,185 souls. In that kingdom there 116 towns, and 2146 villages, exclusive of those of the isles of the Archipelago, of which 33 only are inhabited.

AGRICULTURE.

One of the most striking and most agreeable phenomena of the times is the prevalence of Associations, having for their immediate object the encouragement of the labourers and farmers' servants of both classes, by prizes for ploughing and other skill, and for good conduct, and, remotely, the more important and national effect of re uniting the several orders of rural society by the renewal of mutual regard and mutual interest. In the most highly-cultivated agricultural counties, these Associations are widely extending themselves, and if they do not yet embrace any very large portion of the landowners, there are powerful evidences, in the strong remarks made upon the absence of this order in the provincial journals, that public sentiment will constrain them (if duty fail in convincing them of the necessity) to take their natural and proper place amongst their friends, tenants, and neighbours. Indeed, the whole rural population seems now to be convinced, that employment and the re-establishment of those bonds which heretofore compacted them together, is the true and only restorative for the disorder of distress: and thus allotments, giving the labourer a stake in the land, and a resource when work fails, begin to be generally substituted for the unproductive and depraving assemblies upon the road and in the gravel-pit, though these are still but too commonly the foolish and destructive alternatives when work is not to be had.

The Poor Law Amendment Bill is beginning to be acted upon, but, of course, very partially. The Commissioners have circulated letters of inquiry, intending, as it should seem, to issue a digested series of regulations, when they have obtained from every parish the details required. This caution is, it must be admitted, perfectly indispensable. But what then?—the generalization drawn—the local discretion hitherto vested in parish-officers and magistrates, must still be exercised by some resident functionary, for, with the exception of the very plainest cases, which need no direction, it is physically impossible to meet, by any universal law, the anomalous exceptions which are perpetually arising. The solution, indeed, of all the difficulty lies in one word—*employment*—and till that be found, the pauper may be maintained in a workhouse, or out of a workhouse—the process may be changed, but the result must be the same—the maintenance of the pauper at the expense of the parish. To return, however, to the partial working of the Bill. In the metropolis it goes to no more than driving those who have had out-door allowances into the house, and terrifying a good many into other means of gaining a livelihood. In the provinces it has excited some, but not much alarm, and, for the reason above stated, its operation is rarely tried. Overseers go on as heretofore, till better instructed by the Commissioners.

In the mean time the depressed price of wheat has induced the farmers, in some instances, actually to lower, and in most places to talk of lowering, wages. Tumultuous meetings of the labourers have been held in a few districts, but without any serious demonstrations of mischievous intention. The worst symptom is, that stack burning has again begun, and with very fatal success. It was observed by those whose interests connected them with the insurance of property, that during the first burst of this useless, as well as wicked destruction of production, the ravages were confined to ten of the counties of England. Now, we fear, the example has extended itself to a far greater proportion.

The very partial fall of rain which succeeded the long drought towards the end of the English harvest is said to have visited Scotland and Ireland with more severity, and to have not only retarded the getting in of the crop, but to have injured its quality. Were this account true as respects Ireland, it might have some slight effect upon the English markets, for

we have shown, in a former article, that the increase of the supply from the sister island has given the corn trade of that country an influence which, till of late, it did not possess in our transactions. But we have strong reasons to believe, that these rumours are only the usual indications of those attempts to affect prices, which are analogous to the reports that daily agitate the surface of the money market, without reaching its depths. There is no concealing nor altering the fact most momentous to the landed interest, and the country at large, that the produce of the harvest of the United Kingdom is beyond the average of years, both in quantity and quality; and since the supply of the last two years has been found equal to the demand, the price must be low, especially as there is so large a stock of foreign corn in warehouse to fall back upon in any event. Perhaps the price may have been a little kept down of late by the want of wind and water during this extraordinary season, which has stopped both classes of mills, while those who have steam-power have reaped whatever of advantage can appertain to so uncertain a trade. The baker, it is averred, has drawn a considerable profit, the quartern loaf being at present from a halfpenny to a penny more than the price of flour warrants. This is a nice calculation; and even when it is not reduced by the competition set up by bakers who sell at an under price, must be of doubtful certainty, owing to the infinitely ramified opportunities of buying and selling at unknown rates belonging to the trade. The quantities of wheat sent into the market have exceeded those of the corresponding quarter last year by very nearly 21,000 quarters, and form indeed the largest quarterly amount ever received. This brings the operation of low price to full proof. Those who must raise money are compelled to increase the quantity sold in proportion. Thus the market is glutted, and the price kept down in some sort, artificially as it were. We fear this symptom is but premonitory of the coming distress. All persons connected with land agency predict that it will be a year of greater ruin than even 1822. This very impression will, however, induce all that prudence can do to provide against consequences. The farmers are already observed to avoid all expenses in their own persons and business that are not absolutely inevitable.

The supply of wheat has been abundant: that of barley, limited. The natural consequence is, the price of the one is stationary, the other about 1*s*. in advance of the best malting quality, but the inferior sorts are dull and cheaper. The maltsters will no doubt begin to work immediately, having been deterred from commencing only by the unusual heat of the weather.

The out-trade is rendered dull (in the new corn), by a large importation from Ireland. The imperial average for the week ending October 3rd was, wheat, 42·9; barley, 29·9; oats, 22·7; rye, 32·1; beans, 35·11; peas, 41·7.

Both old and new hay is rising in price. The duty on hops is estimated to be from 160,000*l*. to 165,000*l*., the trade lively.

Perhaps the wheat-sowing was never so late as this year, owing to the impracticability of breaking up the land, baked as it has been by heat. But there was a heavy thunderstorm on the 14th, accompanied by a great deal of rain, which extended over a considerable portion of the kingdom, and some genial showers have fallen since. The plough has therefore been actively at work, and the sowing is auspiciously begun. The rains have also very much abated the injury done by mildew to the turnips, the growth of which, in many places, was entirely stopped by its blighting malignity. In but too many instances the leaves have died and fallen away, but in the greater portion the mildew is washed off, and the healthy appearance and functions of these organs are renewed. The crop is every where excellent, and will, in a good degree, if the weather should remain open, atone for the deficiency of the hay.

RURAL ECONOMY.

The Allotment System.—The following is an abstract of a paper recently read before the Committee of the Agricultural Society on the above subject, by Mr. Aikin, of Harlington, Beds.

As the system of making small allotments of lands is extended very much, and great good is found to result not only to the poor themselves, but also to all those who are in any way interested either as contributors to the parish rates, or in the quiet and orderly behaviour of the labouring classes, it has been thought fit that it might be beneficial to relate what has been done in furtherance of this experiment in the parish of Toddington, Beds. The parish, as appears by the last census, contains 1926 inhabitants, of which number 306 are employed in agriculture. In the year 1830, the poor-rates amounted to about 7*s.* 9*d.* per acre; in 1831, the rate was 8*s* 3*d.* per acre; and in 1832 it was nearly the same. In common with many other parishes the quantity of agricultural labour has greatly exceeded the demand, and for want of a regular, well managed plan for employing the extra hands, they have been turned on the high roads in gangs of twenty or thirty, not to work, but apparently to give them an opportunity of forming plans for midnight depredation. The consequence was, as might have been foreseen, a great demoralization of the men, and an increase of the rates. Under these circumstances, the principal proprietor in the parish resolved to make the experiment, whether this sad state of things might not be meliorated by making small allotments of land to the labourers. In November, 1829, six allotments of half an acre each were made to six men, well recommended for their good conduct, and having large families. The land is a free-working substantial gravel, and at the time was a wheat stubble; it was let as from the 29th of September preceding, but as no profit could accrue to the people for the next half year, their rent was not to begin till the 25th of March following. It was not supposed that they would attempt to put in any wheat; however, they each, by one means or other, collected sufficient manure for a small part of the land, and sowed it with wheat; the rest of the land was in the spring set mostly with potatoes, with some peas, cabbages, turnips, scarlet beans, &c. The men took great pains, and kept their land very clean; they were repaid by good crops, which caused them to redouble their exertions to procure manure, so that the streets were cleared of whatever could be made convertible to that end. As a proof of the benefit derived, one of the men having a very large family, and who had heretofore been obliged to go to the overseer for money to pay the rent of his cottage, was able to pay it himself, to his no small satisfaction.

This experiment appearing to succeed so well, the labourers generally were very importunate to have land also. Accordingly, at Michaelmas, 1830, a large field was divided amongst forty-one labourers, in pieces varying in size according to the ridges into which it was accustomed to be ploughed, giving the larger portions to those with the largest families. This land was of the same quality, and was let upon the same terms as the former; but as it was for the most part extremely foul and out of condition, very little wheat was put in; and, indeed, it was apprehended in the spring that the men would hardly get their potatoes in: but they turned to with hearty good will—they were working for themselves; and the farmers having ploughed the land for them in the autumn, they set most of it with potatoes, and some corn and vegetables; their crop of potatoes was abundant, some of the lots having yielded from sixty to eighty and ninety bushels.

That the people receive benefit from these allotments is evident from the labour they bestow not only in getting out the twitch grass and other weeds, but also from their actually making good and substantial hollow

drains. It is further shown by their good and orderly conduct. In summer evenings, instead of idly lounging about the place, or doing mischief, they are occupied about their land. It is a heart-cheering sight to see from forty to fifty persons, after their master's work is done, labouring upon their own little farms, weeding and clearing their crops till daylight fails, and then going quietly home, doubtless with the pleasing anticipation of their labour eventually making them independent of the parish—as their fathers, or rather their grandfathers, had been formerly.

In addition to the forty-seven allotments already spoken of, and two good gardens, thirty-four more pieces have been allotted this Michaelmas, making a total of eighty-three, which will nearly meet the demand. The land thus employed, as well as that of the whole parish, is tithe free; and it was thought advisable, instead of making a separate charge on each allotment to the parish rates, to include such rate—namely, about 8*s*. an acre in the rent, which varies according to the quality of the soil, and other circumstances, from 32*s*. to 36*s*. per acre. The wills and terms upon which the land is held are very few and simple, and cannot be misunderstood or forgotten.

In the first place, the rent is to be paid punctually on each quarter day, under a penalty for default of immediate loss of land with crop on it. Secondly, if any of the men are convicted before a magistrate of any breach of the law, the land and crop are in like manner forfeited. Lastly, it is particularly insisted upon that they shall be watchful over the morals of their families, and regularly frequent some place of public worship, and especially that the children be not permitted to be idling about the streets after night-fall.

In granting the allotments, regard was of course had to the characters of the applicants, and those who were notoriously bad, objected to. This rule was well enough to begin with, but upon reflection it was thought right to give those whose characters did not stand very well, a chance of retrieving themselves, as one of them said, "I know, Sir, that you have not a very good opinion of me, but give me an opportunity of honestly employing my time, and you shall see that my land shall be as well cultivated as the rest, and no fault shall be found with me in other matters." He has hitherto kept his word. He has hollow-drained his land, and bestowed as much pains upon it as if it were his own freehold. The labourers now all reside in the town, and the rents are paid punctually as they become due.

Mr. J. H. Payne, of Bury, has made the experiment of applying a solution of common soda as a manure, with great success. The difference between vegetables so treated, and those watered with common water, is very conspicuous; and the vegetable marrow, in common mould, to which the alkali has been applied, surpasses in vigour plants placed on a bed of dung. The proportion used is one pound of soda to 12 or 14 gallons of water.—*Bury Post.* A correspondent of the same paper has since recommended to farmers, who may be induced to follow the above example, "to make use of the dry carbonate of soda, as the crystallised soda (that is, the soda of the shops) contains from 60 to 70 per cent. of water, which can be well supplied from the well at home, with a saving of more than half the expense of carriage." He affirms that one hundred weight of the dry will go as far nearly as two-and-a-half hundred weight of the crystallised. The former, too, costs about 21*s*. per cwt., and the latter only 13*s*. 6*d*.

USEFUL ARTS.

Medical Invention.—At one of the last sittings of the *Académie des Sciences* in Paris, Dr. Majendie made a report upon an instrument in-

vented by Dr. Herisson, called the *Sphygomomètre*, which shows the rate of the pulse, its rhythm, and anomalies. In pursuance of the conclusions of the eminent reporter, the Academy passed a vote of thanks to the author of this most useful and ingenious discovery. Dr. Herisson has published a memoir showing the results of his several applications of this instrument in studying the diseases of the heart. After six years of clinical researches, supported by numerous anatomical proofs, it is found capable of distinguishing organic affections from cases which only assume the appearance of such affections. As the *Sphygomomètre* gives the numerical force of the pulse, it has now become possible, according to the observations of Dr. Herisson, to prevent such attacks of apoplexy as arise from a too great determination of the blood towards the head. By this instrument, also, may be calculated the effect of blood-letting upon the strength of a patient. It is therefore a most important invention, and must excite the attention of all persons, whether French or foreigners, who are capable of appreciating its qualities.

Silk from Spiders.—The following curious paper will be read with some interest. A specimen of the silk was deposited with the Society of Arts, whose silver Isis medal was awarded to Mr. Rolt, of Friday-street, Cheapside, for the discovery.

In the early part of last century, the attention of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris was called to a memoir of M. Bon, of Montpelier, on the silk which he had obtained from the bags in which the common house spider deposits its eggs. These bags were carded and spun into thread, and a few small articles, such as gloves and stockings, were made of it, rather as objects of curiosity than use. The further investigation of the subject was committed by the Academy to M. Réaumur, who, after many trials, gave it as his opinion, that this kind of silk could never be worth collecting, on account of the small quantity yielded by each spider, its inferiority in lustre to that of the silkworm, the impossibility of making the spiders live in quiet with each other, and the great difficulty of providing them with suitable food.

The subject of Mr. Rolt's experiments has been the garden spider (*Aranea diadema*), the webs of which in autumn are so conspicuous on the surface of shrubs, and in other similar situations. On allowing one of these animals to crawl over his hand, he found that it drew a thread with it wherever it went; he likewise, without any difficulty, wound some of his thread over this hand, finding that the spider continued spinning while the thread was winding up. On this hint he connected a small reel with the steam-engine of the factory in which he is occupied, and putting it in motion, at the rate of 150 feet a minute, found that the spider would thus continue to afford an unbroken thread during from three to five minutes. The specimen of this silk which accompanied Mr. Rolt's communication was wound off from twenty spiders in about two hours. He estimates its length at 18,000 feet; its colour is white, and its lustre is brilliant and completely metallic, owing probably to its great opacity. No attempt has been made by him to combine two or more filaments into one by winding, nor, of course, to form it into thread by throwing. The thread of the garden spider is so much finer than that of the silk-worm, that the united strength of five of the former is, according to Mr. Rolt, equal only to one of the latter; and assuming that the weight is in proportion to the strength, and that a spider will yield twice a year a thread 750 feet long, while that produced by a single silk-worm is 1900 feet, it follows that the produce of one silk-worm is equal to that of 6·3 spiders. Now, as, on an average, it takes about 3500 silk-worms to produce a pound weight of silk, it would take about 22,000 spiders to produce an equal quantity. Besides, spiders are not so easily confined as silk-worms, and whenever two come in contact, a battle ensues, which ends in the destruction of the weaker one. Spiders kept for silk must, therefore, be each in

separate dens or cells; and the apparatus contrived by Mr. Rolt for this purpose, although very ingenious, and well adapted to carry on an experiment with a hundred or two, would manifestly be wholly inapplicable to any purpose of commercial utility. Mr. Rolt has, however, made some interesting additions to the history of the garden spider, and has obtained the silk in its natural state, exhibiting all its peculiar lustre. His method, likewise, of winding the silk directly from the animal is, to say the least of it, effectual and ingenious.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM AUGUST 26, TO SEPTEMBER 19, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 23. J. R. PIDDING, George-yard, Lombard-street, merchant. R. DAVIS, Watling-street, linen-warehouseman. E. DENMAN, Mark-lane, watch and clock-maker. T. HUTTON, H. W. LEPINE, and C E. LEPINE, Newgate-street, fringe-manufacturers. W. MILLS, Adam-street West, Bryanstone-square, cheesemonger. W. PROSSER, sen., and W. PROSSER, jun., Pitfield-street, Hoxton, linen-drapers. J. EDWARDS, Liverpool, cheesemonger. J. EADES and W. BREARLEY, Birmingham, chemists. R. W. BURNLEY, Leeds, cheesemonger. J. JAMES, Walbrook, City, hardwareman. J. MEREDITH, Llanelweth Hall, Radnor, coal-merchant.

Sept. 26. W. ECCLES, Union-court, Old Broad street, City, apothecary. J. M. HOLL, W. OSWALD, and H. HOAR, Feather's court, Milk-street, City, Irish linen-factors. J. BENTLEY, Cheapside, silk-warehouseman. S. WELLS, Wood-street, Cheapside, hatter. M. MILLER, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, hotel-keeper. J. BETTELEY, Liverpool, plumber. W. COMER, Liverpool, cotton broker. D. DYBALL, Cambridge, oil and colourman.

Sept. 30. T. F. NORTON, Palatine-house, Stoke Newington. J. LEWIS and S. PALMER, Coventry, drapers. E. MOGRIDGE, Tipton Mills, Devonshire, miller. J. W. DEACON, Barnack, Northampton, maltster. M. BINNS, Harrowgate, Yorkshire, innkeeper. J. SHARMAN, Ringstead, Northamptonshire, miller. T. KINGSTON, Bristol, cabinet-maker. J. MARTIN, Callington, Cornwall, ironmonger.

Oct. 3. J. BARROW and R. W. VIZER, Bristol, merchants. J GRIFFITH, Cateaton-street, wool-broker. R. M. MOORE, Bishopsgate-street, oil and colourman. J MILLETT, sen., Fulham, market-gardener. J. BENTLEY, C. DEAR, and J. M. RICHARDSON, Cheapside, warehousemen. H. BONSOR, Stewart-street, Spital-fields, silk-manufacturer. R. PARKER, Rupert-street, Haymarket, harness-maker. J. DAVIDSON and J. DAVIS, Garratt-lane, Wandsworth, calico-printers. W. A. GROOCOCK, Kentish Town, merchant. T. NICHOLLS, Lowther-arcade, Strand, linen-draper. H. GEORGE, Bathwick, Somersetshire, stationer. T. HINGSTON, Bristol, cabinet-maker. W. and A. HORTON, Sheffield, Yorkshire, button-manufacturers. W. POOLE, Carlton-street, Nottingham, boot and shoemaker. R. MORRIS, Carnarvon, dealer.

Oct. 7. G. N. GOODWYN, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, hair-dresser. R. M. RAIKES, London-wall, merchant. J. FORTH, Castle-street, Southwark, hatter. W. R. FRY, Portland-terrace, Portland-town, timber-merchant. G. F. GIRDWOOD, Edgeware-road, surgeon. J. A. ROBSON, Bank-chambers, Lothbury, bill-broker. J. T. THOMPSON, Long-acre, upholsterer. W. STARLING, Bishopsgate-street Without, hatter. W. BALDWIN, Prospect-wharf, Fore street, Limehouse, coal merchant. W. WELLS, Nottingham, paper-dealer. N. HOWARD, Denton, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer.

Oct. 10. H F. FOLEY, Windsor, surgeon. J. SEDDON, Radcliffe, Lancashire, fustian-manufacturer. W. MOODY, Caistor, Lincolnshire, scrivener. W. P. CAREW, Newcastle-under-Lyme, surgeon. W. LONG, New Sarum, Wiltshire, grocer. T. MULLINS, Bridgewater, Somersetshire, scrivener. The Hon. G. L. MASSEY, Brighton, lodging-house-keeper. J. BRADLEY, Clown, Derbyshire, cabinet-maker.

Oct. 14. W. REDHEAD, jun., Lime-street, City. P. WOOTTON, Birchington, Kent, grocer. J. HARDISTY and W BECK, Liverpool, druggists. J. HODGKINS, Liverpool, brush-manufacturer. F. H. MAIR, King's Lynn, Norfolk, beer brewer. J. MITCHELL, Higgin Chamber, Sowerby, Halifax, cotton-spinner. S. MANN, Norwich, grocer. T. MEREDITH, Horncastle, Lincolnshire, maltster. J. BELLAMY, Ross, Herefordshire apothecary. T. HOLDSWORTH, Armley, Yorkshire, wheelwright. G. REED, Congresbury, Somersetshire, corn-merchant.

Oct. 17. W. PORTER, Gower-street, Middlesex, surgeon. S. D. EVANS, High Holborn, upholsterer. W. J. RUFFY, Budge-row, Watling-street, printer. W. FULLER, jun., Beckenham, Kent, carpenter. J. PAULSON, J. SERJEANT, and C. DENTON, Albion Wharf, Bankside, Southwark, stone-merchants. W. GREEN, Cheapside, City, silk-warehouseman. F. P. JERVIS, Rathbone place, upholsterer. J. WESTLEY, Great Winchester-street, Broad street, City, stationer. R. OUTTERSIDE, Liverpool, tailor. T. EYTON, F. CARLILE, and H. DYSON, Liverpool, manufacturing chemists. J. J. BULMAN, Coxlodge-cottage, Northumberland, dealer. T. ROBINSON, Hexham, Northumberland, innkeeper. T. BROWN and R. BROWN, Jarrow, Durham, canvas manufacturers R. HARRISON, Ludham, Norfolk, farmer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

Notwithstanding some failures to a considerable amount which have recently occurred, the state of trade is tolerably satisfactory; though more so perhaps in the out-ports and in the large manufacturing towns than in the metropolis. Of these failures, two are in the Yorkshire woollen trade, and it is apprehended that some of the smaller manufacturers in that county will suffer severely in consequence; another is that of an old-established firm trading with British North America, and possessing, at Halifax, one of the largest ship-building establishments in the world; a fourth is in the case of an eminent colonial produce broker in Mincing-lane, and is said to have been mainly brought about by extensive speculations in coffee.

The Colonial Market has been generally heavy of late; in British Plantation Sugars, where sales have been effected, it has been at a reduction from the prices obtained a short time ago of 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* per cwt. in low and middling descriptions, and 6*d.* to 1*s.* in the finer qualities. Jamaica, brown, is quoted at 52*s.* to 54*s.*; middling, 53*s.* to 56*s.*; good, 58*s.* to 60*s.*; fine to very fine, 61*s.* to 63*s.*; the other sales have been chiefly in low brown qualities. In Mauritius Sugars there is little alteration in price; good and fine brown bring 48*s.* to 49*s.*; low to good bright yellow, 52*s.* to 55*s.* 6*d.* In East India Sugars the transactions have been principally in Java, which has brought, for low to fine greyish yellow, 24*s.* to 26*s.*; and for strong greyish white, 26*s.* 6*d.* to 27*s.* 6*d.* Foreign Sugars have maintained their quotations with some firmness; 400 boxes of Havannah were readily disposed of by public sale at 25*s.* to 26*s.* 6*d.* for middling parcel ordinary to middling yellow; a lot of white at 30*s.* 6*d.* A parcel of Bahia, good strong brown, was bought after the sale at 22*s.* to 25*s.*

The Refined Market is very dull; the price asked for fine crushed is 31*s.* 6*d.* per cwt., but there are few purchasers at that price; and, on the other hand, the refiners reject offers of 3*d.* to 6*d.* less.

Some disposition to improvement has latterly been manifested in British Plantation Coffee; Jamaica, by public sale, has brought, for middling, 87*s.* 6*d.* to 88*s.* 6*d.*; for fine ordinary dingy unclean, 70*s.* to 73*s.*; Dominica fine ordinary, 81*s.* to 82*s.* 6*d.* The prices realised for foreign Coffee have been as follows:—Good ordinary St. Domingo, 46*s.* to 46*s.* 6*d.*; fine ordinary Brazil, 47*s.*; low middling Porto Rico, 65*s.*; fine yellow Batavia, 54*s.* to 54*s.* 6*d.*; inferior, 51*s.* to 52*s.* A large lot of Ceylon was taken in at 47*s.* 6*d.*, showing a depreciation of 2*s.* per cent.

There is little doing in the Spirit Market; the failure of a broker who had large dealings in West India Spirits having caused considerable confusion. The nominal quotation for proof Leewards is 2*s.* 2*d.* per gallon. Brandy maintains its price firmly.

Indigo has furnished the opportunity of a profit of about 2*d.* per lb. to those who bought at cheap rates at the late merchants' sales in Mincing-lane, but the general tone of the market is not improved.

The Cotton Market is very brisk, and with a continued ascendancy upwards. The prices which have been recently obtained are for Surat, ordinary, 6⅝*d.*, fair to good 7¼*d.* to 7¾*d.*, fine 8*d.*; Pernams, fine to good fair, 12⅞*d.* to 13¼*d.*; Bowed, middling to good fair, 8¼*d.* to 9*d.*; Madras, good fair, 8*d.*

The East India Company's sale of Silk, which has just terminated, has been well supported throughout; and the prices obtained show an advance of 10 to 15 per cent. upon those of the preceding sale.

The Wool sales, notwithstanding some late failures, have gone off with considerable spirit; and, taking the qualities into consideration, the prices are but little below those of the September sales.

The importations of Tea under the free-trade system have not hitherto been of a character to do honour to the selectors of it or to give satisfaction to the public; as not only are the qualities much lower than any which the Company had been in the habit of importing for several years past, but a large quantity of the stuff brought in under that name is not Tea at all. It appears that, with respect to a portion of it, the inspectors do not know in what manner it should be dealt with, and have submitted the matter to the consideration of the Board of Customs: there can be little question that the Government will see the necessity of altering their course, and of subjecting all descriptions of Tea to one uniform rate of duty, as the only effective source of security both to the consumer and to the revenue.

The Tallow Market is, and has been, steady for some time past; it appears,

however, that the quantity of Tallow shipped from St. Petersburg this year has been much less than in either of the two preceding years. The shipments from the opening of the season to the 6th of October, have been as follows:—

	For London.	For outports.
In 1832 . . .	76,447 casks ..	36,698 casks.
In 1833 . . .	78,873 „ ..	33,728 „
In 1834 . . .	54,320 „ ..	20,666 „

The Corn Exchange continues to present but little fluctuation; but the prices both of Wheat and Barley have lately given indications of a tendency to advance. Oats have been declining in consequence of considerable supplies from Ireland.

The Market for Government Securities has been remarkably steady during the month, the extreme fluctuation in Consols not having exceeded 1¼ per cent. There have been, occasionally, complaints of a scarcity of money, but the real ground of the complaint has been, in fact, rather a scarcity of confidence; money having always been forthcoming in sufficient abundance for all safe and legitimate employment. Bank Stock has improved very considerably since the opening, and India Stock is also better. In the Foreign Stock Market, the fluctuations in Spanish Bonds have been to an extraordinary extent, presenting in the course of little more than a week a difference of nearly 13 per cent. Portuguese, on the contrary, has been comparatively little affected by change, the limits of its variations being within 4 per cent. The strong excitement which these two descriptions of Securities afford to speculation causes other Foreign Stocks to be much neglected; at least they are not made the subject of those gambling adventures by which prices are suddenly and strongly acted upon.

The following are the closing quotations of the principal public Securities, domestic and foreign, on the 25th, together with the lowest and highest prices of real transactions from the commencement of the month.

BRITISH FUNDS.

	Prices. Lowest.	Highest.	Closing.	
Bank Stock . . .	219½	225	223	4
3 per cent. Red. . .	89⅞	90¼	90	⅛
3 per cent. Consols .	90	91¼	90⅞	1
3½ per cent. Red. . .	97⅞	99	98¼	9
3½ per cent. (New) .	98¼	100⅛	99⅞	100
4 per cent. 1826 . .	98¼	99¼	98¼	9
Long Anns., expire Jan. 1860 . .	16 15/16	17 1/16	17	1/16
India Stock . . .	262½	264½	263½	4½
India Bonds, pr. . .	13	25	23	25
Exchequer Bills, pr. .	37	45	41	42

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Bonds, 5 pr ct.	100	101⅛	101¼	⅛
Brazilian (1824) 5 do.	76¼	78⅞	77	½
Columbian (1824) 6 do.	30½	32½	30½	1
Danish, 3 do. . . .	74½	76¼	75¼	6½
Dutch, 2½ do . . .	51½	52⅝	52½	⅝
Do. 5 do.	97¾	98⅝	98½	⅝
Mexican, 6 do . . .	43½	41½	40½	1
Portuguese Reg., 5 do.	80⅛	84	83⅞	4⅛
Russian, 5 do. . .	104¼	106½	106	½
Spanish (1821) 5 do. .	50	62¼	54	¼
Do. (1823) 5 do. . .	49	60		

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican . .	6½	8	7	8
Bolanos	120	130	125	30
Imperial Brazil . .	27	32	27	8
Columbian . . .	10½	12	11	12
Del Monte . . .	29½	30	29	30
United Mexican . .	4½	5	4¾	¾
Canada Company .	43	43½	43	4
Irish Prov. Bank . .	40	41	40	1
Greenwich Railway .	11¼	12	11½	¾
London and Birming.	25½	25⅝		

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE REVENUE.

From the following statement it appears that the comparison between the revenue for the year and the quarter ending the 10th of October, and that for the corresponding periods in 1833, is, upon the whole, very satisfactory. In order to estimate the real increase or decrease in the resources of the country, as indicated by the official returns, it should be borne in mind that considerable reductions have been made in the duties on many important articles of consumption; while the duty on tea has been transferred from the Excise to the Customs, thereby occasioning a large apparent increase in the latter, and a corresponding diminution in the former.

The amount of the duty so transferred from the Excise may be taken at 1,100,000*l.* for the year; the loss by the reduction of the duty on soap amounts to 360,000*l.*, and that by the repeal of the duty on tiles and starch is 21,000*l.*—making, in the whole, 1,481,000*l.* taken from the Excise since last year. But the comparison between the amount of the Excise duties in the year ending the 10th of October, 1833, and the product of these duties in the year ending the 10th of October, 1834, shows a deficiency of 596,000*l.*, which sum deducted from 1,481,000*l.*, the amount of the loss sustained by the Excise, as above stated, leaves 885,000*l.*, which is the actual increase that has taken place in that branch of the public revenue most intimately connected with the comforts of the people. When a similar allowance is made for the quarter, instead of there being a decrease of 846,000*l.* in the Excise, it will be found that there is in reality an increase of 67,000*l.* With respect to the Customs, the duties received on tea during the quarter now terminated amount to 777,000*l.*; whereas the total increase on the Customs is 678,000*l.*, showing a deficiency of 99,000*l.* It will be recollected, however, that a large portion of the duty on cotton, imposed in 1831, but now repealed, appears in the Customs for 1833, the total annual proceeds of this duty being 300,000*l.* There are also a variety of smaller duties, since repealed, which swell the amount for the year and quarter ending October, 1833; so that, due allowance being made for these deductions, an actual increase on those articles common to both years will be the result. With respect to the Stamps, the diminution on the quarter of 22,000*l.* is explained by the repeal of the duty on almanacs, amounting to 20,000*l.*, and the reduction of the advertisement duty, 6500*l.* The decrease on (direct) Taxes for the quarter is 143,000*l.*, which is considerably less than the loss which it was estimated would result from the repeal of the house-duty on shops, and the repeal or modification of the duties on servants, carriages, horses, &c. Making, with respect to the different branches of the revenue, the requisite allowance for the variation arising from the repeal or modification of duties, so that a just comparison may be instituted between the corresponding periods of the present and preceding years, it appears that there is an increase on all the principal articles of consumption—a circumstance which shows, in the most satisfactory manner, a steady and progressive improvement in the resources of the country.

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue for the Years and Quarters ending 10th of October, 1833, and the 10th of October, 1834, showing the Increase or Decrease thereon:—

Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the

	Qrs. ended Oct. 10, 1833	Qrs. ended Oct. 10, 1834.	Increase.	Decrease.	Yrs. ended Oct 10, 1833.	Yrs. ended Oct 10, 1834.	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs...£	4,272,449	4,950,500	678,051	....	15,240,007	16,225,261	985,254	
Excise......	4,771,309	3,924,785	....	846,524	14,54[illegible],957	13,916,348	....	596,609
Stamps.....	1,681,726	1,659,008	....	22,718	6,499,529	6,601,884	102,355	
Taxes.......	652,129	508,714	....	143,415	4,986,180	4,726,195	....	259,985
Post Office..	371,000	366,000	....	5,000	1,400,000	1,362,000	....	38,000
Miscellan....	4,394	1,712	....	2,682	64,816	45,518	....	19,298
	11,753,007	11,410,719			42,703,489	42,907,206		
Repayments of Advances for Public Works, &c..	87,303	99,527	12,224	....	294,903	434,634	139,731	
Total.£	11,840,310	11,510,246	690,275	1,020,339	43,028,392	43,341,810	1,227,340	913,892
	Deduct Increase			690,275	Deduct Decrease....		913,892	
	Decrease on the Quarter			330,064	Increase on the Year		313,448	

THE COLONIES.

EAST INDIES.

The accounts from Surat, received at Bombay, mention that a dreadful fire had broken out at Baodolley, by which two hundred houses and four cotton manufactories were burnt, and property destroyed to the value of two lacs of rupees.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

The export trade increased last year to the sum of 158,000*l.* This speaks favourably for the general prosperity of the colonists, as ten years since it only amounted to 14,500*l.* In the year 1833, there arrived in London from Van Diemen's Land, 6040 bales of wool, each bale averaging 250 lbs. in weight; and during the present year (1834), it is supposed the number of bales that have already reached this country greatly exceed that quantity. The prices obtained at the August sales in London have varied from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 9*d.* per lb. for the inferior sorts, but the finer fleeces have brought from 2*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.*; and a few parcels got up in superior style have reached 2*s.* 11*d.* The value the manufacturers set upon the wools from our Australian possessions may be ascertained by comparing the prices obtained, on the same day, for German and Spanish fleeces. On Friday, the 15th of August, 1834, some excellent New South Wales fleeces were sold at 3*s.* 10½*d.* per lb., and the average prices were from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 11*d*, whilst the German wools fetched only from 1*s.* 11*d.* to 2*s.* 5*d.*, and Spanish mountain from 1*s.* 1*d.* to 1*s.* 5*d.*; the latter were even exceeded by Cape wools, which varied in price from 1*s.* 1*d.* to 2*s.* 1½*d.*—*Parker's Van Diemen's Land.*

British Colonies.—The Colonies now belonging to the Crown of Great Britain, exclusive of those under the government of the East India Company, are as follows:—In the West Indies and South America—1. Antigua, including Barbuda; 2. Barbadoes; 3. British Guiana; 4. Dominica; 5. Grenada; 6. Jamaica; 7. Montserrat; 8. Nevis; 9. St. Christopher's, including Anguilla; 10. St. Lucia; 11. St. Vincent; 12. Tobago; 13. Trinidad; 14. Virgin Islands. In North America, continental and insular —1. Bahama Islands; 2. the Bermuda, or Somer's Islands; 3. Canada Town; 4. Canada Upper; 5. Prince Edward's Island; 6. New Brunswick; 7. Newfoundland, with part of Labrador; 8. Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton. In Africa—1. Cape of Good Hope; 2. Sierra Leone, with the settlement on the Gold Coast. In the Indian Seas—1. Ceylon; 2. Mauritius, with the Seychelles. In the South Seas—1. New South Wales, with Norfolk Island; 2. Van Diemen's Land; 3. Western Australia. And in addition to these may be enumerated the following British possessions, which are said not strictly to fall within the definition of colonies in Europe —1. Gibraltar; 2. Heligoland; 3. Malta.—*Clark on Colonial Law.*

FOREIGN STATES.

SPAIN.

A copy of the project of law adopted by the Chamber of Procuradores has been published. By it all the foreign debts contracted, as well since as before 1823, are recognised, with the exception of Guebhard's loan. These debts are divided into two portions, two-thirds active, and one-third passive. The active debt is to be converted into a new capital bearing an interest of five per cent., to become payable the year after the passing of the law. A sinking fund of one-half per cent. is to be created to pay off the active debt, and as parts of it are cancelled, they are to be replaced by equal portions of the passive debt. Authority has been given to the Government to contract a new loan of 400,000,000 of reals—4,000,000*l.* sterling—in order to cover the deficiencies of the Treasury and meet the extraordinary emergencies created by the Carlist insurrection.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

DOM PEDRO.

In no era since the foundation of civil society have the vicissitudes which mark regal authority been so conspicuous as in this our own day. Any middle-aged man now living may reckon up eighteen crowned heads which have worn the royal or imperial diadem and obliged to lay them down, and so many kings, queens, and emperors bereft of life, throne, or country. Of these, five have suffered by the hand of the assassin or the executioner—eight still exist, or have perished, in exile, and four were restored, and have died or now live on a throne*. The various fortunes of these men, raised from the lowest, or hurled from the highest grade of human society, *quoties voluit Fortuna joçari*, would form one of the most interesting volumes ever submitted to the consideration of mankind. We propose here to give a sketch of one as an example.

Dom Pedro was born at Lisbon, in the palace of Queluz, on the 12th of October, 1798. It is a mistake to call him Don, which is Spanish; both titles are an abbreviation of *Dominus*; but as the Portuguese language is a less deviation from Latin than the Spanish, all its derivations have a nearer approximation to the original. For the same reason, the Spanish Donna is Dona in Portuguese, from *Domina*. Pedro was the second son of John VI. and of Carlotta Joaquina, daughter of Charles IV. of Spain; but, by the premature death of his elder brother, Antonio, he became heir-presumptive to the crown. His immature years were marked by weakness of constitution; but even then, while labouring under ill-health, he displayed much of that activity and vivacity which distinguished him in after life. His first tutor was a remarkable man, the Padre Antonio d'Arrhabida, afterwards Bishop of Annamuria. Among the early acquisitions which he derived from him were music and Latin. In the first he made considerable proficiency, and became both a player and a composer, particularly of sacred music, in which the Portuguese excel. The latter he learned in common with his sisters. It is a language having a strong affinity to his own, and therefore easily and generally acquired by both sexes. There is a hymn in constant use in their church service, the words and metre of which are correctly both Latin and Portuguese.

The entry of the French into Portugal, and the treaty of Fontainebleau, induced the royal family to think of emigrating to another hemisphere; but it was not till after the strong representation of the British minister at Lisbon, and the actual approach of the French to the capital, that the irresolution of Dom John was overcome, and he at length reluctantly embarked on board one of his own ships of war. It was then that the extraordinary and interesting spectacle was exhibited, of a crowned head, with all his family and court, crossing the Atlantic, and seeking in the forests of the New World that asylum which was denied in the Old. On this occasion, Dom Pedro, who was but ten years old, displayed considerable vivacity and energy for a child of his age, and a seriousness which seemed incompatible with it. He was at one time noticed paying particular attention to the movements and all the mechanical parts of the ship, and taking an active part in working her; at another he was seen to sit apart in deep meditation, or reading Virgil at the foot of the main mast, and finding out a similarity between the fate and wandering of Æneas and his father. The voyage was

* The five executed or assassinated were, Gustavus, Sweden; Louis. France; Selim Mustapha, Turkey; Joachim, Naples; Augustine, Mexico. The eight exiled were Gustavus, Sweden; Napoleon, France; Louis, Holland; Jerome, Westphalia; Joseph, Spain; Charles, France; Pedro, Brazil; Miguel, Portugal. The four restored were, Ferdinand, Spain; Ferdinand, Naples; John, Portugal; Louis, France.

tedious, and the preparations for it very scanty. In a short time the stock of linen taken by the royal fugitives was worn out, and it was necessary to procure a supply. This was done by cutting up some bed-linen for shirts and chemises, so that, if they were not clad on their arrival in blankets, like some of their new subjects, they were in sheets.

When landed in the New World it was thought necessary to provide Pedro with a new tutor, and a person supposed to be every way qualified was selected. This was John Radamak, who had been ambassador from Portugal to Denmark, and having been on different parts of the Continent, he spoke all the modern languages, and acquired various kinds of knowledge in the places he had visited. The boy did not long enjoy the benefit of his instruction. He died suddenly at Bota Fogo, near Rio; and it was ascertained that his death was caused by poison. A deadly animosity had arisen between him and the former tutor, who, it was generally believed, had resorted to this means to get rid of him. The Brazilians never keep a stock of any provisions, lest their slaves should consume it, and hence wine and other necessaries are daily purchased only as they are wanted. He met a female slave of Radamak's, it is said, at a venda. She was jealous of her master's attention to another, and the bishop easily persuaded her to infuse poison in the wine she was bringing home. It was laid on the table, and the unfortunate tutor died in great agony that night.

After his death no other preceptor was appointed, and the young emperor was allowed to educate himself. Left alone, without a friend to direct or a master to control, associating only with slaves and the lowest and most ignorant part of mankind, and in an unformed state of society, where no indulgence was considered too gross, no action too immoral, there was little hope, whatever his natural disposition might be, that his acquired habits would not form him into every thing that was bad. Fortunately for himself and the people, he had two or three strong and harmless propensities which occupied his mind. He was fond of mechanics, and many specimens of his boyish ingenuity are still preserved. He made a model of a ship-of-war, various machines, and particularly a billiard-table, with all its apparatus, and showed as much skill in playing the game, as in manufacturing the board. These stationary habits were varied by an active life abroad. Another of his propensities was the chase, of which he was early and passionately fond. In this "mimic of the nobler war," pursued among Brazilian forests, he acquired an active body and a fearless mind, and was kept from that grovelling dissipation which had debased all around him. But the pursuit which tended most to counteract the effects of circumstances was music, in which he displayed a decided taste and feeling, and to which he was strongly attached. He composed several pieces of sacred music for his father's chapel, and it is said was often the organist who used to play them himself during divine service. If the power of music on the human character be not exaggerated, the man so susceptible of its influence could not be entirely bad. Indeed, many good qualities which he displayed have been attributed to the harmonizing effect of this divine art. He also attempted poetry as well as music, and composed words for some of his rondos and madrigals, which are still extant, and which we have heard sung and played.

At an early age his father resolved to have him married, as well to form a political connexion, as to draw him from that low sensuality, which both he and his brother Miguel began to indulge at an immature time of life, and with the meanest objects, of all grades and colours. A princess of the house of Austria was selected for him, and Leopoldina, daughter of the Emperor Francis I., sister to Maria Louisa, the wife of Napoleon, was married to him by proxy on the 13th of May, 1817, before he was nineteen years of age. The princess was not handsome, but of a very amiable and affectionate disposition. She was fair, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, but she had the Austrian defect of person, which was thick and clumsy, and when

years and children had produced their usual effect, she became very plain. To this were added a total neglect of dress and an inattention to cleanliness, which were quite revolting to her husband's habits and feelings. She frequently rode out with him in men's boots, astride on her horse, and her straight uncombed hair matted about her face. Such carelessness created feelings of ill-will towards her in a mind not used to restrain them, which finally ended in her premature death.

The revolutionary spirit had now travelled to the southern continent of the New World, and Brazil became infected. In vain Dom John endeavoured to arrest its progress, by many wise and salutary improvements in the old and barbarous policy of the colonial country; in vain he dignified it with the name of kingdom—gave it armorial bearings of its own, and flattered it with new titles—the notion of separation and independence was abroad, and nothing short of it would now satisfy the people. The kind, but weak and timid monarch could not control or direct the movement he himself had contributed to excite, so he was "perplexed in the extreme," and determined to escape, and return to the place from whence he came, as the lesser evil. Nothing could be more melancholy than the contrast of his arrival and departure. He had been received by his colonial subjects with enthusiasm, respect, and love, which admiration for the person of the king and pity for his exiled fortunes had inspired; and his political acts were acknowledged as bounteous and spontaneous boons of a benevolent being, superior to the ordinary race of mankind. Yet he lived long enough to see the halo of respect and veneration which encircled his person, completely dissipated, his kindness forgotten, his understanding laughed at, his measures thwarted, and he himself stopped on his passage, like a thief who had purloined, and was carrying off a property which did not belong to him.

When just leaving the country, an incident occurred, displaying brutal and ferocious perfidy not to be paralleled in the annals of public or private crime, and which is considered as the first act of Dom Pedro's political career. It is thus stated by Dr. Walsh, who accompanied the British embassy as chaplain, and from whose work much of the present article is extracted as the most authentic authority:—

"While preparing to depart, it was proposed to call the electors together, to submit to them a plan prepared for the government of Brazil. The electors on this occasion were regularly convened by the ouvidor of the commarca, who acted on such occasions as our high-sheriff, and they assembled at the Exchange. It was naturally to be expected that much irregularity would occur at a meeting entirely unused to forms, and unacquainted with the extent of its powers. The debates, therefore, were turbulent, and some of the demands extravagant. It was affirmed that the king was about to carry off with him a large treasure from the country, and had actually embarked a quantity of public property, even the funds of some charitable institutions. It was well known that prodigality and rapacity had been the besetting sins of the government of Brazil, and this rumour gained implicit credit. It was moved, therefore, that the vessels should be searched, and orders were sent to the commanders of the forts of Santa Cruz and Lage to stop the ships, if they attempted to sail.

"It was now midnight, and some of the electors had retired; but from the importance of their proceedings the hall was still crowded, when the edifice was suddenly surrounded by a regiment of soldiers with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets. Without the smallest notice of their approach, or any intimation to the people to disperse, they rushed on the unarmed meeting, poured a volley among them, and then charged with their bayonets. Nothing could be more horrible than the scene of carnage which followed—a number of brutal soldiers assassinating unarmed citizens in a closed-up room. I have conversed with several persons who were present

on this occasion, who informed me of the fate of some of their friends. One was a Brazilian, doing business in an English house. Hearing a bustle at the door, he stood up to see what was the matter, and he was shot through the heart by a soldier, who put his musket close to his breast. Another was a young man, who, tired with the length of the debate, had lain down and fallen asleep—in that position he was pinned to the bench by a soldier, who stood over him and thrust his bayonet through his back. An Englishman, of the name of Burnet, who had been employed as care-taker of the hall, was attacked by a fellow, who thrust his bayonet at his belly. Providentially he had in his waistcoat pocket a large snuff-box, and the point passed through the lid, but not the bottom, so it saved his life. Those who were not killed or wounded endeavoured to escape through the windows—some were crushed to death by the fall, and some fled towards the sea, and were drowned. Meanwhile, the soldiers deliberately proceeded to plunder. They robbed the dead and wounded of their watches and valuables, and stripped the room of the plate and ornaments, and having thus glutted themselves with blood and plunder, they dispersed."*

Such was the fate of the first attempt at legislation in Brazil by a popular assembly. All persons acquitted the weak but worthy king, whose timid mind and humane disposition rendered him incapable of such an act of violence and blood; but not so their estimation of Dom Pedro. When he was apprized, they say, of the proceedings of the electors, he hastened to the Campo de Santa Anna at midnight, where there was a barrack. Hence he took a regiment of caçadores, and sent them forward through the Rua d'Alfandega to the Custom-house, where they executed his bloody orders. His warmest partisans attempt to excuse him by saying, that his orders to the soldiers were only to disperse the meeting, and that the manner of doing it was their own act. It is certain that no one was ever punished, or even brought to account, for so many murders.

On the departure of the king, the revolutionary movement became declared over the whole country, and Dom Pedro, who was left behind as regent, seeing that he could not control, undertook to direct it. To this end he seemed to place himself at its head, and, as if to obliterate the suspicion of his former act, he took the lead in every popular movement. He associated himself with all the political societies, and permitted them to use towards him the most republican familiarity. One of them addressed to him a proposition, and concluded with the words, "Pedro vega se queres, ou não queres?"—"Will you, Peter, or will you not?" Pedro called in the aid even of poetry and music to the popular cause. He composed both words and air of a hymn to liberty, which was recited in the theatres, and, like that of the Marseillois Hymn, had no small effect in rousing the people to whom it was addressed.

The progress made in revolutionary principles, and the danger of a separation from the mother country, had now alarmed the patriots of Portugal, and the conduct of Dom Pedro became at home a subject of serious concern. The Brazilian deputies in the Cortes at Lisbon in vain attempted to defend the character of their countrymen. They were put down by acclamation, and a peremptory order was issued, commanding Dom Pedro to return to Europe in four months, and denouncing all military commanders who obeyed his orders as traitors.

When this decree arrived, Dom Pedro was at Piranga, a small town at some distance from the capital. He read it with deep emotion, and then remained for some time silent and absorbed in thought. At length, roused as it were from a reverie, and well convinced of the sentiments of those about him, he exclaimed, "Independence, or death!" This was repeated with enthusiasm by all around him, and soon spread through all parts of the country, and, as a French writer remarks, "Il traverse l'Atlantique—

* Notices of Brazil, vol. i., p. 197.

reveille les échos du Tage, et fait pâlir sur leurs trônes, les monarques du vieux monde."

The conduct of Dom Pedro at this time was an extraordinary tissue of dissimulation and falsehood. He had kept up a correspondence with his father, which Dr. Walsh saw at Rio. In one of his letters he writes, "They wish, and they say they wish, to proclaim me Emperor. I protest to your Majesty I will never perjure myself—I will never be false to you; and I would rather *be cut to pieces* than be guilty of such an act. A solemn oath, which I have here *written with my blood*—I swear to be faithful to your Majesty and the Portuguese nation." At the same moment he was in the act of firing on the Portuguese troops with his own hand, if they did not instantly leave the country, and immediately after was the first to proclaim the independence of Brazil, and himself Emperor of the new nation. Dom Pedro, like Napoleon, had attached a certain prestige to particular days. He had himself proclaimed on the anniversary day of his birth, and he was crowned Emperor on the 1st of December, because that was the day on which the Portuguese had delivered themselves from the yoke of the Spaniards, as he had delivered the Brazilians from the yoke of the Portuguese. The ceremony was performed with more than European splendour. He wore a robe formed of the feathers of the toucan, as the costume of the ancient caciques of the country, whose successor he professed to be. He afterwards appeared in the theatre, where crowns and wreaths of laurel were showered down upon him, and ladies of the first rank stepped on the stage, and sung patriotic hymns, in which they were joined by all the audience.

His first act on his elevation was to convoke a national assembly, to draw up a constitution, and he appointed the 3rd of May for the purpose, because, in conformity to his prestige, it had been the day on which Cabral first discovered the country. This assembly had a more bloody, but not more efficient conclusion than the former. Jealous of the vicinity of the military, and suspecting the sincerity of Dom Pedro, they passed a decree, that the army should immediately remove six leagues from the capital. The moment he was apprized of it, without convening a council or consulting any person, he took with him a regiment on which he could rely, proceeded at once to the Hall of Assembly, and having surrounded it with soldiers, he sent in General Moraës to dissolve the meeting. The members were not at first disposed to comply; but some of them looking out of the window, and seeing a battery of cannon pointed against them, with matches ready lighted, they dispersed without further opposition, apprehensive of another massacre more bloody even than that of the Alfandega. Some of the members were arrested as they passed out, put on board a vessel provided for the purpose, and sent off to Europe.

To compensate for this second act of violence, and to give some assurance that he was not altogether insincere and perfidious, he himself drew up the constitution, for the formation of which he had convoked the assembly. Whatever indisposition people might feel, no one dared to disapprove of the constitution of a man who had soldiers and cannon at his command, and was ready to use them on all occasions to convince the refractory. Under this a new assembly was convoked, consisting of two chambers, and everything was suffered to proceed quietly. The sum of two millions was paid to Portugal, to acknowledge the independence of Brazil, which it now appeared hopeless to oppose, and Dom Pedro saw himself at the head of a magnificent empire, devised by his spirit, effected by his energy, and controlled by his will.

His Empress left behind her five children, of whom the eldest was a daughter, and destined to make a distinguished figure in the world. She was born on Palm Sunday, the 4th of April, 1819, and baptized by the many names of, Dona Maria da Gloria, Joanna, Carlotta, Leopoldina da Cruz, Xavier de Paula, Izidora, Michaela, Gabriela, Raphaela, Gonzaga!

It had early been her father's intention to unite her to her uncle, Dom Miguel, as in Spain and Portugal "such mixture is not held a stain," and a child marries her father's brother without compunction—the wife of the celebrated Riego was his own niece. This he communicated to his father in one of the letters above alluded to—"I request your Majesty to permit my dear brother, Miguel, to come hither, and in due time to marry my pretty daughter, Maria*." In consequence of this, the legal part of the ceremony was actually performed at Vienna by proxy, and Dom Miguel is this moment by law the husband of Dona Maria. The ecclesiastical service, however, still remains, and it is not impossible that it may even yet take place.

Meantime Dom John died, full of years, in Lisbon. He had dined with the monks of the convent of St. Jeronimo, in apparent good health, but was immediately after seized with a fit of vomiting, succeeded by fainting and convulsions, which terminated his life. Suspicions, as usual, attached to the worthy fathers at whose table he had taken his last meal, which probably was occasioned by the quantity, not the quality of his food. Dom Pedro now succeeded to the throne of Portugal, but knowing how unpalatable such a re-union of crowns would be to his new subjects, as soon as the news arrived, he acted with a promptness and decision consonant to his character. He immediately drew up a constitution for his new subjects, which it took him just one week to compose, and then abdicated in favour of his daughter, Dona Maria, having been sovereign of Portugal just six days.

To give stability to his arrangements, his brother and son-in-law, Dom Miguel, was appointed his lieutenant, with all the powers which belonged to himself as King of Portugal and the Algarves. Pedro accordingly set out from Vienna, where he then was, and having passed through England, and imbibed a taste for our free institutions, he arrived in Lisbon, where he solemnly swore on his arrival to observe the constitution as established by the charter, and cause others to observe it.

It is not easy to ascertain which of the brothers deserves the highest character for dishonesty and bad faith. Dom Pedro had scarcely sworn and written in his blood a solemn oath, when he violated it in Brazil; Dom Miguel had scarcely done the same, when he violated it in Portugal. When the news of this unexpected perfidy, of which he himself had set the example, arrived in Brazil, and the Emperor saw himself thus tricked, and the kingdom wrested from his daughter, he could not contain his rage. He seized the person to whom he was speaking, by the breast, and shaking him violently, wished, with imprecations, that it was the usurper he had in his grasp. Among the pictures in the saloon of the palace representing the Braganza family was one of Dom Miguel. He had the face first turned to the wall, as a thing he could not bear to look at; and at length his rage overpowering his respect for the House of Braganza, he tore down the portrait, and kicked it to pieces about the palace.

Having thus vented his personal anger, he immediately took less impotent and more effective measures. He addressed a proclamation to the Portuguese; and as soon as he heard of the efforts made to restore the constitution, he immediatly created his daughter Duchess of Oporto, in compliment to the spirit of that gallant city, and sent her to her mother's family in Vienna, to be in Europe ready to avail herself of any movement in her favour. On her way, however, the vessel stopped at Gibraltar, and her attendants having there heard of the indignant feelings expressed in England at the conduct of Miguel, they immediately resolved to bring her thither. They calculated that the arrival of a young and interesting girl, under the circumstances in which she was placed, would not fail to excite a popular feeling in her cause, much more likely to promote her

* A seu tempo cazar com a minha linda filha Maria.

interests than a visit to Vienna. Instead, therefore, of prosecuting her voyage to Genoa, she turned to the shores of England, as the more profitable speculation.

On her arrival at Falmouth, her reception was such as to justify the sagacity of her attendants. A deputation of Constitutionalists arrived at Rio immediately after with such assurances, that the Emperor ordered three ships-of-war immediately to be got ready; and so eager was he to avail himself of the news, that he went down by torch-light to the arsenal, to see himself a schooner coppered, which was to accompany them. Two realities, however, unfortunately dissolved his vision: one was the arrival of a despatch from England, that the English would observe a strict neutrality, and take no part in the affair; the other, that the Brazilian Chambers would not suffer a shilling to be expended on such an undertaking. This opposition of his subjects, to an affair so near to his heart, deeply mortified the Emperor. He had long conceived a disgust to popular assemblies, which he found he could not manage in the arbitrary manner he wished, and he now conceived the idea of finally for ever getting rid of such troublesome things.

As a more perfect instrument of despotism, he had invited over some German and Irish emigrants, with the avowed object of locating them on unoccupied lands in the country, as agricultural colonists; but on their arrival they were immediately enrolled as soldiers. These men the Brazilians represented as foreign mercenaries, not under their control, but the prætorian guards of the Emperor, and the ready instruments of his will. Every occasion was taken to excite a popular prejudice against them; the negro slaves were set on to insult them; discontents among themselves even fomented, and at length they burst out into a mutiny which threatened the most serious consequences. The insurgents committed horrid excesses, kept possession of a part of the town, and filled it with terror and alarm. Nor was it till the marines of the French and English ships were landed, in aid of the Brazilian authorities, that the insurgents returned to their duty. Whatever was the object of Dom Pedro in collecting the emigrants, it was completely frustrated. It was found necessary to disperse and send them home; and, with few exceptions, they served Brazil neither as soldiers nor colonists.

Meantime the English ministry devised a plan which they thought would reconcile the brothers, and settle the affairs of Portugal to the satisfaction of all parties. This was to endeavour to complete the marriage between Dom Miguel and Dona Maria, and so amalgamate his rights as her husband with hers as Queen of Portugal. To this end a special embassy was sent out, and the management confided to Lord Strangford, who having been so long connected with the affairs both of Portugal and Brazil, and so personally intimate with the royal families, was thought most likely to succeed in this delicate family affair. He found his old friend, however, in "the gall of bitterness," and his repugnance to the measure utterly irreconcileable; so, after a fruitless negotiation, and a protracted residence at Rio, the embassy returned home without effecting its object.

Dom Pedro was now beginning to see, that notwithstanding his superior sagacity and energy, he could no more control the march of popular events, than his imbecile father, and he seemed disposed to forget his public mortifications in private indulgences. He sought the society of the Duchess of Goyaz more than ever, and feeling his home desolate without his wife or favourite daughter, he determined to marry his harlot, and place her on the throne. The good bishop of Rio, who had been for some time in disgrace for not conniving at the excesses of the court, was now conciliated, and every pains taken to reconcile him to the measure. The real friends of Dom Pedro now took serious alarm. They foresaw that this utter disregard to all propriety, this open contempt for public respect and

approbation, would sink him as low in moral as he was in political consideration. They therefore seriously set about counteracting this project, which could only be done by seeking another wife. To this end emissaries were again sent to Europe—but the rumour of his treatment of his first, seemed to have alarmed the young ladies of the different courts, and his agents found it difficult to procure a second. At length, after several fruitless applications, he was accepted by a very amiable and excellent person, Augusta, daughter of Eugene, Duke of Leuchtenberg, a princess of the House of Bavaria, who, to the great joy of his friends, arrived at Rio in August, 1829, and the marriage ceremony was performed with great splendour. Shortly after their nuptials his bride became indisposed, and sundry scandalous stories were circulated as to the cause, which, even if true, we do not think fit to repeat—unfortunately his known habits rendered them probable.

The discontents and heart-burnings which had long prevailed in Brazil against the Portuguese were daily increasing, and the determination of the Emperor not to abandon the cause of his daughter, combined now with former causes to increase the indisposition of the people towards him. It was known that he had long meditated a blow at the Chambers, and that he was urged to strike it by the minister of a foreign power, not very friendly to such a form of government; and the time was now come when he was determined to extinguish for ever a troublesome body, that was continually opposing his favourite projects. He reckoned on the devotion of the army, but he found their bayonets and cannons were no longer at his disposal. He called on them in the time of need—he found himself abandoned by all. With the decisive precipitation which always marked his character, he proceeded at once to the harbour, and embarked on board an English frigate, abdicated in favour of his young son Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, then but eight years old, and proceeded to Europe as a private man, adding one more to the list of those unfortunate monarchs who, in these revolutionary times, seem held out by Providence as warnings to all humbler persons of the vicissitudes of human events.

The affairs of his daughter were at this time in a state of absolute desperation, the abortive attempts of the patriots of Oporto had altogether failed, and the reign of Dom Miguel had been established with the apparent consent of the people so firmly, that no hope remained of shaking it. A gleam had appeared in the unexpected capture and submission of Terceira; but the possession of a small and remote island in the Atlantic could afford but a dim prospect. It was, however, the harbinger of complete success. An expedition from thence landed at Oporto, and that important town once more declared for the Queen and Constitution. The arrival of Dom Pedro at this critical time gave fresh hopes, as it seemed to give himself fresh energies. With a perseverance and ability that do him the highest credit, he succeeded in reaching Lisbon on the 28th of July, 1833, established himself there as Regent to his daughter, and on the 22nd of September, she also arrived, and was formally acknowledged by the British government as well as by her own people, Constitutional Queen of Portugal.

But the period of Dom Pedro's earthly career had now arrived. Anxiety, privations, disappointments, vicissitudes and exhausting exertions, had completely broken down a robust constitution, before any one was aware of it. In the moment of his success, he was taken suddenly ill, and he felt that his hour was come. He called the young Queen to his bed-side, and gave her many directions: among the last, that she should immediately liberate all persons imprisoned for political and civil offences. Then expressing his obligations to many persons for whose attachment and services he was grateful, he resigned the Regency into her own hands; directed that his heart should be embalmed and sent to Oporto, as a tribute of regard to this patriotic city, and that his funeral should be that

of a simple individual, without any regal pomp. He then quietly expired on the 24th of September, 1834, at the early age of thirty-six, having, during the period of his brief but turbulent life, created a mighty empire, and secured to his son the possession of one crown, and to his daughter that of another.

After his death a *post mortem* examination of his body took place, but it does not appear, from the confused and barbarous reports, of what disorder he actually died. His intestines seemed sound, with the exception of part of his lungs, and we are left to infer that his disease was hydrothorax, the termination of which is often as sudden as it is fatal. The rumour that he died in consequence of partaking of an egg boiled in arsenic is too absurd to mention.

In contemplating the character of this man, who played such a high and conspicuous part in the drama of human life, every one must acknowledge that it was no common one; energy, activity, sagacity, and a wish to improve the constitution of the people he governed, were all his own; caprice, ignorance, passion, sensuality, and occasional cruelty, were the results of his unfortunate education. The Brazilians are indebted to him for their national independence; and both they and the Portuguese, for the constitutional government they enjoy, owe him infinite obligation; which, whatever be their indisposition to the man, they are now disposed to show to his children. In private life, Dom Pedro was esteemed and generally beloved by those about him.

In his person he was inelegant, low in stature, with limbs rather coarse and robust; his countenance had little intelligence, his face was broad, pitted, and blotched, and covered with enormous whiskers, which he asked every military man to imitate. He generally dressed in a splendid uniform, but his plain clothes were always new and fashionable; and notwithstanding his unprepossessing figure he had the air and manner of a gentleman.

THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL.

Dr. Gray died in his 73d year: he was elevated to the See of Bristol by the Earl of Liverpool in 1827. Almost immediately after his elevation, his Lordship engaged himself in the establishment of a diocesan society for building and enlarging churches; and in 1828 diocesan societies were established in Bristol, under the patronage, if not at the instance, of his Lordship, upon the plan of ensuring a visitation of almost every house in the various parishes, under the spiritual direction of the clergy, and with the aid of local committees, who were to administer temporary relief—a plan which has been attended with great success. For his literary talents he was as much distinguished as for his genuine Christian piety. He was author of "A Key to the Old Testament and Apocrypha," &c., which has gone through nine editions, and is in constant use at both Universities as a class-book. He also published "A Tour through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy;" and several "Discourses," "Sermons," &c., have passed through the press from his pen. Besides this, the public are indebted to him for suggesting to Sir H. Davy the invention of the safety lamp. His Lordship married a sister of Mr. Alderman Camplin, of Bristol, by whom he had a very large family, several of whom survive to lament the loss of a kind parent, a liberal and enlightened instructor, and a careful and safe guide. One son (it is said the eldest), the Rev. Charles Gray, is incumbent of Godmanchester, Hunts. His Lordship was also the possessor of one of the "golden prebends" of Durham. He took his degree of M.A. 1787; B.D. 1799; D.D. July 9, 1802. This is the third English bishopric which has fallen to the gift of Ministers during the last four years. It is considered one of the least wealthy of the sees.

SIR JOHN LEACH.

Sir John Leach was of humble, though respectable parentage, and

received little from his relations but a plain education. He was born at Bedford in 1760, where his father was a tradesman, and was educated at the Grammar School at Bedford, and placed in the office of Sir Robert Taylor, the eminent architect, to whose business he applied himself with great attention and perseverance. He entered himself at the Middle Temple on the 26th of January, 1785, and became the pupil of that eminent draughtsman and Judge, Sir W. Alexander, then in great practice as a junior equity counsel.

In Hilary Term, 1790, he was called to the Bar by that Society, and chose the Home Circuit and Surrey Sessions. He soon obtained considerable practice in these courts, and was distinguished for his neat, accurate, and forcible speeches—his pleasing and lucid statements of cases. The first important matter in which he was retained as counsel was the Seaford election, both at the election and the subsequent petition against it, which was his first connexion with that borough, which he afterwards represented in Parliament. Sir John Leach is another instance of a person being successful in his profession, although called to the Bar after the usual period of life, he being thirty years of age before he obtained that degree.

In 1800 he thought it prudent to relinquish common law business, and confine himself to equity practice. In court he rose rapidly into eminence, combining very considerable learning with great powers of arranging and condensing facts. His speeches always enforced attention, being clear, precise, and nervous. He contended often, pre-eminently even, with Sir Samuel Romilly, and was generally preferred to Sir Anthony Hart; to both of whom he was constantly opposed, more especially when he became King's Counsel. His temper was warm and irritable, and he was frequently involved in personal altercation with the advocate to whom he was opposed. His talents as a speaker not only secured his employment in the Equity Courts, but gained him considerable business at the Cockpit, more particularly on West India appeals. He was, moreover, distinguished for his despatch and powers of disposing of his business.

In his politics, although he never took a very active part, he was a Whig, and was early introduced to the leaders of that party—Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and others.

In 1807 he took a more distinguished stand, both in his profession and before the public. He was one of the many eminent lawyers introduced into Parliament by a rotten borough. He had, ever since 1792, been more or less connected with Seaford (now entombed in Schedule A of the Reform Act). In 1795 he had been elected Recorder, and having resided and purchased property in the place, he had by degrees obtained sufficient influence in the borough to return both of its members in the general elections in 1806 and 1807, in opposition to Mr. Ellis, of Esher-park, who had returned the members at the general elections of 1796 and 1802.

He did not speak often in the House of Commons, although, when he chose to address the House, he spoke with effect, and was listened to with respect and attention. His most remarkable speeches were on the Duke of York's affairs, on the motion of Colonel Wardle, in 1809; and on the Bill for creating the Vice-Chancellor's Court. In the former, March 10, 1809, he defended the Duke, which so pleased his Royal Highness, that he called on Mr. Leach the next day, begged his acquaintance, and introduced him to the then Prince of Wales. This was the foundation of that confidence and intimacy which subsisted so long between the late King and the subject of this memoir. His speeches on the Vice-Chancellor's Court Bill were all in opposition to the plan. His great speech was on February 15, 1813; and probably at that period he hardly thought that he would have been the second Vice-Chancellor appointed under the measure which he so strenuously opposed.

We have said that Mr. Leach was never a very warm politician; and

with a fickleness to which lawyers are said to be more than usually prone, he thought proper, soon after his visits to Carlton-house, to waver in his adherence to the Whigs. In 1811 he spoke in favour of the Regency Bill, and thought it advisable to print his speech; and from this time the favours of the Court flowed in upon him. He was consulted by the Prince of Wales as to the propriety of issuing a Commission to Italy, respecting the conduct of the Princess of Wales; and in 1817 he succeeded Sir Thomas Plomer as Vice-Chancellor, and was knighted.

On his acceptance of the office of Vice-Chancellor, Sir John Leach took the Chiltern Hundreds, and, we believe, parted with his interest in the borough of Seaford on the usual terms. His appointment was on the whole considered a proper one, and gave satisfaction to the profession; and no better proof of this can be given, than that Mr. Bell from that time confined himself to the Vice-Chancellor's Court. In May, 1827, he succeeded Sir John Copley, as Master of the Rolls, on his acceptance of the Great Seal. In 1829 Sir John Leach agreed to change the hours of the sitting of his Court, which he appointed for the mornings instead of the evenings, as theretofore; and on this new morning Court being established, Mr. Bickersteth and Mr. Pemberton selected his Court as their favourite field of practice. Sir John Leach held the office of Master of the Rolls until his death, which happened at Edinburgh, on September 16, 1834, on his road to visit the Duchess of Sutherland. He was about 74 years of age.

Sir John Leach will long be remembered as a judge. His most remarkable qualities were his power of seizing on the important points in every case that came before him, and in his being able to deliver his opinion on them immediately, in a manner the most clear and precise. Although his long practice, and a life spent in the duties of his profession, had stored him abundantly with the decisions of former judges, yet legal learning was not his most eminent quality. He chose frequently, however, to rely on his own opinion rather than on that of those who preceded him; he very often disregarded the cases cited in argument, and decided on his own judgment. He almost always paid attention to his own reported decisions, in some cases, where even they had been disapproved of by other judges. His powers of disposing of his business were such as few men possess. Of him it is to be recorded, as it was of Sir Thomas More, that he left no cause remaining unheard, but on calling for the next cause, was informed that he had disposed of them all. His manner to counsel rendered him frequently unpopular with the Bar. He had great excuse in the diseases with which he was afflicted; but the agony which they occasioned him, increasing the natural irritability of his temper, betrayed him, in the early part of his judicial life, into altercations hardly becoming the Bench. He seemed, perhaps unconsciously, to take and give way to likings and dislikings in his intercourse with counsel, which rendered the task of addressing him frequently an unpleasant one. It is only justice to say, however, that this manner was greatly softened, if not entirely altered, in his latter years, particularly since he accepted his last office. At the same time it is right to mention, that to so high a pitch did the feeling of the Bar on the subject come, that at one period, when Vice-Chancellor, he was waited on by the most distinguished counsel of his Court, who formally remonstrated with him on his manner—an interview which was not without effect on him.—(*Abridged from the Legal Observer.*)

SIR CHARLES FLOWER.

The qualities for which Englishmen love to be distinguished are genius, fashion, and wealth; and the great object of every man's life appears to be, celebrity in one or other of these departments. Public opinion is so divided on the comparative merit of those claims, that any one of them seems a compensation for the absence of the other two. Of this the late Sir Charles Flower was a striking example.

His origin was of the lowest extraction; he himself knew nothing of his grandfather, and others little of his father. He was first known by his neighbours as the keeper of a small butter and cheese shop, in Houndsditch. His mind was as narrow as his circumstances, and he had no ambition for his son, but that he should succeed him in his little shop. He therefore gave him no more education than enabled him to write his own name; but he had from nature an intuitive skill in accounts, which he managed with extraordinary success in his own way. On his father's death, he added bacon to his stock, and the knowledge he acquired of the provision trade, by this means, enabled him to enter into speculations by which he realized a princely fortune.

During the Peninsular war, a contract was proposed by Government to supply the navy with an immense quantity of Irish beef and pork. As it was necessary upon such occasions that the supply should be prompt, it was usual in candidates to prepare themselves by collecting masses of the commodity, and establishing a sort of conditional contract amongst themselves, to secure some advantage to those who were not to succeed. Extensive purchases were made, and the proposals were sent in. Sir Charles Flower's were even below the cost price, to the surprise of everybody, who naturally supposed that he had made enormous purchases. His proposal was of course accepted, and he entered into the usual securities for the performance of the contract. The other provision-merchants, finding that they were likely to be serious losers, offered their purchases to the contractor at a low price, but he refused, stating that he was overstocked. Privately, however, he sent round, and he bought all the beef and pork he could get; which, as he had himself depreciated it, became his property at the cheapest possible rate; and then he went to the Treasury, paid 1000*l.*, the penalty for violating his contract, and thus had it in his power to make any terms he pleased with the Government, as the slaughtering season was over, and there was no meat to be had except from Sir C. Flower? By this manœuvre he added greatly to his acquisitions. He had no objection to entertain his friends with an account of this and similar ingenious devices: he was generally better pleased by a compliment to his sagacity than to his plain dealing.

As is the case in the City upon almost every occasion, Sir Charles Flower, as the richest man in the Ward, was, upon the death or retirement of his predecessor, chosen to the vacant gown. Upon being elected Alderman, he was determined to call his new rank to the aid of his exertions, in order to transmit a name for opulence to posterity; and he pursued his object with the most unremitting zeal and activity, exhibiting, as he went up in life, a strange medley of inconsistencies—a remarkable alliance of meanness with magnificence. It is well known, that when he resided in Finsbury-square, the late Duke of York frequently honoured the entertainments of Sir Charles Flower with his presence, because of the exquisite style in which they were got up. At these entertainments the table was laid out according to the condition of the parties invited; so that the best things were to be seen at the head, and the degree of excellence abated to the foot of the board, where the coarsest fare was set for the more humble of the company.

Sir Charles struck out a new and most ingenious way of introducing himself to people of the most exalted station. He would not wait for the ceremony of introduction by another person; he sent round cards to the Bishop of London or Lincoln, to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury; to the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, to meet the Lord Chancellor of England—at Finsbury-square; and he generally contrived to gather about him some of the highest individuals in the State, who gratified his ambition and advanced his interests.

Sir Charles was one of the most resolute turtle-eaters the City has seen for many years. Sir William Curtis was but a type of him. In the height

of his enjoyment he was never known to extend his conversation beyond, "Oh! Lord, how fine! Oh! how delightful! God bless us, it's the finest thing I ever touched!" Of white bait he was exceedingly fond, and he frequently proved his liking by stuffing his pockets with this very perishable article. Nor did he always recollect it was there, till some friends, whose olfactory nerves were not so used to such odours as his own, detected the fact, and apprised him of it.

To the lovers of good things, the death of Sir Charles is a severe loss, but in different degrees. Those who lived upon his venison will find other feasts in the city to console them; but to those who lived upon his *bon-mots*, his death must be irreparable. We know not how the editors of the "Age," and "John Bull," will manage, now that the father of their wit is gone. We trust they have collected a posthumous Floriana. By his relatives, his death is not so to be deplored. He has left behind him property to the amount of 550,000*l.*, about 400,000*l.* of which he has bequeathed to his eldest son. To Mrs. Percival, his eldest married daughter, he has left 31,000*l.*; to Mrs. Goodwin, his second married daughter, 20,000*l.*; to Mrs. Magnay, his third, 20,000*l.*; to two of his unmarried daughters 30,000*l.* each, and to the third unmarried daughter 400*l.* a-year.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Captain Falcon, R.N., to Louisa Cursham, widow of the late Captain Cursham.

At St. Mary-le-bone, W. Seyffarth, LL.D., late from Dresden, to Louisa Sharpe, of Pentonville.

At the Hotel of his Excellency Earl Granville, in Paris, by the Right Rev. Bishop Luscombe, Henry de Triqueti, son of the Baronne de Salis de Triqueti, to Julia Philippina, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Edward Foster, Chaplain of the British Embassy at the Court of France.

At Castleton, near Dublin, the seat of Edward Conolly, Esq., M.P., George Fitz-Gerald, Esq., only son of the late Lord Robert Fitz-Gerald, to Mary, daughter to the late Thomas Barton, Esq., of Grove, county of Tipperary.

At Woodchester, Captain the Honourable M. F. F. Berkeley, R. N., to the Honourable Charlotte Moreton, third daughter of Lord Ducie.

John N. O. Halloran, Esq., Bengal Army, son of Brigadier-General O. Halloran, C. B., to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Major-General James Pringle, Honourable East India Company's Service.

At Milan, General Sebastiani, the French Ambassador at Naples, to the widow of General Davidoff, who was well known at St. Petersburgh in the saloons of the Count de la Ferronays. By this marriage the General has become the son-in-law of the Duke de Grammont, brother-in-law of the Duke de Guiche, and nephew of the Prince de Polignac.

Died.]—At his seat in Cheshire, Charles Watkin John Shatterly, of Shatterley, in Lancashire, and Somerford Park, in the county of Chester, Esq., aged 67 years.

At Florence Court, in Ireland, the seat of the Earl of Enniskillen, in the 20th year of his age, Captain William Henry Wood, of the 10th Royal Hussars, and second son of Colonel and Lady Caroline Wood, of Littleton.

At Hammersmith, Sophia Charlotte, widow of Lord Robert Fitz-Gerald, whom she survived but twenty months.

At Boughton-house, Worcestershise, Georgiana, the only daughter of Charles Babbage, Esq., of Dorset-street, Manchester-square

At Trengwainton, Penzance, Sir Rose Price, Bart., aged 65.

In Eccles-street, Dublin, the Baroness Talbot De Malahide, in her 87th year.

At his seat at Jarcy, Boieldieu, the composer of the "Dame Blanche" His remains will be interred at Paris.

On the Marine Parade, the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, LL D, Rector of Preston-cum-Hove, and a Canon of Windsor. Dr. Clarke was the brother of the celebrated traveller, and was himself distinguished for his literary attainments.

At Ruel, near Paris, in the 70th year of his age, M. Classens, of Brussels, one of the most celebrated engravers of the age, and whose burin produced the fine prints of "The Dropsical Woman" and "The Descent from the Cross," after Rubens.

On the 23rd of September, at Hoboken, after a protracted illness, Comfort Sands, Esq., in the 87th year of his age. Mr. Sands was one of the earliest, most active, and persevering of the patriots of the American revolution.

Lately, at Amsterdam, at the age of nearly 70, the celebrated poet, Grinechus Loots, Knight of the Order of the Dutch Lion, Member of the Second Class of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Destruction of the two Houses of Parliament by Fire.—On the evening of Thursday, October the 16th, the metropolis was thrown into the greatest consternation by one of the most destructive fires that has occurred for many years, and which, for a considerable period, seemed to threaten with total destruction the whole district, which includes within its boundaries the Houses of Parliament, the Courts of Law, the greater part of the offices of Government, the venerable and magnificent Hall, and Westminster Abbey. The calamity, however, serious as it is, has fallen far short of the apprehensions which were very generally entertained. The Painted Chamber and the two Houses of Parliament, including the Library, and Mr. Ley's house, are entirely destroyed; the south wall of the Library has fallen in; and part of the Speaker's house is burnt. The Parliament offices, at the west end of the House of Lords, which are entered from Abingdon-street, are saved, together with all the books and papers they contained, and all the books from the library. The books and furniture of these two buildings were removed early by the police, and placed in the yard adjoining, and in the terraced garden, covered over with carpets and tarpaulins. The King's Entrance from Abingdon-street, and the Grand Staircase, are also preserved, the communication with the rest of the building having been cut off. Westminster Hall, for which the greatest anxiety was evinced by every one, is safe. Engines were conducted into the body of the hall, and their supply directed through the large window at the south-west end, over the entrance of the late Houses of Lords and Commons; all beyond that entrance and window appear to be a complete ruin. The Courts of Law remain uninjured, or have only sustained some very trifling damage. A more awfully imposing scene has seldom been witnessed in the metropolis. The associations connected with the ancient chapel of St. Stephen's and the House of Lords, every apartment of which recalls some great historical event—the vivid view of the rapid flames as they rolled round this large frontage of public buildings driven by the shifting wind—the glare of the towering flames, the volumes of smoke which mixed with the raging element—the repeated crashes of the falling roofs, all combined to impress the crowds who attended the fire with feelings never to be forgotten. In the midst of this striking scene, the chapel of Henry the Seventh and Westminster Abbey appeared enveloped in flames; and the reflection of the fire on the turrets, and delicate tracery of the architecture of the chapel, produced a singular effect. The view of the Thames was not less remarkable. The river and bridges were covered with people, large parties contemplating the awful scene, and the water, like a mirror, reflecting the glare of the conflagration. The national loss from the destruction of these edifices, sacred to liberty and the past, cannot be estimated. The books alone destroyed were worth several thousands of pounds, independent of hundreds of most valuable records, of which it may take half a century to discover the full extent. The loss, considered as an ordinary business affair, is estimated at half a million sterling. Among those who were present, during the conflagration, and who were very active in giving directions, or otherwise superintending the people, we noticed Viscounts Melbourne, Althorp, Palmerston, Lord Auckland, Sir John Hobhouse, Earl Munster, Lord A. Fitzclarence, Mr. Hume, M.P., the Commanding Officers of the Guards, the Commissioners of Police, &c.* Indeed, a spirit of rivalry seemed to pervade all parties to render every assistance possible. Mr. Sutton, the Speaker's son, arrived about eight o'clock, and, we believe, was the only member of his family in town. The police successfully kept the crowds from all interference with the engines; and too much credit cannot be given to the various bodies of troops who worked the engines, assisted in removing the great mass of property, and aided the firemen in most indefatigable exertions to extinguish the flames. There are several reports as to the origin of the fire, but none sufficiently precise

* To the exertions of the Earl of Munster, and Mr. Westmacott, the sculptor, the public are principally indebted for the preservation of Westminster Hall.

to be relied upon. The most probable cause seems to be, that it originated in the flues which have been lately repaired, and in which some experiments have been making for the purpose of more efficiently warming the House of Lords.

Doctors' Commons.—Sir John Nicholl has resigned the judgeship of the Prerogative Court, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, in consequence, has nominated his Majesty's advocate to fill the important office, which nomination has been approved by the Crown, and Sir Herbert Jenner has been appointed to fill the vacant judicial seat. Sir John Nicholl is very nearly 77 years of age, and the able manner in which he performed the arduous duties of judge of the Prerogative Court up to his retirement has excited the surprise and admiration of all who know him. Sir John Nicholl will retain his seat as judge of the Court of Admiralty, the salary of which is 2500*l.* per annum, and to which he was appointed on the death of the late Sir Christopher Robinson.

The new arragements of the Exchequer have come into operation. The old Exchequer, with its antiquated machinery, has ceased to exist. The public will gain by a better system of account, by increased convenience and diminished expenditure. The expense of the old establishment is stated by the Commissioners of Public Accounts, in their report, to amount to about 45,000*l.* per annum. The salaries of the new establishment will vary from 6800*l.* to 7200*l.* per annum. With the exception of Sir John Newport, not a single new officer has been appointed, the whole of the situations having been filled by parties previously in the Exchequer or Treasury.

The Municipal Commissioners have been sitting several days at Guildhall to make inquiries respecting the various Companies of London, most of which, however, merely send copies of their charters, but decline answering questions. The Commissioners in several instances have closed their inquiries, intending to mention them in their report to Parliament.

Affairs of the Bank.—The return of the liabilities and assets of the Bank of England on the average of the quarter, was looked for with interest. From it we find that the amount of bullion in the hands of the Bank is not so small as rumour assigned to it. The return states that the average amount in hand was 8,272,000*l.*, which is only 296,000*l.* less than the average quantity of the precious metals in the possession of the Bank when the last return was made. Neither does it appear that the circulation of the Bank has been diminished, as the last return gives it 19,110,000*l.*, while the present account states it to amount to 19,147,000*l.* The following is an account of the liabilities and assets on the average of the quarter from the 3d of June to the 26th of August, 1834, both inclusive:—

Liabilities.	£	Assets.	£
Circulation	19,147,000	Securities	28,679,000
Deposits .	15 384,000	Bullion .	7,272,000
	34,531,000		36,951,000

James Pattison, Esq., has been elected Governor of the Bank of England, in place of Mr. Raikes.

KENT.

Hop Intelligence.—The extreme lightness of the hops in the present season, and the necessity of picking, in some instances, 1800 instead of 1200 or 1300 bushels to a ton, may be accounted for in the following ways:—The extremely hot weather, and the sudden ripening of the hops, caused each individual hop to swell, and the leaves composing it to expand. This, of course, made it take up more room in the bushel measure, which, consequently, was much easier filled. The hops, although full of condition, were miserably short of seed, the absence of which would hardly alter the bulk of the hops, but would make a woful deficiency in the weight. To these two causes—namely, the swelling of the hops and the absence of the seed—may be attributed the comparative deficiency of weight, compared with the bulk, which will probably materially lower the duty when the whole year's growth shall have passed through the scale.—Maidstone Gazette.

YORKSHIRE.

A Relic.—There is an ancient bedstead at the Black Horse Inn, Little Horton, near Bradford, which greatly attracts the attention of the curious. The head and top are carved in the most beautiful manner; the posts are nearly a foot in diameter; and, with the rigorous cleansing it receives, it has become nearly as black as ebony. It has been in the family upwards of a century, and is said to have originally belonged to Kirkstall Abbey.

SCOTLAND.

Emigration.—The last vessels for the season having now quitted this port for the Canadian Provinces, we lay before our readers a statement of the comparative numbers who have, from the 1st of January to the 1st of September, 1834, sailed from Greenock for British America and the United States. It will be observed that, during this period, more emigrants have gone to the States than to our own provinces; but it ought to be recollected that many persons going to Upper Canada now proceed to New York, and from thence avail themselves of the canal conveyance to reach the British settlements:—

Emigrants for the United States .	1986
Do. for British America .	1304
Total	3290

—*Greenock Intelligencer.*

IRELAND.

The Established Church.—The Archbishop of Cashel, Waterford, and Lismore, will not, in future, allow any beneficed clergyman of the Established Church in his diocese to hold the commission of the peace, or the situation of agent to a landed proprietor.

The Lay Impropriators and their Claims.—Some surprise has been expressed at the kindness of Mr. O'Connell to the lay impropriators of tithes, to whom he proposes to give twelve years' purchase for their interest. The correspondent of a Morning Paper, endeavouring to account for this, says—"In the diocese of Killaloe I find the following sums set down as claimed by Bindon Scott, Esq., of Cahircorn, county of Clare, lay impropriator, who is now father-in-law of Mr. Maurice O'Connell, M.P.:—

	£	s.	d.
Kilfedane	166	3	1
Kilmurry and Clondralaw	120	0	0
Killadysart	276	18	4½
Kilchrist	64	12	3¾
Kilmachill	55	7	8¼
Clondayad	230	15	4¼
Kilrush	36	18	5¼
Killone	180	0	0
Killofin	160	0	0
	£1290	15	3¼

This amount, which, as things are going on, it is very probable may soon be merely a nominal one, would, if paid off at twelve years' purchase, amount to the very pretty sum of 15,489*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*"

Value of Land in Ireland.—A mountain-tract of land in the county of Limerick, called Chonleharde, which was purchased in the year 1764 by the late Archbishop of Tuam from the Earl of Dunraven's ancestor, for 4500*l.*, has been lately sold by the Archbishop's son, Lord Decies, to Stephen Dickson, Esq., for 25,000*l.* This is a rise in price more than *sixfold* in seventy years, taking the change of currency into account. What will the repealers say to this?

Projected Rail-Roads.—A new line of rail-roads is projected from London to Norwich and Cambridge. The company intend to apply to Parliament, in the first instance, for an act to enable them to complete these two branches first, but it is ultimately intended that this rail-road should unite the metropolis of England with Edinburgh and Glasgow, running through the heart of the country, and forming a perfect line of communication throughout a large portion of Great Britain. It is intended to divide this great work into sections at practicable distances. The first section will comprehend the lines already mentioned to Cambridge and Norwich, which may include a branch line to Colchester and Ipswich. The second section will extend in a straight line from Cambridge to York, communicating with all the great manufacturing towns in the north of England. The third section will extend from York to Carlisle, and the fourth from Carlisle to Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Progress of Roman Catholicism.—A map has been published by the Reformation Society, exhibiting the situation of Roman Catholic chapels, colleges, and seminaries in the several counties of England, Scotland, and Wales; and also the present stations of the Reformation Society up to January, 1833. From this it appears, that the total number of Catholic chapels in England and Wales in 1833, was 423, and in Scotland, 74, being an increase in England and Wales since 1824, of 65, and in Scotland since 1829, of 23 Roman Catholic places of worship. The counties in England possessing the greatest number of Catholic chapels are, Lancashire, 87; Yorkshire, 52; Staffordshire, 25; Northumberland and Middlesex, each 19; Warwickshire and Durham, each 14; Hampshire, 12; and Lincolnshire, 11. There is no Catholic chapel in the counties of Rutland or Huntingdon. In Wales, Catholicism seems to have made little progress.

THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SEASON OF FIELD-SPORTS.

Amongst the strangest and strongest impulses human nature feels, is that nearly universal instinct which urges man to the pursuit and slaughter of wild animals. Of its strength, indeed, there can be no doubt. At one stage of society it has been seen to constitute the business no less than the pleasure of existence; at another, it impels a monarch to dispossess whole districts, to turn the inhabitants forth to perish, and to reduce the vast tract to a desert, simply for the purpose of gratifying this singular passion in its widest range. In later and more cultivated periods, it has continued to exert the same force in a similar direction and manner, though not to the same extent; to establish the dominion of lords of manors, and to rear a legion of marauders, against whose incursions a still more numerous watch and ward must be kept a-foot. It has engendered increasing disputes, and perpetuated never-ending jars amongst neighbours thoroughly well disposed to each other in every other particular. For a long duration of years it inflamed one, and by far the larger, half of the nation against the exclusive possessors of this envied privilege and commodity; and what is worst of all, it has been the temptation which has brought nearly three-fourths of rustic criminals to the end of their career of vice, by transportation or the gallows. It has thus added enormously to the national expenditure for their subsistence and their punishment, while it has served to introduce a wide-spreading disregard of moral and legal restraints. And all this to enable a man to level an iron tube, stop the flight, and extinguish the life of a bird or a quadruped, with infinite expense, toil, and trouble to himself; for there is scarcely any personal pleasure more costly or more laborious, or which involves so much of mental inquietude. To what class of animals the synonym *Feræ Naturæ* applies, whether to the feathered biped, or to the *implume bipes cum latis unguibus*, philosophers must determine.

The only true definition of happiness perhaps is "the excitement of pleasurable sensation;" and the more we reflect upon the variety of means, the more wonderful will appear the construction of our faculties for those enjoyments which by general consent are called the amusements of life. I am not about to philosophise more profoundly than to point out that the exercise of our powers, it little matters how, is in almost all instances the object and the end,—perhaps, as Sir Walter Scott has pronounced,

"It is the conscious pride of art,"

that lies at the bottom of all. But when I see a man thrown into positive ecstasies by the twangling of a string, by the screaming of a female or the grumbling of a male through certain (in themselves) unmeaning intervals or noises which he has learned by habit to admire (for nothing can be further from nature—English nature—than an Italian bravura,

or a German fiddle concerto); when I find others galloping over hedge and ditch, across a country purposely selected for affording a superabundance of such hair-breadth scapes, hazarding life and limb "in the imminent deadly breach," for no other ostensible object than the death of a stinking animal with a bushy tail; when I find others toiling through thickets, or wading up to the waist in water, in the hope of finding a bird with a long beak, or alluring a fish with a spotted side, in the most wearisome, or the most patient expectation; when I hear that the young nobles of the land go daily to thrust their fists, enveloped in leather and wool, in the faces of sturdy prize-fighters, or murder their mornings in striking a ball over a net, or into a purse; when every night they risk their fortunes, reputations, health, and happiness upon the chances of a piece of square ivory turning up on one or other side, or the finger of a moveable dial pointing this or that way, or on a ball settling into this or that hole—my lungs would crow like chanticleer, were it not that I at the same time know how much of vice and misery awaits these seekers after the excitement of sensation and their victimized connexions. But still is it not strange that man—"how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!"—is it not strange that man, being, as he is, "made after God's own image," should, in so many instances, wear out his life only for the paltry, the objectless purposes I have enumerated? But why? Aye, there's the rub! for the only reason to be given is, that it is a part of his instinct.

But to come back to whence we started—GAME. It is my intention to put on record some of the curious particulars and effects of this human instinct, and, if I may be so fortunate, to abate its bad, and advance its beneficial tendencies. Its grand evil is in the production of dispute and crime. Nothing can be so difficult as to persuade the owner of land that the game upon it is not exclusively his property (indeed, since it can be transferred by hire or sale, it is become virtually such) or the man who is not possessed of an acre that he has not a natural right to follow the fowl wheresoever he lists. Out of these contradictory claims—feelings we must rather say than claims—the mischief arises, for they are contended for with the earnestness with which a man supports his title to his property and his most coveted enjoyments. The passion often changes the whole disposition of the game-proprietor. Men of high intellect have been known to sacrifice the peace of their lives to their vigilance over their game. I could name one person whose morning and evening employment it was, for the better portion of his life, to direct his keepers and inquire into the transactions of the day. He preserved his pheasants till they died of old age, and not seldom of want, from the bounds to which they were restricted. The sound of a gun fevered him for the day and night; and, from the abundance of his coverts, and the incursions and hostility of trespassers and poachers, he at last went abroad even in open day in positive fear and trembling. Yet he seldom or never shot; and when friends were invited to sport, they were limited comparatively to very small quantities. Another nobleman of the same district, but not rich enough to levy an army of keepers, used in person to watch his fields, and ride up to every trespasser; and so much a matter of family consideration was strict preservation, that one day I was

dining on the grass upon a bordering manor, in company with a high-born young officer who visited in the family, and who had only the night before danced with one of his Lordship's daughters, when the carriage stopped, and a message from Lady —— requesting Major —— to come to her in the adjoining road was delivered. The object was to entreat the Major not to stray upon Lord ——'s manor.

His Lordship soon after fell into a more ludicrous adventure. He saw a man shooting, galloped after and reached him just as the captain (on the recruiting service in one of the cities of the provinces) had shot a hare and jumped into the turnpike road. My Lord demanded his name; the Captain said that he should as soon expect to be required to deliver his purse, being upon the highway. My Lord persisted: the Captain demanded the name of the inquirer. "Lord Braymore." The Captain gave his in turn, "Stirling." "Stirling!" repeated the noble; "how do you spell it?" "Braymore!" (the *nom de guerre* we assign to the game-preserver;) "Braymore!" muttered the impenetrable campaigner; "how do *you* spell it?" "B, R, A, Y, M, O, R, E, Sir," almost screamed the now highly-irritated querist. "Thank your Lordship," politely retorted Stirling. "You have the advantage of me: I am delighted to find that a peer of the realm can spell his own name, while I confess that, unluckily, I cannot spell mine:" and he left his noble friend ready to burst with rage and vexation. Yet upon all other matters there never was a better humoured man than Lord ——.

But it is not to the privileged orders that this eternal irritation is confined. An honest merchant of my acquaintance has hired a manor since the passing of the new Game Act. He lives in the village, at a small distance from "his house of business" in the large town hard by. In his way thither and back all his thoughts and attention are limited to his partridges: if a gate be open, or a gap made in a fence, he attributes it to poachers. He inspects suspiciously every wretch having a bundle and every donkey-cart that passes, under the impression that they are employed in the conveyance of game; and when he can fix his mind upon his more important concerns by the way, his son frequently rouses him with, "What the devil is that fellow about?" upon sight of same ragged itinerant, who must perforce be nothing but a poacher. He is harassed every morning by the kind information from some of his neighbours that the gang has been out, or sent off packages to town, and worried out of his sleep by the report of fire-arms.

The cost of game is truly astonishing. The steward of a great game-preserving nobleman now dead, assured me that, exclusive of keepers, watch, and feeding, and all the etceteras of sporting, his master had sacrificed no less than 18,000*l.* a-year to the enormous head he kept. It seemed impossible, but it was thus accounted for: the estate consisted of 36,000 acres of land, and the average diminution of rents for the game was ten shillings per acre; *i. e.* the land with the ordinary quantity of game would have let for that amount more than it obtained. I had opportunity to inquire of his Lordship's heir and successor whether this was true; at first he said it was impossible, but on further investigation admitted it to be probable the amount did reach something near the sum. The charge of a game establishment—keepers*, watch, feed

* One of the things that escape gentlemen is the gain by rabbits, which were once always, and are now often, given to keepers as perquisites. One instance has fallen

for the pheasants (independent of lowered rents), dogs, taxes, powder and shot—amounts, according to its extent, to a sum averaging from a thousand a year downwards; it is rarely less than 300*l*. No gentleman who preserves, kills a pheasant under two guineas, or in my judgment even a greater sum*.

Were every mere sportsman, gentle or simple, to compute accurately, he would find his shooting stands him in from ten to twenty shillings per diem, according to the frequency, upon the average of those who take out a license. Those who do not keep accounts have no notion of these facts; those who do, are generally prudent enough to conceal them.

Future generations will scarcely believe that in an age boasting its superior illumination—in an age when not alone the superiority of intellectual satisfactions was the universal theme, but a contempt of sporting and sportsmen very often and very powerfully expressed by the master spirits of the time—future generations will scarcely believe that predatory parties of the lower classes have perilled their lives, persons, and liberties—have forfeited every thing like character, and been hunted from the haunts of decent men, to the total sacrifice of every solace in life, save beastly intoxication—have united in gangs or stalked solitarily and in darkness, to snatch a pheasant, hare, or partridge, of which the sale was scarcely less difficult or dangerous than the capture; still less will posterity credit that nobles and gentry have kept on foot companies of men equal almost in number to the free-lances or the freebooters of ancient days, to protect the animals of chace. Such, nevertheless, is the fact. I have known more than one nobleman and gentleman (I know two at this moment) who have constantly on foot bands of from sixty to an hundred watch, ready at a moment's notice to turn out. I was once present when the alarm of poachers was given. The men assembled, marched in dead silence to the spot where the enemy were supposed to be met; at the same instant sixty-six leaped over a fence into the nook, and surrounded the party, who proved to be smugglers, and consequently no objects for their caption. I stood at my own door and heard thirty-six shots fired in twenty minutes, between eleven and twelve at night, in a neighbouring plantation, by a gang of poachers,

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under my cognizance where the *admitted* kill is 40,000 annually, and the real total was probably much larger. A keeper bought an estate in my neighbourhood with the produce of the rabbit skins even upon a comparatively small domain, which was nick-named by the inhabitants of the place, "Coney-skin Hall" Indeed, in all cases, the perquisites of keepers are shamefully extravagant. It is common to give a sovereign after a day's diversion. Two keepers have retired from the service of one gentleman with whom I am acquainted, with ten and fourteen thousand pounds, after about twenty years' service. I have the fact from the master himself.

* The present Lord Suffield, of Gunton Park, in Norfolk, says in his pamphlet (incomparably the best ever written upon the subject, and which probably gave the impulse to ministers that carried the present law), twenty shillings; but I am sure he does not come near the truth. He himself shows an account by which corn to the amount of 144*l*. 18*s*. was given in one year to pheasants. The great item of charge is, however, in the diminution of rent. Where the scale is very extensive, and the quantity killed enormous, perhaps like other vast manufactories, they produce pheasants as pounds of cotton thread, at a less cost; but take the average, small proprietors and great, and I am persuaded not a pheasant can be reared for much less than is stated in the text. Hares and rabbits are infinitely more destructive, and therefore more costly, but these are not so much articles of computation, because neither so rare nor of such luxury as pheasants. Twelve rabbits, the farmers say, consume as much as one sheep.

who it was found consisted of thirty-two men, eight of whom it was averred carried guns *loaded with ball*, for the keepers, not the pheasants. When they left the coverts, they told themselves off by each man calling his number in the hearing of the watch (upwards of twenty), who avoided to attack them. Twelve of this same gang visited the woods of a neighbouring nobleman. A young farmer, as athletic and active as he proved chivalrously gallant, attacked them with seven of his servants; at the first onset six of his men fled, and left him and his trusty follower to stand or fall by themselves; the man was soon felled by the blows of the poachers, when the master, with the courage of a warrior, bestrode him, and used a six-foot fork-shaft with such vigour that he kept the assailants at bay, till, in admiration of his noble spirit, they began a parley, and offered him an undisturbed retreat. He stipulated to bear off his assistant, and they allowed him to retire. Preparatory to their excursion, the poachers had armed themselves with peamakes (a long staff with a curved knife at the end, with which peas are cut), and these they restored to the barn from which they had taken them, with a song descriptive of the action, composed by the daughter of one of the leaders, and which, on a subsequent night, they sung in chorus on their march to a neighbouring preserve. It was stated in this composition that the poachers had ten guns and *three brace of pistols*, all "loaden for the fray*."

Some years ago a relative of a noble game-preserver, on his way from a party at the mansion, heard the report of guns, and returned to rouse the servants. They came up with the gang and took one man, who had been wounded by a spring-gun, and was placed upon an ass. To keep him from fainting by loss of blood, his companions had given him gin, and he was more than half-drunk. While in this state he betrayed his comrades, and they were all taken the next morning, subsequently tried, and several were transported for life. It came out that the captain of the gang was the bugler of a volunteer rifle corps commanded by the nobleman—that he had made a regular light infantry disposition of his men in the retreat, and that they had sworn an oath not to be taken, but to kill or be killed. This man levelled at the keeper within half a dozen

* The poachers of Yorkshire and Lancashire seem to be the most desperate; and independently of the fact that they assemble in open day to the number of from 100 to 300, and even more, *en grande chasse*, they have been by far the most murderous at night. Mr. Bradshaw, of Worsley, states in his evidence before the Committee of the Lords, that his keepers pursuing a party of three, "one of the men turned round, and immediately shot him through the body, without exchanging a word." Lord Skelmersdale says, "The first act committed by those poachers in general, whether they meet a large party of watchers, or whether they meet the gamekeeper alone, is almost uniformly to fire at them; there have been several instances of that sort in the course of the winter 1826-27. In the calendar of the assizes, which are at this moment going on at Lancaster, there are several cases; one of four persons, who are charged with having shot at a gamekeeper and wounded him in the arm, and three others charged with abetting and assisting them; and there is another charged, with divers persons at present unknown, with having shot at a gamekeeper of Lord Sefton's, with intent to murder, disable, or do him harm. In the course of the last few months, the gamekeeper of a Mr. Deardon, near Rochdale, *was murdered at noon-day*, on the Moors near Rochdale. The keeper of a Mr. Willis has been shot at in a desperate affray, and the keeper of Sir John Gerard has been wounded, and one of Mr. Hulton's, of Hulton Park, has been twice violently beaten. It is a matter of frequent occurrence that large parties of poachers go out in too considerable numbers to fear any molestation on the part of the gamekeepers."

yards, but struck with remorse, he lifted the gun above his head at the moment he pulled the trigger.

There is no little of hardy bravery sometimes displayed in these desperate conflicts. In my own parish, a keeper by birth, parentage, and education, of small but vigorous make, active, and fearless, led an attack upon a gang of poachers consisting of twelve men—his party numbering only eight. Upon approaching the ruffians, who drew up in a line across a road in the cover, they shouted, "Come on, we are ready for you!" It happened fortunately that the keeper and his men were courageous and staunch, one man particularly so, a young forester. They darted into the line, broke it by blows given right and left, and the battle joined. Each man singled his opponent, and the young forester struck one a tremendous blow on the side of the head just above the ear. It told in its unbroken strength, and the man fell. Two others were showering their strokes upon one of his fellows; he leaped over the fallen man to the rescue. The attacked fled, and he pursued one poacher till he was lost in the darkness of the covert. He turned upon another adversary. The man made a stand, but he was beaten backwards against rising ground; he fell and was secured. In the mean time the keeper had overthrown his opponent, the rest had got off, and the two, terribly cut about the face and head, remained prisoners. They looked in vain for the man first struck down. It came out afterwards that, on the partial recovery of his senses, he crept into some thick laurels, where he lay till the combat ceased, when he was joined by some of his comrades. They assisted him to the town where he lived, three miles off, but a portion of his brain oozed through his skull by the way, and he returned home only to die. The collar-bone of the keeper was broken, and he owed his preservation from a similar fate to a hat constructed like a bee-hive, the indentations on which bore testimony to the severity of the blows that had been given him. The keepers fought with stout cudgels, the poachers with their guns, two of which were shivered to atoms in the fray. There is something exciting in the darkness and adventure of these engagements that animates the keepers in a way which assimilates to the cutting out boats in the nautical, and night assaults in the military service.

I will cite one more instance from the Report of a Committee of the House of Commons:—"Mr. John Stafford, chief clerk at Bow-street police-office, examined.

"Are there any particular cases which you can mention, which have come within your knowledge, of particular atrocity?

"*A.* I think one of the worst cases that I recollect, and that was a pretty early one (in the year 1816), was the case in Gloucestershire, where there was a large gang thoroughly organized, and bound together by secret oaths, that attacked the keepers belonging to the Berkeley estate, near Berkeley Castle. Vickery, who was a very intelligent officer, was sent down upon that occasion, and from his exertions and the assistance he met with in the neighbourhood, he was enabled to bring the whole gang, or pretty nearly so, to justice: it consisted of about twenty; there were thirteen or fourteen of them, I think, tried and convicted of the murder. A man of the name of William Ingram, one of the principal keepers, was shot dead upon the spot; another of the keepers had an eye shot out; another was shot through the knee, and

several of them were dangerously wounded. A man of the name of Allen, who was a farmer and also a collector of rates or taxes in the parish, and looked upon as a respectable man, was at the head of that gang; and Allen was executed with a man of the name of Penny, who was a labourer, and was supposed to be the man that actually shot the gamekeeper who was killed. The other offenders were all transported for life; and after that, a young man who was a lawyer, or a lawyer's clerk, in some village adjoining, and who had administered the oath to those people to bind them together, was also tried and transported; it turned out that he swore them upon a Ready Reckoner, but the court took that as sufficient, it having the effect to bind them."

Countless are the narratives of such adventures, stained by blood and signalized by murder. One only instance is, I believe, on record of a principal being injured in such an attack. In 1826, the Hon. Mr. Edwardes, son of Lord Kensington, then residing at Heydon Hall, in Norfolk, was wounded, but not very badly, in an affray with poachers, two of whom were also shot but not killed. The men were all taken (except the one who shot Mr. E., and who absconded) tried, and condemned to transportation, which most of them underwent. It is curious that they all came from a distance of not less than fifteen miles, and assembled at a village twelve miles from the place of action previous to beginning their march.

If to these facts be added that, in 1822, more than 1200 commitments took place under the Game Laws, and since then, in one year, the parliamentary return shows more than 3000, the effects of game instincts (fairly to be entitled "*feræ naturæ*") in the propagation of crime will be demonstrated. But this is by no means the worst. The chaplain of one of the largest gaols in the kingdom told me, not long since, that an inconceivably great proportion of all the criminals who are brought to speak of the course of their vices, voluntarily declare that poaching is the beginning, and that after one night's experiment their ruin is sealed.

The quantities of game that used to be slaughtered by poachers are truly astonishing, and surpassed only by the infinitely more wonderful numbers by gentlemen, since the passing of the last Bill. One poulterer gave in to a Committee of the House of Lords an account of 19,000 head sold by him in one single year in London; and another stated that he had thrown 2000 partridges, which had become tainted, into the Thames. The demand appears to have been in proportion to the exclusion and difficulty of obtaining the commodity. Some years ago, I had occasion to call on a manufacturer in a large town on the afternoon of the 31st of August. While we were conversing, a man entered his counting-house, placed a sack in the corner, and went out without speaking. My friend asked me to guess what it contained, and in the end emptied its contents on the floor, which proved to be forty-two brace of partridges. "These," said he, "are all for presents to the servants in the East India House, through whom I obtain information necessary in my business."

Sir A. Z. was engaged in an election contest, which kept him in the metropolitan town on the 1st of October. It was always his custom to have pheasants served at his table on that day, and he asked the innkeeper where he took up his quarters whether he could procure a brace, assuring him at the same time he would take no advantage of his

civility. It occurred to him also that it might be curious to visit the haunts of the poachers, and he prevailed on mine host to take him to a garret where there were very many brace of the finest birds. Sir A. Z. inspected them, and complained that some were not fresh. "Arn't they by G—," said the poacher, who of course did not know his customer, "they were alive in Sir A. Z.'s park this morning at one o'clock." This species of argument *ad hominem* satisfied the baronet; he paid for his own pheasants, and departed.

But the supply from the owners of game so infinitely surpasses all that could previously have been brought to market illicitly, that the wonder now is, how the quantity is taken off. The difficulty may be in some measure met by the fact that presents of game are almost entirely discontinued, consequently nearly all the game that is consumed is bought. But unless it could be imagined, which of course it cannot, that all who used to receive game now purchase to an equal extent, the demonstration fails. One proof that such is not the case lies in the reduced price. Before game was legally marketable, a brace of cock pheasants would fetch from twelve shillings to a guinea. The price indeed fell as preserving became more general, and of course made the capture more easy; a brace of partridges brought 5*s*., a hare, 4*s*. *Now* birds are commonly sold at 2*s*. 6*d*.; pheasants at 7*s*. 6*d*.; hares at 2*s*. 6*d*. In the hot weeks of September, in most of the large provincial towns, partridges were sold this season, when immediate access to the London market could not be had, at 1*s*. a brace, and even lower. Such a rate must soon drive the poacher out of the trade. Till the old ones die off, it will linger on;* but if rural industry be even tolerably employed, but few new ones will commence so unprofitable, so harassing, so hazardous, and so wearisome a mode of living. The price paid to game-owners this year has been for birds, 1*s*. 6*d*.; for pheasants, 2*s*. 6*d*. per brace; and for a hare, 2*s*. The supply has been most abundant. Last year, one vender in a provincial city told me he received 2000 partridges in the first fortnight of the season, and on two subsequent days in November, 500 hares came in each day. All the poachers in that same city never in any one year furnished the same quantity. Yet this was only one dealer of five in the place.

The philosopher, the idler, and the citizen, adopting the strain in which we began this essay, will ask, *cui bono?* What is all this for? To gratify the sportsman, and tickle the palate of the epicure? By no means: these are only a part of the consequences. Every one who has observed the progression of things, must view with very doubtful feelings of the final results, the tendency of what is called civilization to attract not only the wealthy, but all those persons who have their time at their command, into the vortex of the metropolis for a great portion of the year, and for much of the remainder into those places where detachments of the same society assemble in pretty large masses—on the coast or on the continent. To this there are two chief incitements, the variety and excess of luxury and amusement; and, secondly, the facility for the enjoyment of illicit gratifications beyond the searching eye of discovery. The first effects have been fatal to the happiness and character of by far too vast a proportion of the country gentlemen. Their fortunes are

* "I always did live out of Lord ——'s park, and I always will," was lately the boast of a poacher at an alehouse.

injured by habits of expense, the attraction to their estates all but obliterated, their virtuous inclinations abated, their intercourses with their natural dependencies and connexions sundered; in a word, their duties neglected, their lands mortgaged, their peace gone. The one great inducement to country gentlemen to live upon their properties used to be, and still is, field sports; and perhaps not a little of the alienation may be owing to the change in the manner of these pursuits.

The ancient mode of taking winged game, after hawking was abandoned*, was by springes and nets. Setting was practised till within the last sixty years; now it is remembered only by the prints, in which we see the lord of the manor in his laced hat, tie wig, flapped waistcoat, coat of huge dimensions, and high topped boots, riding over the stubble and directing his servants who draw the net; the dog crouching close to earth, and patiently submitting to be encompassed in the meshy toils together with the prey. Some such actual scene as this is assimilated amongst my earliest recollections with the figure and dress of a gentleman, who united in his own person the very opposite attributes of a country squire, a city alderman, and a colonel of militia. To this succeeded pointers and the gun; but it was long before shooting flying was attempted with anything like success. Less than a century ago, there were only two men in the sporting country of Norfolk who were spoken of as good shots, and they only now and then brought down a bird on the wing. At that period, the locks of guns were, however, comparatively with those of the present day, immense engines. Some seconds elapsed between the violent pull necessary to draw the trigger, the stroke upon the pan, and the ignition of the priming in this spacious receptacle. A bird could fly at least a dozen yards in the time. *Now*, the slightest touch of the hair-spring, Snap! and the object is struck or gone, literally in the twinkling of an eye. This, as much as superior activity and adroitness, has made us all good, if not crack shots.

In other respects, the old habits of sporting are nearly destroyed by the love of excess, which pervades all our desires and pursuits. Strict preservation is or rather was very recently almost universally practised, the end of which was very often only to bestow the power of killing the most enormous quantities of game in a single day's sport. I do not allude to matches such as those between Lord Kennedy and Mr. Wm. Coke†, or Captain Ross‡ and that gentleman. This season, it has been announced in the papers that Sir Richard Sutton, of Norfolk, has killed the astonishing number of two hundred and twenty partridges in one morning upon the manor occupied by Colonel Peel. Sir Richard rides on a pony, and has a servant on each side bearing a gun, which they put into his hand after the first discharges, with a rapidity that frequently

* The present Lord Berners (late Colonel Wilson) of Didlington, in Norfolk, was the last person, we believe, who kept up a hawking establishment. It should, however, appear that the Duke of St. Alban's, grand falconer of England, is rearing some birds; for in a late advertisement he requests the sportsmen and the inhabitants of Highgate not to shoot eight hawks flying over that place, in training.

† Lord K. shot, in two days, at Menteith, in Scotland, 132 brace; Mr. W. C. 174½ brace, at Holkham, in Norfolk.

‡ In this match the winner missed at least one bird in three owing to the long distances and chance shots. Mr. W. Coke's *pace* was little less than five miles per hour. He fairly knocked up three sets of beaters during the day. The match was who should kill most. A large party of ladies as well as gentlemen witnessed the contest.

enables him to kill four, five, or, it is averred, even six birds out of a covey. This is not sport, but murder. But although the baronet stands pre-eminent in slaughter, and pursues the same plan nearly every day of his life with unabated zest, he is not alone in the manner. Almost every sportsman who affects rank takes out two guns*, and the shooting is now commonly in parties of from six to fifteen. I have this year, in company with five other persons, assisted in the destruction of one hundred and six partridges in three small fields of turnips in an incredibly short time; and upon an adjoining manor, one hundred and twenty brace were killed by a party, I believe, of four or five in one day. Pointers or pointing are out of the question. The party is ranged in line with a servant between two. They walk the field, and a dog is never let out but to retrieve a winged bird. This is the *grande chasse* of France over again. The skill is reduced to nearly nothing if a man have nerve enough to stand the bustle, the frequent firing, and the gaze of his comrades, for he may pick his shots. Keepers stationed round the adjoining fields not seldom drive the birds off the stubbles back into the turnips—the only means indeed by which such hecatombs can be destroyed—thus all the former excellences of the diversion, the trained dogs, the effort and the skill of the sportsman, are at an end. It is all à la Bobadil—"twenty more, kill 'em."†

In field or cover it is the same thing. Formerly shooting was the daily exercise, as well as diversion of the country gentleman. He killed his three, four, or five brace of birds, perhaps a pheasant or two, and if his sport was varied with a woodcock, or a few snipes at particular seasons, it was rendered the more agreeable. But because it was his frequent employment, he enjoyed it in moderation. Lord B—— (who is amongst the earliest of my sporting reminiscences) limited himself to five brace of partridges—if he killed these in an hour, he left off; if the day was consumed without his reaching that number, he went on. He joyed in the exercise—in the curious instinct, and complete training of his dogs—not in the mere excess of his slaughters. I once saw a clergyman go out on the 1st of September with no fewer than thirteen setters,

* Some years ago, this was one of the distinctions of aristocracy: "OUR guns (said Lord —— to one whom he wished to impress when speaking of a visit he was about to make) travel in pairs."

† Sir Robert Peel is a good shot, and what is better, a good sportsman. While he was the occupant of Lulworth Castle and its manors, he had killed in a very early period of the season, between the end of September and the beginning of November, before his duties called him to town, five hundred brace of birds. He seldom went out before two o'clock; and the last day, having shot forty-three brace and a half of birds, which completed the thousand, he gave up his gun to his keeper, saying he had probably exceeded any sportsman in England.

One of the most extraordinary feats of real sporting was performed, now a good many years ago, by Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and as it marks the altered state of things, may properly be mentioned here. The great Charles Fox was passionately fond of shooting, and a constant guest at Holkham. During the presence of a large party it was mentioned that Mr. Coke frequently killed twenty brace of birds in a morning (and then, or even now, if *fairly* performed,) a great feat. Fox offered him a bet that he could not kill twenty brace the succeeding day. The wager was accepted, and offered and taken by more than one of the company. Nor was Mr. Coke allowed to choose his own ground. His guests, availing themselves of the courtesy of their host, first made their own election from his ample estate. The sequel is, that he went out, shot eighty-four times, and bagged eighty-two birds!

all of one breed, the small black and white, and all trained to perfection. His beat lay in an open country, and the fields were very large; two brace were let out at a time, in alternate inclosures. Had the whole been hunted together, not a bird would have been sprung, so thoroughly were they under command. And this constituted the great enjoyment. What used to be considered true sporting is all but passed away, and with it, that constant recurrence of a variety of pleasure (*alter et idem*) which attracted the country gentleman to his seat, and kept him there.

Nor has poaching stood still. This species of marauding has had its "march of intellect." The intelligent poacher now pretty nearly sets at defiance the old protection of bushing the fields. The method of evading it is as follows. To, and depending from, the front of the drag-net, is attached a line reaching across, and furnished with short sticks at the distance of a few feet from each other; the net is borne aloft on poles by two men, and one follows it. The sticks in front trailing upon the ground, almost certainly brush against the bushes, and whenever the alarm of this, or any impediment, is thus given, a man behind lifts the net till the bush is passed over. Thus, unless the thorns be placed so thickly that there is literally no place where the net can be spread, they afford no effectual, no absolute protection. Another fact is, that poachers employ the boys of the village, or others, to watch the coveys where they settle for the night, and thus are directed at once to the spot. They rarely go out hap-hazard to try a country; they either know, or are guided by some one who knows the ground. They commonly take a spy, who watches around the field they are dragging, and if danger approaches, a low whistle gives the signal for flight. If come upon unawares, they abandon the net—rarely show fight*, unless driven to it by the most imminent danger of capture. They get the most birds in standing barley. A retired poacher told me not long since, that one night he drew every field in his parish but one, without taking a single partridge; in this, the last resource, a piece of standing barley of not more than five acres, he took no fewer than sixty brace. The common average is from ten to twenty birds per night. A close, and somewhat damp evening, with a little wind, is the most favourable. Pheasants are now taken in the day, and by ingles or snares, quite as frequently as by night, with guns; air-guns are also very much used. A friend of mine lost nearly four hundred out of one covert last year, although his keeper was almost daily upon the spot. Hares are snared, and caught by gate-nets and lurchers; one man and a girl†, of my own village, were known for years to pursue this traffic; the man rode an ass,

* The combats take place when large gangs ravage the coverts.

† Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, had a female, the daughter of one of his keepers, who broke dogs, walked the fences and fields, shot occasionally, and assisted her father in all his duties. This intrepid woman once took a poacher, a sailor, on the marshes, at least two miles from the house, and brought him in her sole custody. Amongst other tasks, she kept the key of the church, and one day two gentlemen, guests at the house, went to enjoy the view from the elevated top of the steeple. Mary accompanied them. In their frolic, they attempted to kiss her; she ran down, locked the door, and departed. When the dinner-hour arrived, the gentlemen were not to be found; inquiry was made, and the whole affair developed, to the no small chagrin of the gallants, and the high entertainment of the rest of the party.

and hunted the dog; the girl watched the net at the gate, and killed the hares when entangled.

Having thus shown the changes, both in the legal and illegal methods of taking game, we may cast a glance over the effects.

The new law has its friends and its enemies. Those who wished to see the fair admission and extension of three great and leading principles, are satisfied in the sanction it affords. First, to the right of property; that is to say, every proprietor of land, whether of ten acres or ten thousand, has the absolute right of property in the game upon the land; he can protect it from the incursions of others, by a simple and summary process; he can transfer his right to follow it; he can sell it, dead or alive. Secondly, the public is supplied with game at a very cheap rate, and no excuse remains for the encouragement of crime, by its purchase from those who capture it illegally. Thirdly, every man who can obtain permission, may follow the diversion, subject to no other impeachment than the tax which Government fairly enough exacts from those who have the fortune to enjoy this somewhat expensive recreation.

The enemies of the new law are those who wished to retain the feudal privilege in all its exclusion, and those who say that poaching is encouraged by the facilities afforded for the sale of game, which will soon be annihilated under its provisions.

There are few sober-minded men who will not admit that, in the particulars above recited, the Game Act has removed a world of evil, while it must be allowed that the good has not yet been carried far enough. Those who assert that poaching has increased, have not, I think, sufficiently considered the fact, that if even only the same quantity of poached game comes into the market, there must be a new demand created, to the entire amount of the quantities brought in by the legal proprietor. Now I am sure I am right in pronouncing, that the relation of the latter to the former is so infinitely greater, as to bear no proportion, and to admit of no adequate solution of its sale, but by the fact, that the quantity of poached game is lessened. And when it is remembered how enormously the price of game has fallen, and the consequently low rate of remuneration to the poacher, how few temptations there can be to buying of poachers, how little the dealer can possibly gain, and how much he hazards *, it seems beyond a doubt that the illegal vender

* The evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords goes to prove this fact. Mr. A. B. (initials adopted to conceal the name of the individual) thus answers:—"Then your opinion is, that if there was a legal sale of game, no salesman would knowingly sell that which was poached or stolen?"—"I believe they would not; and as for their being in any ignorance upon the subject, it is matter of impossibility that a salesman could be ignorant, whether he had sold improper game or not, because he would know the person from whom he received it. If I had a license given to me, and *were obliged to enter into recognizance before a magistrate, which I should be willing to do to any amount*, I should not take in game from a stranger, *but it would come consigned to me with a bill of parcels*, saying, I have sent you so much game with the name upon it, and a direction where the money is to be paid."

Mr. C. D. says, "If there was an enactment that the game should be sold in a particular manner, and in no other manner, we should then feel that we were protecting ourselves, by preventing its being sold in any other manner. There is now a great deal of game sold by persons hawking it about the streets; we would take care that that should not be the case."

must eventually be driven out of the market. The law has not, however, been framed with sufficient caution in regard to the licenses to vend. The grand cure must certainly be found in the competition, but it would very much assist to put down poaching, were the tax for the license higher—say five, instead of two pounds,—and were the game-seller made to give sureties for his not buying of any but those who have a legal right to sell. Every game-proprietor should be compelled to send a regular invoice, authenticated by his signature; and the game-seller should register each purchase in his books, and retain the voucher. Power should also be vested in the magistracy to issue warrants for the seizure of any game *in transitu*, conveyed by carriers or other persons not having such invoices from a legal proprietor. A heavy penalty should also attach to every one buying of a person not legally authorized to sell; viz., or an owner of land, or a tenant having a title to the game upon the manor or lands hired by him. Perhaps, also, the penalty for trespass (two pounds), is not sufficiently high. These provisions would preclude persons taking licenses who have no chance of obtaining game by their regular connexions, or through respectable channels. Instances, more than one, in one large town, are within my cognizance, of licensed dealers not only dealing with poachers, but despatching men every night as a part of the establishment. It is by such that the illegal trade is kept up.

But why advocate new severities? For many substantial reasons: first, to preclude as far as possible the practice of an offence which most besets the rural labourer, and converts him the more certainly into the criminal of larger growth. This is all-important. But the expense to the country of criminal prosecutions may be said to be almost commensurate with the practice and final operation of poaching.

Nor can I be brought to think that any circumstance which tends to weaken the attachment of the country gentleman to his estate, to alienate him from residence, and to direct his tastes into other and foreign directions, can be without some injury to rural society. Maxims of allowed truth in the theory of political science are often found to be at variance with practical benefit. Such is the theory of absenteeism. Even Mr. Senior's case*, built upon Mr. Macculloch's reasoning, can be easily shown to proceed upon a fallacy; but were this not so, there is no compensation in any mere barter, equivalent to the want of the superintending regard, connexion, and influence of a country gentleman upon his own estate. His own interests will always suffer in a degree, but the morals and respectability of his dependents infinitely more from any delegation of that duty, which is the condition, as it were, upon which Providence has granted him affluence and power. If, then, there be any justice in the universally-acknowleged fact, that field sports are the attraction to residence, and the diversion of a country life, they must be considered as forming the counteracting force against the already too powerful allurements of the luxuries, the expenses, and the vices of the metropolis, the watering-place, and, that last resort of ruined fortune and ruined character, no less than the legitimate source of extended knowledge, liberal sentiment, and cosmopolitan manners—a retreat to the Continent. In this sense, they are eminently worthy the best consideration of the Legislature.

One main question is now raised,—namely, whether the game will

* See his Lectures on Wages.

not be totally destroyed by the operation of the new law, increasing the facility for its caption and its sale? Up to the passing of the Bill there can be little doubt that the rage for preservation, and the consequently better understood means, had, within the last fifty years, greatly and indefinitely increased the quantity generally, and particularly upon estates belonging to proprietors of extensive manors. The vast additions to the artificial plantations augmented proportionally the number of pheasants, hares, and rabbits. It is also believed that inclosures, by bringing the lands under the direct observation of game preservers, and securing them from being run over at pleasure by villagers and strollers of all descriptions, have been favourable to the breed of partridges; though high cultivation, by keeping the fields clear of weeds, thistles*, and foul fences, has tended to the contrary. Not long since, when shooting with a strict preserver, I observed to the keeper how many partridges he had reared on a certain spot; "yes, Sir," said he; "but if you come here four years hence, you will not find half so many." "Why?" "Because we have got a new tenant, who is a good farmer, and he will clean up all the fences, and destroy the harbour." The same keeper maintains an equality in the breed, when deficient, by removing a portion of the eggs from the nests on the thick side of the manor, to those on the thin, during the laying season. But the increase or diminution will depend upon the demand. If gentlemen still continue to require the same excess of sport—if the abridgment of the exclusive privileges do not disgust them, the game will probably increase, because every possessor, even of ten acres, has a direct interest in its production. The farmer who wishes to sell it will not suffer its extinction, much less if he like shooting, and be permitted to shoot. The extreme reduction of price will, perhaps, do more towards its destruction than anything else, because so low a rate can never repay the cost of rearing and protecting. On the other hand, poaching will decrease with diminution of price. It is also said that the facilities of sale co-operating with their hatred of game as the devourers of their crops, have already induced small farmers to buy nets and become night-poachers, and perhaps this is true in a measure. But, after all, the protection of the game must reside with the great proprietors. So long as it is a cherished object with them, so long will their power and influence ensure its reproduction. If field-sports lose their charm, partridges, like poultry, will be merely considered in the light of eatables, and articles of profit or loss. To a profit they can never be raised. It would become a matter of national regret, should the diversions proper to rural life decline and pass away. Something for old custom's sake, but more for the health, cheerfulness, and manly character they infuse and inspire. I do not mean to go the length of asserting, that if field-sports lost their attraction, the country would be absolutely deserted by the owners of estates; but I cannot help believing, that one strong link which binds gentlemen to the personal observation of rural affairs, and their immediate connexions, would be severed, to the incalculable injury of the society, friendship, and good fellowship of the provinces. Country gentlemen would be still further removed from their natural affections, habits, and especial duties.

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* Charles Fox, who was passionately fond of shooting, on going over some very foul lands, said, "This is the farmer for me! Don't tell me of corn. Thistles! thistles!"

MY OPERA BOX.

My opera-box! my opera-box!
You must engage one, Mr. Coxe.
What led the daughter of an Earl
To link herself to such a churl?
The Duke, my uncle, always said
Your father had made *mints* in trade;
And *that*, I thought, ensured your wife
The necessary things of life,—
And one among them, Mr. Coxe,
I always count my opera-box.

My opera-box! my opera-box!
'Tis said sweet music softens rocks:
But *that* to me is not the charm;
It is to show my well-turn'd arm,
As in the front I smiling sit,
The admiration of the pit.
I nod--I smile--I kiss my hand,—
My voice far louder than the band;—
Admitting every beau that knocks
At thy closed door, my opera-box!

My opera-box! my opera-box!
My sense of right and wrong it shocks,
To think that one of birth so low,
When *I* intreat, should answer "No!"
Would none but "Lady Betty" do?
"Mistress John Coxe" might serve for *you!*
But 'twas your proudest hope to stride
With "Lady Betty" at your side;
And *mine* to ope your coffer's locks,
And with *strong-box* buy *opera-box*.

My opera-box! my opera-box!
Don't talk to me about the stocks,
And rents reduced, and in arrear,
And money scarce, and all things dear!
I'll have my way; her Grace (my aunt)
Declares I'm not extravagant;
And says we nobles *condescend*,
When thus plebeian coin we spend;—
Then be obedient, Mr. Coxe,
And go engage my opera-box.

T. H. B.

SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

Irish Servants.

A Blunder! a palpable blunder! my readers may exclaim. What? are Irish servants picked up on Irish highways? do they grow rife as blackberries upon the bushes? do they wander forth at noon and even-tide, and roost in the hedges or by the way-side? Gentle English reader, they do; the instant the sound of carriage-wheels or the high trotting of a horse is heard within the precincts of a mansion or farm-house, the cooking, washing, scouring, cleaning—all, all is neglected—left to do its own work—and every domestic, from the lady's maid, rich in many coloured ribands and "lashins of lace," down to the scullion, who exults in bare-foot freedom, all "step out" to "see the quality."

Every village in the world has its appointed spot "where maids do congregate." In France it is under the great chestnut or apple-tree of the district; in England, round the pump; and in Ireland, at the cross-roads. You never pass cross-roads in the vicinity of gentlemen's houses without seeing a group of servants hard and fast at a gossip, particularly if the time be after six, and the evening fine. There they stand—one arm a-kimbo—the broad borders of their caps floating on the breeze—one foot resting on the instep of the other—and thrice happy if a mound of stones, commonly called a ditch, skirt the highway. Against this they lean, while others sit in the "gripe" of the ditch after a peculiar fashion which I never could comprehend, seeing that they manage to support themselves on their heels, while their drapery appears fixed round them like what little children call "a cheese." It is amusing enough to note such a small company, high in debate or retailing the news, and sitting in judgment on the concerns of their masters and mistresses; but in the matter of judging, I confess the decided superiority of an Irish servant over an English one. The Irish servant cares little how he is debased provided his master is exalted. "Maybe I'm low, mane, and ungenteel myself," said an officer's Irish tiger one day to a poor tradesman who had been "abusive." "Maybe I'm, and maybe I'm not, that's neither here nor there; but as for my master, who has the heart's blood of a gentleman in him, even if he does owe you a dirty trifle—if you dare to turn yer breath agin him, by the powers! I'll make ye sup sorrow in the horse-pond for yer breakfast."

Pat, it is easily perceived, had no ambition beyond what small portion of credit and respectability his master reflected upon him—no wish to be honoured on his own account. "His master" is his lord, and while in his service he is bound to consider himself his thrall. "If you call me a rascal," exclaimed an English servant similarly circumstanced, "I'll take the law of you. If my master owes you money, let him pay it—I'm not bound for him—nor I'll not be called rascal for nothing nor nobody."

I do not consider this an advantage as far as Irish servants are concerned, but rather a proof of how little independence exists in the country amongst that class of people. "Look up to the gentry and demane yourself to them properly," is the advice of an Irish parent to a child going to service; but the spirit of admonition from a good English

mother to her son is directly the opposite—"Do your duty to God and man, but don't be put upon by any one." The genuine worship of aristocracy—a bowing down to those who sit in high places—is far more alive at this moment in Ireland than in any other of the sister kingdoms. An Irishman must have something to lean upon—his landlord—and above all his priest, whereon to repose his spirit—and the door-post, or the handle of his spade, or a ruined wall, against which to lean his body. This is peculiarly the case with Irish servants; first of all, they "depind" upon their masters and mistresses not seeing their omissions, keenly perceiving how much they omit themselves; and they also "depind" upon Judy this or Barney the other to steal into the kitchen and help them to get through their work. "How 'ud they ever do it else, and the wages so small, and the times so bad?" The fact of it is, that every regular servant in an Irish gentleman's family has his own peculiar tail, which, if not carefully clipped, will in time, by its manifold turnings and windings, destroy the head of the whole. I know several of what are called "good managers" who become outrageous at the idea of a charwoman entering their well-ordered mansions; what would they say to an Irish servant's tail?

Take an example. An Irish mistress descends to the lower regions at an hour when she is not looked for.

"Thomas," to the butler, "what strange boy is that I saw in the pantry?"

"That? Oh, that's Jemmy Lownds, just come in to hould master's coat, while Larry brushes it."

"I mean the lad with red hair; I know James."

"Oh, 'tother gorsoon, ma'am; he only stept in to see after Jemmy."

"Katherine," to the cook, "what business has the weeder to come in and do the kitchen-maid's work, while the kitchen-maid does yours, and you have been looking over the yard wall this hour past?"

"Lord save us, my lady! what will the gentry see afther next? My heart was weak in my body for want of a little fresh air, and I jist stept out to take a mouthful, and see Barney Tooly and Jack Johnson and two or three of the workmen help the groom to catch the mare; and sure we'd never get through the work but for the help now and agin."

"I saw two strange caps in the laundry."

"I don't think there's any but Jenny Robins, stept in to do a hand's turn for poor Anty, that's kilt alive with the big heavy washes. Oh, my grief! times are changed when ladies like you think it worth their while to see afther the comers an' goers, and demane themselves with thinking of the bit and the sup!"

I very much fear that the generality of Irish housekeepers do not, as Katherine would say, "demane" themselves in any such way. If they attended more to their domestic concerns, there would be less ruin among the higher classes of Irish society. I am really at a loss to account for the fact, though fact it unquestionably is, that there is a certain carelessness—a want of order—of neatness—of regularity in domestic arrangements, perceptible in almost every Irish house. They appear to me never to think where or how they put their things; their beautiful furniture is seldom half-dusted, and from the ladies' boudoir, where tinsel usurps the place of sterling ornament, down to the kitchen, where one thing is applied to twenty different uses, there is a total absence of

arrangement. I know many who will be very angry at my saying this, and still more angry with me for printing it; but it is so palpable —observed by every one at all accustomed to England and English habits—that I am assured it is better to tell the truth boldly than to whisper it in corners. My deep and heart-felt praise do I give to the warm, hospitable, and affectionate feelings of my dear countrywomen; they are as full of talent as they are of genuine kindness, but they most deplorably lack the precision--the neatness—the thoughtfulness--which sheds the halo of comfort over an English *ménage*. Their minds are as informed, their manners more pleasing, yet they often act as if their brains as well as their houses required to be put in seemly order. I do not think they deserve the imputation so often and so severely cast upon them of want of cleanliness; no nation, I do believe, wash so frequently, but their carelessness makes them soil twice what they clean once; and only those who live amongst them can note the difference. A well-regulated house is always the result of a well-regulated mind, and though Irish servants are very impracticable, still I know they can be managed, for in their own country they are docile, respectful, and not half as quarrelsome as they are here. Imperfections are readily acquired; and the servants who come to England "seeking their fortun" pick up the extravagance and sauciness peculiar to our serving-men and maidens, graft it upon their national pride, and so not unfrequently become epitomes of the bad of both countries.

Irish servants have, generally speaking, one quality which covers a multitude of sins—the strongest possible attachment to their employers. "It isn't for me to see their faults; don't they give me the bit I eat and the rag I wear? and why should I say anything against them? I'll stick up for them while I've breath in my body; for I'm *not ungrateful.*" The affection of Irish nurses to their foster-children is one of the most powerful and devoted feelings of which human nature is capable; they will follow and serve them through evil report and good report—in poverty and in prosperity—in a foreign land, as well as in their own country; and one instance I well remember, of a poor nurse, who, when she heard her foster child--the younger son of a family that had been both respected and respectable in former times—was in an English gaol, came over, attended him during his sad and lonely hours of imprisonment; and when he was doomed to an ignominious death, never left his side till he exchanged time for eternity. She talked to him of those he had loved, before his soul and his name became polluted by evil. And it was a holy thing, within the prison walls, to hear that grey-headed woman put up her heart-felt prayers to the Almighty, for the object of such pure affection. When all was over she claimed his body,—waked it, after the fashion of her country; sold all she possessed in the world to give it decent burial; and was herself his monument; for, a few nights after, she was found dead upon his grave! Such a story does not need the embellishment of fiction.

I remember when it first became my duty to engage servants, my heart overflowed with patriotism. I resolved that none but Irish should perform the labours of my household; which, of course, like all young matrons, I determined should be conducted on so liberal and judicious a principle, that the gratitude and affection of my domestics would be an example of the purity and goodness of (Irish) human nature. Of course I began

by expecting too much; and even now I believe I received too little in return. However, now that I have got over all soreness about certain blunders and inattentions, and various and variegated mistakes, I derive much amusement from the remembrance of the oddity and eccentricity of my poor countrywomen. They were curious mixtures of good and evil; active and energetic, when excited by strong motives—indolent and lazy on ordinary occasions. I especially remember a cook, who was over-fond of any libation that bore the semblance of whiskey. In one of her tipsy freaks she had fallen against the kitchen range, and the result was, the loss of an eye. Poor Mary Keegan! this did not prevent her from very frequently seeing double; and her evening salutation was generally as follows: let it be understood that Mary, when addressing you, had sacrificed too liberally to Bacchus to stand quite erect, and her mind was always filled with the idea, that the person who spoke to her was the very person who "knockt" out her eye. Moreover, when "tossicated," she had a great desire to assist the housemaid in carrying up water, or coal, or china, or glass; anything, in fact, that was likely to occasion confusion if spilt or destroyed. If she met me in the hall, or on the stairs, down would go whatever she had on the floor, and then folding her hands over her apron, she would make a low, staggering curtsey.

"Good evening to you, mistress dear; I hope you're very good dinner was turned to your liking—ah! don't ye be looking that-away at me, darlint lady—an't I worked to an oil, and faith I can't stand it."

"So I perceive, Mary."

"God bless you, ma'am, dear, and mark ye to grace; and now, ma'am, will ye be plased to give me my fine eye that you knockt out o' my head?"

"Me, Mary, I never knockt out your eye!"

"Well a-lannan! it's out any way; an' if it is out, what sinnifies it to Molly Keegan who knockt it out.—So ma'am, dear, I'll trouble ye for my fine eye!"

Poor Molly! she was a faithful, troublesome, affectionate, cross, but clean servant; and used always to declare that she came over to England for the express purpose of teaching the English "*dacency* *."

One, however, of the most genuine specimens of Irish style, and Irish display I ever met with, was a certain butler; an old, and, in many respects, a favourite servant of a friend with whom I have spent many happy hours, and whom I recently visited. He rejoiced in the name of Rowland, but he was always called Rory. There was a quaintness, an oddity, and a love of show about the man, which I never saw equalled, even in his own country. Rory was tall and well-looking; exceedingly attached to his mistress, and to his own opinion. Now as his mistress's opinion and his own were usually at variance, there was a perpetual struggle in his mind as to which should overcome the other. Rory's deference for my friend prompted implicit obedience. Rory's self-

* One of my other maids had received a hint or two of my propensity for story-telling, and I could never get from her any answer beyond "Yes, *mistress*." or "*No*, mistress."—all my labour to induce her to utter a longer sentence was in vain. At length, somewhat annoyed at her brevity, I insisted on knowing what she meant, and then she did somewhat extend her reply,—"Arrah, let me alone, mistress; ye know ye are goin' to put me into a book."

esteem led him to try for the exercise of his own free will—it was perpetually Rory *versus* Rory—and an everlasting war he made of it.

"Rory," said my friend at breakfast one morning, "Rory, these eggs are too much done; and the eggs are *always* too much done; I wish you would see to it."

"The eggs, madam," (Rory was of the old school, and always called his mistress 'madam') "are well done—boiled, you see, as they ought to be; though, to be sure, if you like them less done, it shall be attended to. You wish them less done, in earnest? Well, there's no disputin' taste, and, *if I can*, I'll do them less; though, to be sure, it's hard for me, not a morsel of an egg-saucepan in the house—only fishing after them in a big tea-kettle, as the devil (savin' yo'r presence) fished after red-herrings in the Red Sea."

"Rory, is the mule caught?"

"It's asy say caught! Catch her! Ah! madam, if you had followed my advice, and bought a pony instead of a mule to draw your garden-chair, it would have been different! Catch her! Devil catch me, if I can catch her! Wisp her and curry her, feed her and train her! turn her round an' round—turn her head to her tail, and her tail to her head, and what is she after all but a *mule!* and nothin' but a mule; though, to be sure, if you desire it, madam, I'll catch her—the devil!"—And he did in the end as he was desired, but not without disputing his lady's orders.

Rory was, moreover, a natural dandy: he had a love of neatness and finery, which rendered him a desirable servant in an Irish country-house; and though the greater number of his attentions were lavished on himself, still it is only right to say, that however he might in his proper person be inclined to dispute his mistress's orders, he would compel others to attend to her commands. His pomposity when enforcing her wishes was highly entertaining—one occasion I particularly remember.

"Hav'n't I tould ye over and over again," he would say to his unfortunate pantry-boy, "hav'n't I tould ye that ye'r eyes are only given that ye may mind ye'r mistress, and ye'r ears that ye may understand her, and ye'r legs that ye may run for her, and ye'r arms to work for her. What u'd the likes o' you be sent into the world for, but for the convanience of the gentry? Answer me that."

"Why," murmured Jemmy, in reply, "what war you sent into the world for?"

"It appears I was sent into it to be bothered the heart out of me with the likes of you," sighed Rory, "and now that you've cleaned your spoons, and fed the dogs, and drowned the kittens, and biled the eggs, and scoured the knives, I'll trate you to a little divarshun. Come, now, till I tache you ye'r lesson,—we'll sit here opposite the sea, as the tide's out; maybe ye'r tired—boys are tired now a dale sooner than they used to be—faith, there's no boys going now, only all ould knowing craythurs, born at onct. Now, my man, you've been in the read-a me-dasey* these nine months—see the example I set ye of obedience, to turn myself into a school-master for you, to humour the mistress. Me! but it's no matter. God help us, we're all born but those that are dead."

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* Reading made easy.

"Now, b-o-a-t; well, what does b-o-a-t spell? What, you can't tell! Why, then look out before you, where the sea do be when it's in, and tell me what you see there?"

"Mud," exclaimed poor Jemmy in delight, thinking that at last he had given the proper reading to 'boat.' James, of course, was rewarded for his learning by a smart blow, and then was ordered to progress from B to C, and spell coat; he uttered every letter distinctly, c-o-a-t, but to pronounce them collectively was another matter. Rory resolved on giving him a fresh hint, and gently touched the sleeve of his coat; but still Jemmy toiled on, letter by letter, c-o-a-t. "Are ye dead-stupid entirely," shouted Rory, giving the garment a tremendous pull. "Oh! oh!" thought James, "I've got it now, any way," and as his grey eyes goggled with delight, he exclaimed "Jacket!"

The termination of these lessons always took place in the breakfast-room; first were heard Jemmy's screams, drawing nearer and nearer, until, when outside the door, they sunk into suppressed sobs; then Rory would enter, lugging in his stupid pupil by the ear.

"It's sorry I am to complain; but sure I am, madam, that every man, woman, and child is born with a genus for something, and this boy's genus is, that he won't learn nothing; I've watched him — I've cloquotioned him—I've bate him, to try to drive the larnin' into him—but it's no use; the fact of it is, he's own brother to the mule. You are—you—look at his ears! Faith, betwixt him an' the mule my heart's broke entirely—smashed—crushed—I'm not half the man I was—I'm an 'atomy, instead of a Christin, and I'll not stay if I'm to be schoolmaster and mule-catcher any longer. I'd do a dale to sarve you, madam, but betwixt instructing this fellow—and then when t'other was clane curried, he's off into the horse-pond—and troth, I can't stand either one or other of 'em—Madam—unless so be it be your pleasure, ma'am, that I'm a dead butler, instead of a living sarvant;" and then, without waiting for reply, Rory would bow, and stalk out of the room, followed at a respectful distance by poor Jemmy, whose ears had certainly grown to an extraordinary length.

The melange of an Irish kitchen on some of their festival nights would afford abundant subjects for pen and pencil; for both the in-door and out-door amusements of my poor country-folk have a careless and happy joyousness, which the sobered character of the English could never attain.

If I dare venture to give my own opinion upon the great and habitual dissimilarity which exists between the two nations, I would say, that the food consumed in each is so different, either as to quantity and quality, that it must affect the temperament of both body and mind. The Irishman's diet is light and easy of digestion; the Englishman eats frequently and his food is heavy. The Irishman also, when he does drink, drinks whiskey; and the inflammatory effects of ardent spirits are unhappily too well known to need any comment;—the Englishman becomes equally intoxicated, but it is from the effects of porter or beer, producing stupefaction, not exhilaration. All Irish housekeepers know that their servants, however honest in other things, must never be trusted with whiskey; it must be kept under lock and key, if it is not intended to turn the heads of all the domestics,—*male* domestics I should say, for females of the lower order are not by any means as much addicted in

the country parts of Ireland to the use of spirits as they are here. Indeed, with all their faults as a nation,—and heaven knows their name is "legion,"—I do not anywhere know females so humble, so devoted, so free from every vestige of self, as the Irish cotters' wives. Forbearing help-mates,—tender mothers,—hospitable, affectionate friends are to be met with in the wayside sheelings: though the wind penetrates the thatch and the rain enters at the open door, still there is a kindliness which makes all warm, and a cheerfulness which blazes even more brightly than the gay turf-fire that is heaped to make the traveller welcome!

* * * * * * *

"God bless you, lady! Sure, I knew all your people; and Master Ben's in Waterford;—and maybe if I'd come down to the big house, you'd read me Matty's letter from London, and incense me into what I'd best say to her?"

"And have you had your daughter's letter all this time in your pocket, and not heard it read yet?" I inquired of Martha Brine, who stood curtseying before me.

"Oh, no, my lady; not that, only there's a dale in the differ—gettin' a thing read by them that can't read, and gettin' a thing read by them that have larnin', is as different as night from day; and it's not every one that *has* the larnin' that one's heart warms too, or that one u'd like to let into one's secrets, Ma'am, dear."

"Very true, indeed, Martha; learning is the very last thing to win a person's heart."

"It's very grand, to be sure," replied Mrs. Brine, again curtseying—"Very grand intirely," she repeated—"but I'm thinking it's a could thing, afther all. My boy Dominick, who went to the Americees, had five times the larnin' of poor Matty, and yet sorra a scratch of a pen I've got from him these six years! I'm sure it's could," repeated the widow, wiping her eyes, and, truth to say, I echoed the sentiment—*it is cold.* In the evening Mrs. Brine came, and with her a letter, and a long sheet of foolscap, and a quill, the "head-feather," as she assured me, of her goose's wing, "and just pluckt." Matty's letter deserved to be immortalized for its nature and good feeling; her poor mother seated herself on the floor, and clasped her hands over her knees, while I read—

"My darlint Mother,—Sure it's my heart bleeds when I look at what I've written, and think how poor it is to tell what I feel for ye, and how I long for to see you, and spend, if it was only one hour, down by the stream forenent our house, and see Mary's pleasant face in the water, while she beetles the clothes, which I hope she does cleaner than she used, and hear once more the cry of my little sister—the child of ye'r old age—and smell the sweet fresh air that used to come dancing of a summer morning over the meadow blossom and the yellow broom; but it isn't to be yet awhile—I won't say *never*, because never's a long day, and maybe so best; and London's a fine place to live and learn in—with no end to the houses, you might walk one long May-day from morning till night, and never get shut of them;—only houses—houses—houses. And I have got a good place—ten pounds a year, and find myself—that is, the tay and sugar, which I don't much throuble, and not over work to signify—only I can't hould out at the eatin', as they do here for ever more. They're a quare people, and think as much of a pound of paytees as they do of a pound of meat;—and the mistress is kind to me,

and the masther's a fine figure of a man, only a shocking color, with the smoke I suppose, as he goes into the dark part of the town, what they call the City, every morning;—and (only don't let on, Mother, and God bless you, for the neighbours would make little of me, if you did), sure he's got a shop away from his own house, and thinks no shame of it—though his brother's a rale Counsellor, and keeps a footman—(we, I mean)—and all sort of gentility,—and a cab, which is a gig with a head to it; and a tiger, Mother, which isn't a wild animal, but a dawshy boy, about the size of our Kit; and sure it's Kit would make the beautiful tiger if he was here,—but, Mother, he's happier where he is. And I saw the King, and indeed you'd hardly know him from a gentleman, only for the soldiers, who are quiet and asy enough —fine well-behaved men; and I hear tell how they're building the King a new house—and indeed the ould one, which—(Mother, is'nt it quare among the Protestants to call the King's house St. James)—is shabby, not half so good as the rock of Cashel or the Castle of Kilkenny; only I can't think why he dos'nt take one that's ready built, of which there's plenty to be had. And, Oh, Mother, dear, if you could but see our alter-piece in Moor-field's Chapel, where I go every second Sunday, which is all the religion I have; but I can't tell you about it, it's so beautiful intirely. And, Mother, you'll mind to keep the thrifle under the seal for yourself, for the tea, Mother; and my blessing to Mary, and to know how the young pigs get on with her, and tell her not to forget how she promised to buy you a new cloak out of the money; and to remember the lucky side of the river for bleaching flax. Oh, Mother, Mother, if I was with you but for one while, which I would be, only for him, and——

"Ma'm, dear," interrupted the poor woman, "read that part asy for fear any would hear you; and sure, only for the promise I made her, that same man would bear my curse as a mark upon his soul; but read it asy, lady honey—read it asy."

"To whom does she allude?" I inquired.

"To a black villain," replied the mother. "A black, bitter villain, who came here, and pretended to be a single man; and just as he was going to be married to Matty, she discovered he was married before, and that made her turn against the place, for her heart was in him, and it's hard to draw the heart of a woman back; but when she knew she'd no right to him, 'Mother,' says she (I mind it well, it was of a Sunday noon in April, after a shower), 'Mother,' says she, 'everything I see about the place tells me of him, and when the bitterness of a curse rises to my lip, my heart calls it back, and turns it to a blessing, and then I think, may-be that's sinful; and when I see his wife, and his two little children last Sunday at chapel—God forgive me, and look down upon me—I felt mighty strange towards her: and it's for her I should have prayed—not for him—but I couldn't—and I'm distracted intirely —I can't settle to nothing—so, mother, I'll go to London to your aunt's cousin, and thanks to you, I'm not so ignorant but I can make my way there, and God will bless me.' And then she cried; and I thought my heart would break, for she was my eldest, and a second mother to the children. And as we were crying together the sun came out shining, and dried up all the rain-drops off the blackberry bushes; and, poor girl, she'd a way of noticing every little thing, and drawing some good

out of it. So, 'Mother, dear,' says she, 'if the sun that God made can dry up the rain, sure the Almighty can dry our tears; and you needn't think it 'ill be out of sight out of mind with me; and the strange things, and plenty of work, will make me quite another girl.' Well, God bless her, I say; and now, dear lady, go on with the letter, if you please—there's the place, you see, where the handwriting's so shakey, and—I don't know—but those two or three blots look mighty like tears—only I hope," (and the poor creature herself was weeping) "I do hope she wouldn't be so foolish!"

I continued—

"And mother, I heard from one who knew that that same man is gone away intirely, and that his wife and the children are in great poverty, not very far from our own place. And mother, I do be often thinking of that poor thing that I caused a deal of throuble to; and I mind, that when she looked at me as if she pitied me, I walked away with a proud, hateful sort of feeling, which God forgive! And now what I want to say is, that if you'll advance her a trifle,—say, send her a present of white-eyes, or a sitting-hen and eggs to the eldest child, that she may turn a penny by rearing chickens, or a couple of stone of meal, or anything that you know would be useful, I'll work my arms off my body to make it more than good; but do it dacently—don't let any one be the wiser of it, for she's of a proud stock, though God knows she didn't look proud on me.

"Mother, dear, there's a very fine young man a baker, who's turned his fancy for marriage on me; but I've put an end to it, for I tould him I loved once, and should never love again,—which, he says, isn't the English fashion. I wish you could see the pathern of the things they have here to keep the clothes on the bushes, to hinder them from tearing,—clothes-pegs they call them, but they an't pegs, but forks; I thought they were fire-wood at the first going off. Oh! but the English make a dale of fun out of us in their own way, but I don't let 'em know I mind it, for fear they'd make more; sure, any way they'll stop when their tired. And now my love and blessing to every one in the town land, and may the Almighty pour every happiness in life upon you,

"Prays, my dear mother,
"Your dutiful and loving daughter,
"MATTY BRINE.

"P.S. Don't *forget his wife and children!*"

A woman's heart is ever in the postscript they say, and I believe it; it is so natural to put off *les affaires du cœur* to the last page—to the last line, if possible, and then dash it in carelessly, as a young lady throws her handsome chain a little over the left shoulder, so—as if she did not care about it, while all the time it is the thing of all her ornaments she most values.

"I hope," I exclaimed, "she may marry the baker, for I assure you that the life of an Irish servant amongst English ones is not by any means enviable."

"Ah, Ma'am, dear!" replied Mrs. Brine, "why don't you have Irish servants yourself?"

"Mrs. Brine, I have had, at the very least calculation, twenty; and out of that twenty there is only one whom I really value, and I look

upon poor Alecy, though she is now in another house, more as an humble friend than a mere servant."

"Sure, Ma'am, dear, they're honest."

"Yes, but wasteful; and so exceedingly fond of display, that they would squander your property to make you 'look grand.'"

The widow smiled, and replied, "Aye, Ma'am, but sure that's the fashion of the country—our country, I mean. Might I make bould to ask if you consider them dirty?"

"Not dirty, but so careless—and then always making one thing answer half a dozen purposes."

"Sure that's the cleverness of them."

"Then they are so irregular—never time themselves properly. An Irish cook never has dinner to the minute; and an Irish footman will give you his opinion when you want him to obey a command."

"You see, Ma'am, as to the cook, they don't value the eatin'; and sure it's a servant's duty to advise their master and mistress for their good."

I perceived clearly that we should not agree upon this point, and poor Mrs. Brine saw also that there was little chance of my receiving Matty into my service at present. I therefore commenced writing a letter in reply to her daughter, and moreover engaged to deliver it myself. This promise cheered the mother's heart, and, on my departure, she made one with the servants of the house, who, headed by Rory, bade me a farewell of so affectionate a nature as not to be easily forgotten. The poor Irish are keen and cunning, fond of giving and receiving praise—pleasant, but not profitable to entertain; but it is a mistake to suppose that their faults are peculiar to their poverty. The same cunning, the same seeking after vain-glory, pervades the higher classes of society; but it is there educated and tempered, and renders its possessors quick, intelligent, and obliging. I wish we were less fond of tracing actions to their motives; it is not a pleasant task, except indeed when now and then we hit upon one of those noble-minded motives that stand out from amid the multitude of littlenesses and the mass of interests that spur men to exertion; then it is that its just proportions, its unity of purpose, is felt and appreciated; and, proud of the moral dignity conferred upon our kind, we try to wind ourselves up to the same pitch of greatness.

When in our wayfaring journey we meet people who are kind, attentive, and obliging, it is better not to feel too narrowly for the organ of love of approbation, which phrenologists say is so distinguishing a bump amongst "good-natured folk."———There is something touching in the adieus of a troop of Irish servants to those whom a little kindness has rendered popular amongst them. They leave of course their several employments for some time before the farewell commences; they have identified themselves with you—they talk of the chances of the weather, and wish you had remained either until new moon, or full moon, or whatever moon is *not* in the ascendant; they talk of your mother and your grandmother, and "your people," and wish England was sunk in the sea before it took you away from them. All this chattering occurs at the hall-door, the upper servants being on the inside—the lower servants and the combined *tails* of all, assembling without. Then when you are really going, there are kindly smiles, and many blessings, and

a few tears—and all so earnest and so kindly, that you forget their blunders—their commissions and omissions—all but their heartfelt good-nature—and perhaps, in a fit of enthusiasm, you resolve to introduce Irish servants amongst your own trained domestics, forgetting how perfectly useless affection and enthusiasm are in "a well-regulated English house," which, to confess the truth, deals in every thing more largely than the affections.

Of course I resolved to present Matty's letter myself, and went, for that purpose, to one of the peculiarly smart, neat—I had almost said *vulgarly* clean streets that skirt the Regent's Park. Nothing can be more at variance than the aristocratic-looking houses half buried in gloom, and excluding daylight as a too familiar object, in May Fair, and those prinky green and white dwellings, where city folk enjoy themselves and entertain their neighbours with hospitality and scandal. When arrived at the corner, I perceived a very pretty-looking young woman in earnest conversation with, or rather I should say listening to the conversation of a very handsome baker, who looked as if he had been powdered all over. The girl certainly *was* pretty, but she was pale, *very* pale, and her black hair and dark deep eyes looked all the darker because of her pallid cheeks. Her clothes were neat and well put on, and I should have thought her an English girl, but that, glancing at her shoes, I perceived they were fast approaching to what is termed slip-shod. I hardly ever saw an Irish woman *bien chaussée*—their shoes are either too big, or crooked, or down behind, or slit before, or something that says as plainly as English shoe can say—"I am vilely treated by this Irish foot." There stood Matty—I was sure it was Matty—desirous of escaping with her basket, from which the leaves of carrots peeped forth in company with the end of a roll of butter and a bunch of candles,—evidently desirous of escaping from the baker's arguments. Poor fellow, he had rolled his pass-book into a paper staff, and absolutely suffered the peculation of a little bare-legged boy, who kept picking morsels of bread from the basket that stood by his side, to go unpunished.

I knocked at No. 5, and the instant the knock reverberated through the street, the young woman turned from the baker, who I observed looked after her until she disappeared in the area of the house I was entering as she descended.

It was pleasant to hear her mistress commend Matty's skill in getting up "small things," and praise her industry and good temper; and as she blushed and curtseyed before me, I could hardly fancy that shy creature the same person who wrote and felt the letter I had almost wept over at Bannow. I insisted upon her reading her mother's letter.

"Master Ben never wrote this," she said, and immediately added, "did you, Ma'am?" It was then she blushed indeed—and such a blush—

"Matty," said I, "you must really marry the baker."

Her mistress smiled. "I hope she will; for she has told me about it," she said; "and the young man says that the love will come if she'll only marry! and he's a catholic—and I assure you, Ma'am, she makes excellent bread already."

The worthy woman left the room, and then the Irish maid's feelings burst forth in tears and inquiries.

"I had seen her mother—and Mary, and Kit, and the pigs—and had I seen any one else—had I seen *her and his children?*"

Poor Matty!—after much conversation, I spoke to her of the handsome baker—she did not blush—she only shook her head, and said—

"A poor girl like me has nothing to give to an honest boy, but her heart—and though, thank God, mine's away from *where it onct was*, yet somehow it does not feel as if it was come back clean and clever to myself."

"But in time, Matty?"

"May be so," she replied; but the gentle assent had little of hope for the poor baker!

THE HEART'S TRIBUTE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

No, Mary! trust me, when I say,
To me no other seems so fair,
Though joy may dance in younger eyes,
And sunshine gild their burnish'd hair;
For what thou *wert* when thou wert young
Amidst the beautiful I see,
And what thou *art*, now thou art old,
The brightest there may pray to be!
Sweet voices do but echo thine,
Bright glances bring me back thy brow—
I dream of *thee*, and not of them,
And feel I love thee better now!
Then, when thy heart was all to win,
And Hope's uncertain transports gave
A wild enchantment to the chain
Which made me thine and Passion's slave.

Now quiet memory gives me back
The story of my vanish'd years,
Success, made brighter by thy smiles,
And woe less bitter by thy tears!
And oh! though those were blessed days,
Far sweeter 'tis to know that thou
Art all even Hope could promise then,
It makes me love thee better now!
Time hath out-tired my eager heart,
And Time hath tamed my spirit high;
Seems all I gain'd and all I lost
Scarce worth a struggle or a sigh,
All, all but *one*,—thou, only thou,
The bright ideal of my youth,
Remainest firm, and fond and true,
To prove my dreams of pleasure sooth.
Thou! all the rest my heart hath found
Amid life's hopes—thou, only thou!
All else hath vanish'd from my world
That I might love thee better now!

PEDLAR KARL.

"Which manner of digression, however some dislike as frivolous and impertinent, yet I am of Beroaldus his opinion, such digressions do mightily delight and refresh a weary reader; they are like sawce to a bad stomach, and I therefore do most willingly use them."—BURTON.

I AM not sure whether Lebanon Springs, the scene of a romantic story I am about to tell, belong to New York or Massachusetts. It is not very important, to be sure, in a country where people take Vermont and Patagonia to be neighbouring States, but I have a natural looseness in geography which I take pains to mortify by exposure. Very odd! that I should not remember more of the spot where I took my first lessons in philandering—where I first saw you, brightest and most beautiful A. D. (not *Anno Domini*), in your white morning-frocks and black French aprons!

Lebanon Springs are the rage about once in three years. I must let you into the secret of these things, gentle reader, for perhaps I am the only individual existing who has penetrated the mysteries of the four dynasties of American fashion. In the fourteen millions of inhabitants in the United States, there are precisely four authenticated and undisputed aristocratic families. There is one in Boston, one in New York, one in Philadelphia, and one in Baltimore. By a blessed Providence they are not all in one State, or we should have a civil war and a monarchy in no time. With two hundred miles' interval between them, they agree passably, and generally meet at one or another of the three watering-places of Saratoga, Ballston, or Lebanon. Their meeting is as mysterious as the process of crystallization, for it is not by agreement. You must explain it by some theory of homœopathy or magnetism. As it is not known till the moment they arrive, there is of course great excitement among the hotel-keepers in these different parts of the country, and a village that has ten thousand transient inhabitants one summer, has, for the next, scarce as many score. The vast and solitary temples of Pæstum are gay in comparison with these halls of disappointment.

As I make a point of dawdling away July and August in this locomotive metropolis of pleasure, and rather prefer Lebanon, it is always agreeable to me to hear that the nucleus is formed in that valley of hemlocks. Not for its scenery, for if there is one thing in this universe of ennui that bores me more than a man who is neither rich nor witty, it is "nature." That is why I like Europe; you never hear of it this side the water in man, woman, or landscape; and really, my dear Eastern-hemispherian! you that are accustomed to what is called nature in England (to wit, a soft park, with a grey ruin in the midst), have little idea how wearily upon heart and mind presses a waste wilderness of mere forest and water, without stone or story. Trees in England have characters and tongues; if you see a fine one, you know whose father planted it, and for whose pleasure it was designed, and about what sum the man must possess to afford to let it stand. They are statistics, as it were—so many trees, *ergo*, so many owners so rich. In America, on the contrary, trees grow and waters run, as the stars shine, quite unmean-

ingly; there may be ten thousand princely elms, and not a man within a hundred miles worth five pounds five. You ask, in England, who has the privilege of this water? or you say of an oak, that it stood in such a man's time: but with us, water is an element unclaimed and unrented, and a tree dabbles in the clouds as they go over, and is like a great idiot, without soul or responsibility. I told Miss Martineau so, and yet she persisted she should be delighted with our American forests. Introduce me to a drawing-room, full of wax figures larger than life, and I shall find them like men and women as soon.

If Lebanon *had* a history, however,—if it *had* been the scene of much human vice and little human virtue, like other spots of earth,—if Bulwer (who is seen in apotheosis on the other edge of the great scroll of the Atlantic) had looked on it with his creative eye, and poets, with critics who are mother editors of Quarterlys, had sprung, flourished, and died within its mountainous horizon,—if, in short, bad poems had been written, and much praised there, and lovely women been made lovelier by a deifying rank and more deifying fortune,—if the ruins of a robber's stronghold stood on the shoulder of one hill, and the walls of a nunnery, suppressed for licentiousness, on the slope of another,—then, I think, Lebanon would have been a spot for a pilgrimage, for its *natural* beauty. It is shaped like a lotus, with one leaf laid back by the wind. It is a great green cup, with a scoop for a drinking-place. As you walk in the long porticoes of the hotel, the dark forest mounts up before you like a leafy wall, and the clouds seem just to clear the pine-tops, and the eagles sail across from horizon to horizon, without lifting their wings, as if you saw them from the bottom of a well. People born there think the world about two miles square, and hilly.

The principal charm of Lebanon to me is the village of "Shakers," lying in a valley about three miles off. As Glaucus wondered at the inert tortoise of Pompeii, and loved it for its antipodal contrast to himself, so do I *affection* (a French verb that I beg leave to introduce to the English language) the Shaking Quakers. That two thousand men could be found in the New World, who would embrace a religion enjoining a frozen and unsympathetic intercourse with the diviner sex, and that an equal number of females could be induced to live in the same community, without locks or walls, in the cold and rigid observance of a creed of celibacy, is to me an inexplicable and grave wonder. My delight is to get into my stanhope after breakfast, and drive over and spend the forenoon in contemplating them at their work in the fields. They have a peculiar and most expressive physiognomy; the women are pale, or of a wintry redness in the cheek, and are all attenuated and spare. Gravity, deep and habitual, broods in every line of their thin faces. They go out to their labour in company with those serious men, and are never seen to smile. Their eyes are all hard and stony, their gait is precise and stiff, their voices are of a croaking hoarseness, and nature seems dead in them. I would bake you such men and women in a brick-kiln.

Do they think the world is coming to an end? Are there to be no more children? Is Cupid to be thrown out of business, like a coach proprietor on a rail-road? What can the Shakers mean, I should be pleased to know?

The oddity is that most of them are young. Men of from twenty to thirty, and women from sixteen to twenty-five, and often, spite of their

unbecoming dress, good-looking and shapely, meet you at every step. Industrious, frugal, and self-denying they certainly are, and there is every appearance that their tenets of difficult abstinence are kept to the letter. There is little temptation beyond principle to remain, and they are free to go and come as they list, yet there they live on in peace and unrepining industry, and a more thriving community does not exist in the republic. Many a time have I driven over on a Sunday, and watched those solemn virgins dropping in one after another to the church; and when the fine-limbed and russet-faced brotherhood were swimming round the floor in their fanatical dance, I have watched their countenances for some look of preference, some betrayal of an ill-suppressed impulse, till my eyes ached again. I have selected the youngest and fairest, and have not lost sight of her for two hours, and she might have been made of cheese-parings for any trace of emotion. There is food for speculation in it. Can we do without matrimony? Can we "strike," and be independent of these dear delightful tyrants, for whom we "live and move and have our being?" Will it ever be no blot on our scutcheon to have attained thirty-five as an unfructifying unit? Is that fearful campaign, with all its embarrassments and awkwardnesses, and inquisitions into your money and morals, its bullyings and backings-out—is it evitable?

Lebanon has one other charm. Within a morning drive of the Springs lies the fairest village it has ever been my lot to see. It is English in its character, except that there is really nothing in this country so perfect of its kind. There are many towns in the United States more picturesquely situated, but this, before I had been abroad, always seemed to me the very ideal of English rural scenery, and the kind of place to set apart for either love or death—for one's honeymoon or burial, the two periods of life which I have always hoped would find me in the loveliest spot of nature. Stockbridge lies in a broad sunny valley, with mountains at exactly the right distance, and a river in its bosom that is as delicate in its windings, and as suited to the charms it wanders among, as a vein in the transparent neck of beauty. I am not going into a regular description, but I have carried myself back to Lebanon, and the remembrance of the leafy mornings of summer in which I have driven to that fair earthly Paradise, and loitered under its elms, imagining myself amid the scenes of song and story in distant England, has a charm for me now. I have seen the mother-land; I have rambled through park, woodland, and village, wherever the name was old and the scene lovely, and it pleases me to go back to my dreaming days and compare the reality with the anticipation. Most small towns in America have traces of *new*-ness about them. The stumps of a clearing, or freshly boarded barns—something that is the antipodes of romance—meets your eye from every aspect. Stockbridge, on the contrary, is an old town, and the houses are of a rural structure, the fields look soft and genial, the grass is sward-like, the bridges picturesque, the hedges old, and the elms, nowhere so many and so luxuriant, are full grown and majestic. The village is embowered in foliage.

Greatest attraction of all, the authoress of "Redwood" and "Hope Leslie," a novelist of whom America has the good sense to be proud, is the Miss Mitford of Stockbridge. A *man*, though a distinguished one,

may have little influence on the town he lives in, but a remarkable *woman* is the invariable cynosure of a community, and irradiates it all. I think I could divine the presence of one almost by the growing of the trees and flowers. "Our Village" does not look like other villages.

You will have forgotten that I had a story to tell, dear reader. I was at Lebanon in the summer of —— (perhaps you don't care about knowing exactly when it was, and in that case I would rather keep shy of dates in a periodical; I please myself with the idea that time gets on faster than I.) The Springs were thronged. The President's lady was there, (this was under *our* administration, the Adams') and all the four *cliques* spoken of above were amicably united—each others' beaux dancing with each others' belles, and so on. If I were writing merely for American eyes, I should digress once more to describe the distinctive characters of the south, north, and central representations of beauty; but it would scarcely interest the general reader. I may say in passing that the Boston belles were *à l'Anglaise*, rosy and *riant;* the New Yorkers, like Parisians, cool, dangerous, and dressy; and the Baltimoreans (and so south), like Ionians or Romans, indolent, passionate, lovely, and languishing. Men, women, and pine apples, I am inclined to think, flourish with a more kindly growth in the fervid latitudes.

The campaign went on, and a pleasant campaign it was—for the parties concerned had the management of their own affairs; *i. e.* they who had hearts to sell made the bargain for themselves, (this was the greater number,) and they who disposed of that commodity gratis, though necessarily young and ignorant of the world, made the transfer in the same manner, in person. That is your true republic. The trading in affections by reference—the applying to an old and selfish heart for the purchase of a young and ingenuous one—the swearing to your rents, and not to your faithful passion—to your settlements, and not your constancy—the cold distance between yourself and the young creature who is to lie in your bosom, till the purchase-money is secured, —and the hasty marriage and sudden abandonment of a nature thus chilled and put on its guard, to a freedom with one almost a stranger, that cannot but seem licentious, and cannot but break down that sense of propriety in which modesty is most strongly entrenched—this seems to me the *one* evil of your old worm-eaten monarchies this side the water, which touches the essential happiness of the well-bred individual. Taxation and oppression are but things he reads of in the morning paper.

This freedom of intercourse between unmarried people has a single disadvantage,—one gets so desperately soon to the end of the chapter! There shall be two hundred young ladies at the Springs in a given season, and, by the difference in taste so wisely arranged by Providence, there will scarce be, of course, more than four in that number whom any one gentleman at all difficult will find within the range of his *beau ideal*. With those four he may converse freely twelve hours in the day—more, if he particularly desires it. They may ride together, drive together, ramble together, sing together, be together from morning till night, and at the end of a month passed in this way, if he escape a committal, as is possible, he will know all that are agreeable, in one large circle at least, as well as he knows his sisters—a state of things that is very

likely to end in his going abroad soon, from a mere dearth of amusement. I have imagined, however, the case of an unmarrying idle man, a character too rare as yet in America to affect the general question. People marry as they die in that country—when their time comes. *We must all marry* is as much an axiom as *we must all die*, and eke as melancholy.

Shall we go on with the story? I had escaped for two blessed weeks, and was congratulating the susceptible gentleman under my waistcoat-pocket that we should never be in love with less than the whole sex again, when a German Baron Von —— arrived at the Springs with a lame daughter. She was eighteen, transparently fair, and, at first sight, so shrinkingly dependent, so delicate, so child-like, that attention to her assumed the form almost of pity, and sprang as naturally and unsuspectingly from the heart. The only womanly trait about her was her voice, which was so deeply soft and full, so earnest and yet so gentle, so touched with subdued pathos and yet so melancholy calm, that if she spoke after a long silence, I turned to her involuntarily with the feeling that she was not the same,—as if some impassioned and eloquent woman had taken unaware the place of the simple and petted child.

I am inclined to think there is a particular tenderness in the human breast for lame women. Any other deformity in the gentler sex is monstrous; but lameness (the Devil's defect) is "the devil." I picture myself, to my own eye now—pacing those ricketty colonnades at Lebanon with the gentle Meeta hanging heavily, and with the dependence inseparable from her infirmity, on my arm, while the moon (which was the moon of the Rhine to *her*, full of thrilling and unearthly influences) rode solemnly up above the mountain-tops. And that strange voice, filling like a flute with sweetness as the night advanced, and that irregular pressure of the small wrist in her forgotten lameness, and my own (I thought) almost paternal feeling as she leaned more and more heavily, and turned her delicate and fair face confidingly up to mine, and that dangerous mixture altogether of childlikeness and womanly passion, of dependence and superiority, of reserve on the one subject of love, and absolute confidence on every other—if I had not a story to tell I could prate of those June nights and their witcheries till you would think

"Tutti gli alberi del mondo
Fossero penne,"

and myself "bitten by the dipsas."

We were walking one night late in the gallery running around the second story of the hotel. There was a ball on the floor below, and the music, deadened somewhat by the crowded room, came up softened and mellowed to the dark and solitary colonnade, and added to other influences in putting a certain lodger in my bosom beyond my temporary control. I told Meeta that I loved her.

The building stands against the side of a steep mountain high up above the valley, and the pines and hemlocks at that time hung in their primeval blackness almost over the roof. As the most difficult and embarrassed sentence of which I had ever been delivered died on my lips, and Meeta, lightening her weight on my arm, walked in apparently offended silence by my side, a deep-toned guitar was suddenly struck in the woods, and a clear, manly voice broke forth in a song. It produced an instant and startling effect on my companion. With the first word she

quickly withdrew her arm; and, after a moment's pause, listening with her hands raised in an attitude of the most intense eagerness, she sprang to the extremity of the balustrade and gazed breathlessly into the dark depths of the forest. The voice ceased, and she started back, and laid her hand hastily on my arm.

"I must go," she said, in a voice of hurried feeling; "if you are generous, stay here and await me!" and in another moment she sprang along the bridge connecting the gallery with the rising ground in the rear, and was lost in the shadows of the hemlocks.

I have made a declaration, thought I, just five minutes too soon.

I paced up and down the now *too* lonely colonnade, and picked up the fragments of my dream with what philosophy I might. By the time Meeta returned, perhaps a half hour, perhaps an age, as you measure by her feelings or mine, I had patched up a very pretty and heroical magnanimity. She would have spoken, but was breathless.

"Explain nothing," I said, taking her arm within mine, "and let us mutually forget. If I can serve you better than by silence, command me entirely. I live but for your happiness,—even," I added after a pause, "though it spring from another."

We were at her chamber door. She pressed my hand with a strength of which I did not think those small, slight fingers capable, and vanished, leaving me, I am free to confess, less resigned than you would suppose from my last speech. I had done the dramatic thing, thanks to much reading of you, dear Barry Cornwall! but it was not in a play. I remained killed after the audience was gone.

The next day a new character appeared on the stage.

"*Such* a handsome pedlar!" said magnificent Helen,—— to me, as I gave my horse to the groom after a ride in search of hellebore, and joined the promenade at the well: "and what do you think? he sells only by raffle! It's so nice! All sorts of Berlin iron ornaments, and everything German and sweet; and the pedlar's smiles worth more than the prizes; and *such* a moustache! See! there he is! and now, if he has sold all his tickets,—will you come, Master Gravity?"

"I hear a voice you cannot hear," thought I, as I gave the beauty my arm and joined a crowd of people gathered about a pedlar's box in the centre of the parterre.

The itinerant vender spread his wares in the midst of the gay assemblage, and the raffle went on. He was excessively handsome. A head of the sweet gentleness of Raphael's, with locks flowing to his shoulders in the fashion of the German students, a soft brown moustache curving on a short Phidian upper lip, a large blue eye expressive of enthusiasm rather than passion, and features altogether purely intellectual, formed a portrait with which even jealousy might console itself. Through all the disadvantages of a dress suited to his apparent vocation, an eye the least on the alert for a disguise would have penetrated his in a moment. The gay and thoughtless crowd about him, not accustomed to impostors who were *more* than they pretended to be, trusted him for a pedlar, but treated him with a respect far above his station insensibly.

Whatever his object was, so it were honourable, I inly determined to give him all the assistance in my power. A single glance at the face of Meeta, who joined the circle as the prizes were drawn,—a face so changed

since yesterday, so flushed with hope and pleasure, and yet so saddened by doubt and fear, the small lips compressed, the soft black eye kindled and restless, and the red leaf on her cheek deepened to a feverish beauty, —left me no shadow of hesitation. I exchanged a look with her that I intended should say as much.

I know nothing that gives one such an elevated idea of human nature (in one's own person) as helping another man to a woman one loves. Oh last days of minority or thereabouts! oh primal manhood! oh golden time, when we have let go all but the enthusiasm of the boy, and seized hold of all but the selfishness of the man! oh blessed interregnum of the evil and stronger genius! why can we not bottle up thy hours like the wine of a better vintage, and enjoy them in the parched world-weariness of age! In the tardy honeymoon of a bachelor (as mine will be, if it come ever, alas!) with what joy of Paradise should we bring up from the cellars of the past a hamper of that sunny Hippocrene!

Pedlar Karl and "the gentleman in No. 10" would have been suspected in any other country of conspiracy. (How odd that the highest crime of a monarchy, the attempt to supplant the existing ruler, becomes in a republic a creditable profession! You are a *traitor* here, a *politician* there!) We sat together from midnight onwards, discoursing in low voices over sherry and sandwiches, and in that crowded Babylon, his entrances and exits required a very conspirator-like management.— Known as my friend, his trade and his disguise were up. As a pedlar, wandering about where he listed when not employed over his wares, his interviews with Meeta were easily contrived, and his lover's watch, gazing on her through the long hours of the ball from the crowd of villagers at the windows, hovering about her walks, and feeding his heart on the many, many chance looks of fondness given him in every hour in that out-of-doors society, kept him comparatively happy.

"The Baron looked hard at you to-day," said I, as he closed the door in my little room, and sat down on the bed.

"Yes; he takes an interest in me as a countryman, but he does not know me. He is a dull observer, and has seen me but once in Germany."

"How, then, have you known Meeta so long?"

"I accompanied her brother home from the university, when the Baron was away, and for a long month we were seldom parted. Riding, boating on the Rhine, watching the sunset from the bartizan of the old castle towers, reading in the old library, rambling in the park and forest —it was a heaven, my friend, than which I can conceive none brighter."

"And her brother?"

"Alas! changed! We were both boys then, and a brother is slow to believe his sister's beauty dangerous. He was the first to shut the doors against me, when he heard that the poor student had dared to love his high-born Meeta." Karl covered his eyes with his hand, and brooded for a while in silence on the remembrances he had awakened.

"Do you think the Baron came to America purposely to avoid you?"

"Partly, I have no doubt, for I entered the castle one night in my despair, when I had been forbidden entrance, and he found me at her feet in the old corridor. It was the only time he ever saw me, if, indeed, he saw me at all in the darkness, and he immediately hastened his preparations for a long-contemplated journey, I knew not whither."

"Did you follow him soon?"

"No, for my heart was crushed at first, and I despaired. The possibility of following them in my wretched poverty did not even occur to me for months."

"How did you track them hither, of all places in the world?"

"I sought them first in Italy. It is easy on the Continent to find out where persons are *not*, and after two years' wanderings, I heard of them in Paris. They had just sailed for America. I followed; but in a country where there are no passports, and no *espionage*, it is difficult to trace the traveller. It was probable only that they would be at a place of general resort, and I came here with no assurance but hope. Thanks to God, the first sight that greeted my eyes was my dear Meeta, whose irregular step, as she walked back and forth with you in the gallery, enabled me to recognise her in the darkness."

Who shall say the days of romance are over? The plot is not brought to the catastrophe, but we hope it is near.

My aunt, Isabella Slingsby (now in heaven, with the "eleven thousand virgins," God rest her soul!) was at this time, as at all others, under my respectable charge. She would have said I was under her's—but it amounts to the same thing—we lived together in peace and harmony. She said what she pleased, for I loved her—and I *did* what I pleased, for she loved me. When Karl told me that Meeta's principal objection to an elopement was the want of a matron, I shut the teeth of my resolution, as they say in Persia, and inwardly vowed my unconscious aunt to this exigency. You should have seen Miss Isabella Slingsby to know what a desperate man may be brought to resolve on.

On a certain day, Count Von Raffle-off (as my witty friend and ally, Tom Fane, was pleased to call the handsome pedlar) departed with his pack and the hearts of all the dressing-maids and some of their mistresses, on his way to New York. I drove down the road to take my leave of him out of sight, and give him my last instructions.

How to attack my aunt was a subject about which I had many unsatisfactory thoughts. If there was one thing she disapproved of more than another it was an elopement; and with what face to propose to her to run away with a Baron's only daughter, and leave her in the hands of a pedlar, taking upon herself, as she must, the whole sin and odium, was an enigma I ate, drank, and slept upon in vain. One thing at last became very clear—she would do it for nobody but *me*. *Sequitur*, I must play the lover myself.

I commenced with a fit of illness. What *was* the matter! For two days I was invisible. Dear Isabella! it was the first time I had ever drawn seriously on thy fallow sympathies, and how freely they flowed at my affected sorrows, I shame to remember! Did ever woman so weep? Did ever woman so take antipathy to man as she at that innocent old Baron for his supposed refusal of his daughter to Philip Slingsby? This revival of the remembrance shall not be in vain. The mignonette and roses planted above thy grave, dearest aunt, shall be weeded anew!

Oh that long week of management and hypocrisy! The day came at last.

"Aunt Bel!"

"What, Philip, dear?"

"I think I feel better to-day."

"Yes?"

"Yes. What say you to a drive? There is the stanhope."

"My dear Phil, don't mention that horrid stanhope. I am sure, if you valued my life"—

"Precisely, aunt—(I had taken care to give her a good fright the day before)—But Tom Fane has offered me his ponies and Jersey waggon, and that, you know, is the most quiet thing in the world, and holds four. So, perhaps——ehem!——you'll———ask Meeta?"

"Um! Why, you see, Philip"—

I saw at once that, if it got to an argument, I was *perdu.* Miss Slingsby, though a sincere Christian, never *could* keep her temper when she tried to reason. I knelt down on her cricket, smoothed away the false hair on her forehead, and kissed her. It was a fascinating endearment of mine that I only resorted to on great emergencies. The hermit tooth in my aunt's mouth became gradually visible, heralding what in youth had been a smile; and as I assisted her in rolling up her embroidery, she looked on me with an unsuspecting affection that touched my heart. I made a silent vow that if she survived the scrape into which she was being inveigled, I would be to her and her dog Whimsiculo (the latter my foe and my aversion) the soul of exemplary kindness for the remainder of their natural lives. I lay the unction to my soul that this vow was kept. My aunt blessed me shortly before she was called to "walk in white," (she had hitherto walked in yellow); and as it would have been unnatural in Whimsiculo to survive her, I considered his "natural life" as ended with hers, and had him peacefully strangled on the same day. He lies at her feet as usual, a delicate attention of which (I trust in Swedenborg) her spirit is aware.

With the exception of "Tom Thumb" and "Rattler," who were of the same double-jointed family of interminable wind and bottom, there was never perhaps such a pair of goers as Tom Fane's ponies. My aunt had a lurking hope, I believe, that the Baron would refuse Meeta permission to join us, but either he did not think me a dangerous person (I have said before he was a dull man), or he had no objection to me as a son-in-law, which my aunt and myself (against the world) would have thought the natural construction upon his indifference. He came to the end of the colonnade to see us start, and as I eased the ribands and let the ponies off like a shot from a cross-bow, I stole a look at Meeta. The colour had fled from cheek and lip, and the tears streamed over them like rain. Aunt Bel was on the back-seat, *grace a Dieu!*

We met Tom at the foot of the hill, and I pulled up. He was the *best* fellow, that Tom Fane!

"Ease both the bearing reins," said I, "I am going up the mountain."

"The devil you are!" said Tom, doing my bidding, however; "you'll find the road to the Shakers much pleasanter. What an odd whim! It's a perpendicular three miles, Miss Slingsby. I would as lief be hoisted up a well and let down again. Don't go that way, Phil, unless you are going to run away with Miss Von——"

"Many a shaft at random sent,"

thought I, and waving the tandem lash over the ears of the ponies, I brought up the silk on the cheek of their malaprop master, and spanked

away up the hill, leaving him in a rage likely to get a fresh supply of fuel by dinner-time. Tom was of a plethoric habit, and if I had not thought he could afford to burst a blood-vessel better than two lovers to break their hearts, I should not have ventured on the bold measure of borrowing his horses for an hour and keeping them a week. We have shaken hands upon it since, but it is my private opinion that he has never forgiven me in his heart.

As we wound slowly up the mountain, I gave Meeta the reins, and jumped out to gather some wild flowers for my aunt. Dear old soul! the attention reconciled her to what she considered a very unwarrantable caprice of mine. What I *could* wish to toil up that steep mountain for! Well! the flowers *are* charming in these high regions!

"Don't you see my reason for coming then, aunt Bella?"

"*Was* it for that, dear Philip?" said she, putting the wild flowers affectionately into her bosom, where they bloomed like broidery on saffron tapestry. "How considerate of you!" And she drew her shawl around her, and was at peace with all the world. So easily are the old made happy by the young! Reader, I scent a moral in the air!

We were at the top of the hill. If I was sane, my aunt was probably thinking, I should turn here and go back. To descend the other side, and reascend and descend again to the Springs was hardly a sort of thing one would do for pleasure.

"Here's a good place to turn, Philip," said she, as we entered a smooth broad hollow on the top of the mountain.

I dashed through it as if the ponies were shod with *talaria*. My aunt said nothing, and luckily the road was very narrow for a mile, and she had a horror of a short turn. A new thought struck me.

"Did you ever know, aunt, that there was a way back around the foot of the mountain?"

"Dear, no; how delightful! Is it far?"

"A couple of hours or so; but I can do it in less. We'll try;" and I gave the sure-footed Canadians the whip, and scampered down the hills as if the rock of Sysiphus had been rolling after us.

We were soon over the mountain-range, and the road grew better and more level. Oh, how fast pattered those little hoofs, and how full of spirit and excitement looked those small ears, catching the lightest chirrup I could whisper, like the very spell of swiftness. Pines, hemlocks and cedars, farm-houses and milestones, flew back like shadows. My aunt sat speechless in the middle of the back-seat, holding on with both hands, in apprehensive resignation! She expected soon to come in sight of the Springs, and had doubtless taken a mental resolution that if, please God, she once more found herself at home, she would never "tempt Providence" (it was a favourite expression of hers) by trusting herself again behind such a pair of fly-away demons. As I read this thought in her countenance by a stolen glance over my shoulder, we rattled into a village distant from Lebanon twenty miles.

"There, aunt," said I, as I pulled up at the door of the inn; "we have very nearly described a circle. Now, don't speak! if you do you'll start the horses. There's nothing they are so much afraid of as a woman's voice. Very odd, isn't it? We'll just sponge their mouths now, and be at home in the crack of a whip. Five miles more only. Come!"

Off we sped again like the wind, aunt Bel just venturing to wonder whether the horses wouldn't *rather* go slower. Meeta had hardly spoken. She had thoughts of her own to be busy with, and I pretended to be fully occupied with my driving. The nonsense I talked to those horses, to do away the embarrassment of her silence, would convict me of insanity before any jury in the world.

The sun began to throw long shadows, and the short-legged ponies figured like flying giraffes along the retiring hedges. Luckily, my aunt had very little idea of conjecturing a course by the points of the compass. We sped on gloriously.

"Philip, dear! hav'n't you lost your way? It seems to me we've come more than five miles since you stopped," (ten at least,) "and I don't see the mountains about Lebanon at all!"

"Don't be alarmed, Aunty, dear! We're very high just here, and shall *drop down* on Lebanon as it were. Are *you* afraid, Meeta?"

"*Nein!*" she answered. She was thinking in German, poor girl, and heart and memory were wrapped up in the thought.

I drove on almost cruelly. Tom's incomparable horses justified all his eulogiums; they were indefatigable. The sun blazed a moment through the firs, and disappeared, the gorgeous changes of eve came over the clouds, the twilight stole through the damp air with its melancholy grey, and the whip-poor-wills, birds of evening, came abroad, like gentlemen in debt, to flit about in the darkness. Everything was saddening. My own volubility ceased; the whiz of the lash, as I waved it over the heads of my foaming ponies, and an occasional "Steady!" as one or the other broke into a gallop, were the only interruptions to the silence. Meeta buried her face in the folds of her shawl, and sat closer to my side, and my aunt, soothed and flattered by turns, believed and doubted, and was finally persuaded by my ingenious and well-inserted fibs, that it was only somewhat farther than I anticipated, and we should arrive "presently."

Somewhere about eight o'clock the lights of a town appeared in the distance, and, straining every nerve, the gallant beasts whirled us in through the streets, and I pulled up suddenly at the door of an hotel.

"Why, Philip!" said my aunt, in a tone of unutterable astonishment, looking about her as if she had awoke from a dream, "This is Hudson!"

It was too clear to be disputed. We were upon the North River, forty miles from Lebanon, and the steamer would touch at the pier in half an hour. My aunt was to be one of the passengers to New York, but she was yet to be persuaded of it; the only thing now was to get her into the house, and enact the scene as soon as possible.

I helped her out as tenderly as I knew how, and, as we went up stairs, I requested Meeta to sit down in a corner of the room, and cover her face with her handkerchief. When the servant was locked out, I took my aunt into the recess of the window, and informed her, to her very great surprise, that she had run away with the Baron's daughter.

"Philip Slingsby!"

My aunt was overcome. I had nothing for it but to be overcome too. She sunk into one chair, and I into the other, and burying my face in my hands, I looked through my fingers to watch the effect. Five mortal minutes lasted my aunt's wrath; gradually, however, she began to steal

a look at me, and the expression of resentment about her thin lips softened into something like pity.

"Philip!" said she, taking my hand.

"My dear aunt!"

"What is to be done?"

I pointed to Meeta, who sat with her head on her bosom, pressed my hand to my heart, as if to suppress a pang, and proceeded to explain. It seemed impossible for my aunt to forgive the deception of the thing. Unsophisticated Isabella! If thou hadst known that thou wert, even yet, one fold removed from the truth,—if thou couldst have divined that it was not for the darling of thy heart that thou wert yielding a point only less dear to thee than thy maiden reputation,—if it could have entered thy region of possibilities that thine own house in town had been three days aired for the reception of a bride, run away with by thy ostensible connivance, and all for a German pedlar, in whose fortunes and loves thou hadst no shadow of interest, I think the brain of thee would have turned, and the dry heart in thy bosom have broken with surprise and grief!

I wrote a note to Tom, left his horses at the inn, and at nine o'clock we were steaming down the Hudson, my aunt in bed, and Meeta pacing the deck with me, and pouring forth her fears and her gratitude in a voice of music that made me almost repent my self-sacrificing enterprise. I have told the story gaily, gentle reader! but there was a nerve ajar in my heart while its little events went on.

How we sped thereafter, dear reader!—how the Consul of his Majesty of Prussia was persuaded by my aunt's respectability to legalize the wedding by his presence,—how my aunt fainted dead away when the parson arrived, and she discovered who was *not* to be the bridegroom, and who *was*,—how I persuaded her she had gone too far to recede, and worked on her tenderness once more,—how the weeping Karl, and his lame and lovely bride, lived with us till the old Baron thought it fit to give Meeta his blessing and some money,—how Tom Fane wished no good to the pedlar's eyes,—and lastly, how Miss Isabella Slingsby lived and died wondering what earthly motive I could have for my absurd share in these events, are matters of which I spare you and Mr. Colburn the particulars. *He* is obliged to me, of course; may I flatter myself that you are *not?*

SLINGSBY.

GILBERT GURNEY.

Chapter XI.

When I reached my reverend father-in-law's residence,—and I rather think that I omitted to mention that my friend Wells was of the sacred order,—I felt a sensation to which I had, up to that period, been a stranger. The reality of the last night's proceedings, which came over me in a sort of cold shiver, at finding myself all at once, as it were, one of a family of which I knew but little, and of which, however agreeable, some of the members might, for all I knew, be unfavourably distinguished by some unpleasant circumstance which had not yet reached my ears, made me rather nervous. But this was nothing compared to what I experienced when I went into the billiard-room and found Harriet there. I could not define the sentiment which occupied and overcame me. There she was; her eyes beaming with their usual softness, her bosom heaving, her colour flickering on her cheeks, and her pretty ringlets flowing over her snowy forehead; but the thing that struck me as so excessively odd was, that they were all my own,—that she was mine,—and that I might press her in my arms, and feel her heart beat, and kiss away the tear which glistened in her eye, and twist and untwist her curls just as I pleased, with nobody on earth to find fault with me. I felt just as if I had bought a new toy at a very large price. It was very agreeable; yet somehow the zest of the thing was gone,—I had caught my hare,—the chase was over,—doubts and fears, if I ever had any, were gone,—and the future Mrs. Gurney came bounding to meet me, evidently expecting that sort of welcome which I was much too well-bred to refuse her: but it was *so* odd!—four-and-twenty hours before she would have frowned at me and looked cross if I had caught her in my arms. I do not think she would have cried out, but she would have seemed to be angry; and now, simply because I had drunk two or three extra glasses of whiskey-punch with her reverend father the night before, there she was, as kind and as coming as could be!

I was very much at a loss for a subject of conversation. I had never carried my amativeness upon any former occasion to so advanced a stage, and I did not know exactly what I could now say to interest her. Of course making professions or declarations would be superfluous. I had made the last and most decisive declaration man can make, and one which it was quite clear I should not have made if I had not been devoted to her. I thought the best thing I could do was to walk her out into the garden, and give her a little exercise before breakfast. I proposed a stroll, and she of course assented, and there we roved and rambled, I with my arm encircling her taper waist, and not saying one syllable. We were what the truly poetic call lost in the ecstasy of our own feelings, and we did nothing but sigh and look at each other, except that I occasionally pressed her closer to my side—the side on which my heart lay, and that whenever I did so, she affectedly turned her head the other way.

It is very wrong, I dare say, to put such a fact to paper, but I do honestly declare that I felt as if I had done something extremely foolish, if not absolutely wrong, in permitting Mr. Wells to bring the affair to so speedy a conclusion. What the deuce was I to do with a wife now I had got one? I had never spoken of her fortune, for I never cared about money;

but supposing, with all his eloquent flourishes about liberality, and independence, and all the rest of it, the Rev. Mr. Wells had neither the inclination nor the ability to give Harriet anything by way of fortune, what was to be done? And then when children came—as come they would—matters would be worse. I really was not happy. I felt something like a fly in a honey-pot, over head and ears in sweets, but terribly puzzled how to get out of the scrape into which it was quite clear I had gotten myself.

Somehow I did not quite admire the alteration in Harriet's manner. I became restless and fidgety. I saw faults in her which I had not previously observed; and all at once I said to myself, "Dear me, dear me, and this is the being to whom I am to cleave for life, who is to be my companion eternally, and to be taken with me wherever I go! I wonder how she would look in a London drawing-room, and what people would think and say of her?" And then I suddenly dropped from this train of wonderment and sensitive delicacy into a desponding course of reflection that, in all probability, we should neither of us have an opportunity of exhibiting ourselves in the higher circles, unless they chanced to be the higher *circles* of the playhouses.

Harriet saw that my mind was occupied with various thoughts, and perhaps wondered that I did not somehow touch upon the fact of our nuptials, or express an ardent anxiety for naming the day. It is very odd, but for the life of me I could not allude to the subject. Once or twice I thought she was going to say something about it, or about the scene of the preceding night, and whenever she was about to speak I had recourse to my happy expedient of giving her a gentle squeeze and drawing her towards me, which had the immediate effect of checking her observation and inducing her to turn away her head.

The seasonable appearance of Mrs. Wells and the two younger girls put a period to the most embarrassing *tête-à-tête* in which I had ever been engaged. The old lady—I mean the mother of Harriet, for old she was not, except by comparison—was all smiles and good humour; and Fanny, who had evidently been made acquainted with all the occurrences of the preceding evening, gave me a look which I shall never forget,—indeed there was so much of archness about it, that I thought to myself I had never seen her look either so pretty or so intellectual before.

"Our papa is but just up," said Miss Wells.

"Our papa!"

"You gave him too much whiskey-punch, Gilbert, last night," said Mrs. Wells.

"He helped himself," said I.

"And *you* too," said Harriet, with a look which I did *not* like.

"Yes," said I. "It is seldom that I am betrayed into such excesses. I scarcely recollect how I got home."

"I saw no symptoms of your excess," said Mrs. Wells, "when we last parted. It must have been after *that*, if you did exceed."

I saw the drift of all this; but I affected blindness, and complained of a headache.

"That accounts for your dulness," said Harriet.

"I am not conscious," said I, "that I am dull. I have been thinking——"

"Quite right, too, Gilbert," said Mrs. Wells. "The cares of the world are coming upon you now; it is quite right to think."

"What cares, Ma'?" said Fanny, bursting out into a most unseemly laugh.

Harriet coloured crimson, and fired one of the fiercest frowns she could command at sister Fanny.

"Fanny, dear," said her mother, who seemed to think that I should disapprove of the expedition with which the intelligence of my capture had been spread through the family, "run in and see if Mr. Wells is down stairs yet; he told me he should be ready for breakfast in a quarter of an hour."

And away went the laughing Fan.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Wells, "that papa and you will want to have a long *cause* this morning, and I think it will be as well if I and the girls go and call upon the Woodbridges."

"When is the ball, Harriet?" said I.

"To-morrow night," replied the future Mrs. Gurney.

"And I am to dance with Miss Illingworth?" asked I.

"To be sure, if you please," replied Miss Wells, evidently piqued.

"You told me it was an engagement," said I.

"To be sure," replied Harriet. "And I am engaged to dance with Lieutenant Merman of the 45th every dance for the evening." These words were enunciated in a most determined manner, and their delivery was succeeded by a burst of tears.

I did not know that I had done anything to outrage my little wife's feelings; but, from what I saw, it seemed that the change in my position which had been wrought in six or seven hours was most extraordinary.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Wells, "my dear Harriet, you are not engaged to Lieutenant Merman, or whatever you call him, in any such way."

"Well, Ma," said Harriet, "if I am not, I might be, and may be if I liked; and if Gilbert goes and dances with that odious Miss Illingworth, I have just as much right to dance with Henry."

This statement of rights I confess did not please me; nor did I like Miss Illingworth's being called odious, in whose praise and cause Harriet had been the night before most eloquent, neither did I like the familiar manner in which she spoke of the gallant Lieutenant as Henry.

"I am sure, Harriet," said I, "I have no wish to dance with Miss Illingworth, nor should I have thought of such a thing, but you told me I ought to do so, and in order to oblige you, I proposed fulfilling what you represented to me to be my promise."

"I might have said so yesterday," said Harriet; "but circumstances are changed. Miss Illingworth can't think that you have any serious intentions with regard to her now; and, for my part, *I* would rather not go to the ball at all."

"What!" said I, "and abandon Henry?"

Mrs. Wells, who saw that there were certain clouds rising in the horizon, thought it wisest to put an end to this little discussion, in which Harriet's temper did not appear to quite so much advantage as it might have done, and hurried us towards the house, where the ever-volatile Wells was ready to receive us.

Mr. Wells was a specimen of the order to which he belonged, by no

means favourable as regards its sacred character, but he was an excessively pleasant person, and contrived always to make his house agreeable, and to make his visiters not only pleased with himself and his family, but, which is infinitely more satisfactory, pleased with themselves. I saw his failings; I disliked the levity with which he treated serious subjects; I was aware that his practice was not in accordance with his preaching, and I saw several venial faults in his general character, but I felt quite sure that he had a very high opinion of *me*, and that he never was so well pleased as when *I* was his guest. So, I believe, thought every one of his ordinary acquaintances.

"Gilbert, how are you after the punch, eh?" cried the reverend Bacchanalian. "Well, I hope—Punch of my brewing is always wholesome,—not a headache in a hogshead of it. Give us your hand. I am delighted to see you. Harriet, kiss me, dearest: I presume I am not the first so favoured on this auspicious morning?"

Harriet looked towards me, I thought somewhat reproachfully, as if she thought my ardour had not been quite so conspicuous as it might have been.

"Come, old lady," continued the pastor, "give us our breakfast. Fanny, love, how dost do? Where's my little Betsy,—my Bettina?"

And hereabouts Fanny and her plump junior saluted their reverend sire, who speedily ensconced himself in his armed chair; and as we all sat down round the table, his face brightening with an expression of extreme delight, he first smacked his hands, and then rubbed them, and then exclaimed, "Here we are,—a happy family-party!"

While the ungraceful process of egg-eating, tongue-demolishing, and tea-drinking is going on, it may not be amiss to give one anecdote of my intended father-in-law which may serve to throw some light upon his character. It seems that, in the outset of his clerical career, for he started in life as a lawyer, he found it difficult to get rid of his lay habits, and not unfrequently an oath mingled in the volumes of words which issued from his lips, added to which he maintained an ancient custom of his of frequenting races, and betting to a considerable amount. These proceedings made some noise in the village where his preferment lay, and at length a complaint was lodged with his diocesan, who, with the generosity and impartiality of a great and good man, resolved at once to send for him, tell him what the allegations were which were made against him, and leave it to his own sense and feeling to correct what in his new sacerdotal character was, in point of fact, extremely censurable conduct.

Wells, somewhat flurried by the episcopal summons, and judging, "conscience-stricken," that it originated in some complaint from his parishioners, repaired to the Bishop's palace with anything but agreeable feelings upon the occasion. He described to me the sort of nervous agitation which he experienced while pulling the heavy bell which was to summon the porter to the prelate's gate. He consoled himself, however, by the reflection, that all unpleasant interviews are infinitely worse in imagination than in reality, and sent in his name with the resolution of one determined to bear with meekness and resignation the infliction for which he had, in truth, been a little prepared, by the conversations which had taken place in his neighbourhood between the more rigid of his flock, and which had been repeated to him by some exceedingly good-natured friends.

The Bishop, a man of exemplary piety of character, and lamb-like meekness of manner, received him with that sort of bland and paternal kindness which a surgeon, who is about to cut off the leg of a highly distinguished patient, exhibits to his victim,—a kind of encouraging gentleness, which may strengthen him up to bear the slashing cuts, which, for the salvation of his life, he proposes in a few minutes to inflict upon him. He begged him to be seated; hoped he had not inconvenienced him by begging him to call, and hoped that Mrs. Wells and his daughter—he then had but one—were well. Wells felt soothed and reassured, and began almost to think that he had been mistaken in the object of his Lordship's letter, and that, instead of a reprimand, he was going to give him a stall in his cathedral. He was soon undeceived.

"Mr. Wells," said the Bishop, "it is, of all things in the world, the most unpleasant to censure; and I do assure you, it is because I have a high regard for you, and a high opinion of you, that I have sent for you hither to say a few words, which, I am quite sure,—at least if I know anything of your real character,—will obviate the necessity of any further steps on my part. What I refer to are some reports which have reached me, I can scarcely say officially, but which have been forwarded to me by a party in your parish, who incline conscientiously, I am sure, to a more rigid course of living than men of the world are generally apt to pursue; and these persons throw out that an evil impression is given to the parish by your inconsiderately—I am sure—devoting a great portion of your time to sporting matters, and a habit of using, during such occupation, oaths to a considerable extent. Now, my dear Mr. Wells," said the Bishop, stopping my respectable father-in-law, who was about to interrupt him, "be assured that no Bishop hates meddling with the private conduct of the subordinate clergy of his diocese more than I; and it is not in the character of diocesan, but of friend, that I have taken this opportunity of warning you of the existence of those opinions and feelings, and of suggesting an alteration in the tone and tendency of your recreations, which may effectually put a stop to such observations and remarks."

"My Lord," said Wells, "I really have no words to thank you for this kindness. I am quite aware of the course which your Lordship has so justly, so properly, and so considerately pointed out to me. You are aware that I have not long embraced the profession which I have now chosen, and that habits of early days are difficult to shake off, but rely upon it that from this moment they end; you shall never again have occasion to say one word upon the subject, nor shall my enemies have an opportunity of attracting your Lordship's attention to any levities of a similar character."

"Don't say another word," said the Bishop; "I have treated you as a friend, and I rejoice to see that you take my interference in good part. I thought you would, and I have not been deceived; and now, Mr. Wells," continued his Lordship, "as our business is over, come into the next room, and take some luncheon."

Wells described his delight at the mildness and moderation of the Bishop's reproof, and quite fascinated with the kind and hospitable conduct which formed the sequel, he too gladly accepted his Lordship's invitation, and a few minutes found them seated at a table, upon which were placed dishes in sufficient number and variety to deserve the name of dinner.

The conversation assumed a general character, and the Bishop having set the example, Wells drank one or two glasses of wine, the Bishop telling him that, as far as *he* was concerned, *that* was the only meal he enjoyed, the late dinners of society not agreeing either with his appetite or constitution. Wells found the prelate alive to the mirth of his lively sallies, and encouraged by his Lordship's smiles, went on describing a variety of incidents and circumstances in his happiest vein, until at last touching upon the subject (which very much interested the particular part of the county in which his living was situated) of a marriage said to be in agitation between a certain Sir Harry Lackinfield and a Miss Strombersley, a great heiress in those parts, the Bishop said he was perfectly convinced it would take place before the next Christmas.

"I don't think so, my Lord," said Wells, who knew the match was off.

"I do," said the Bishop; "and I have tolerably good grounds for my belief."

"I'll be d—d," exclaimed Wells, "if I don't bet your Lordship five to two that it never comes off."

"As this, I presume," said the Bishop, rising from table, "is to be the last bet you ever intend to make, I will not rob you by accepting your offer, and leaving you without a chance of revenge. Good morning, Sir; you have my best wishes and sincere hopes of a desirable change in your proceedings: the evident difficulty of correcting confirmed habits will, I am sure, induce you to pay particular attention to my suggestions." Saying which, his Lordship rang the bell, Mr. Wells descended the stairs, mounted his horse, and rode home.

This little anecdote will pretty well serve to explain the real character of Mr. Wells, who, although as far as I knew or could see, was not chargeable with any flagrant impropriety, was, I must admit, of a class of clergymen infinitely more numerous in my younger days than since. Within the last four-and-twenty years, the tone of character and the manners of our spiritual pastors and masters have undergone a most striking and advantageous change. It sounds odd, and even absurd to say so, but true it is, that religion has become fashionable, and its cultivation and pursuits have taken place of what in the days of our grandfathers were called spirit and humour, which, in plain English, meant profligacy and dissipation. No midnight broils now break the public peace, no feats of drinking are recorded in our periodical papers, as matters of admiration. It is no longer thought brave to beat the watch, nor considered extremely wise to break the lamps: quiet lodgers are now never roused from their slumbers by bell-ringings of the "Tonsonian school," nor are waiters thrown out of tavern windows, and charged in the bill.

To the mere off-scourings of society are these performances now confined; indeed, so peculiarly marked are the few remaining professors of such absurdities, that it is common to see posted up by the parish authorities notices to "Lamp-breakers and others," thereby clearly proving that such persons are a totally distinct race of themselves.

If these outward signs of change in manners are so evident, still more so are those by which society, of a more retired character, is distinguished. Piety, charity, sympathy, and benevolence are its attributes, and the esteem and best affections of those whose affections and esteem are worth possessing, are acquired by the unaffected observance of moral

and religious duties, unaccompanied by the artificial and over-strained puritanism which, not unfrequently, like its very antipodes charity, "covers a multitude of sins." In these days a profligate parson is an object of hatred and contempt, and the same influence which has worked these beneficial changes to which I refer, has produced that general alteration in social life which has sobered and chastened the rakes and bullies of other times into accomplished gentlemen cultivating the arts and sciences, redeeming hours of agreeable and rational conversation from the service of the bottle; who see neither wit in immorality, nor wisdom in profaneness; and yet perceive no crime in mirth and gaiety, nor any gloom in the observances of religion.

I was led into these reflections by the account which Mr. Wells gave me after breakfast, which seemed to me to last longer than usual, of his change of profession from the law to the Church, and which he seemed resolved to confide to me, together with some more minute particulars of his early life, which, although strongly illustrative of my position as to the superior state of public morality in later days, I do not think would be either edifying or acceptable to the reader of my notes, let him be whom he might.

"I was called to the Bar," said my reverend friend, "knowing but little of law—went the circuit—got no business;—never left the Hall during term—got no business there—in town or out of town just the same—wouldn't do. Went next circuit, and there saw my inestimable Sarah, then pretty, young, and amiable—with a tolerable fortune, and niece to a bishop. I made my offer—accepted by the young lady—frowned upon by the old."

My reverend father-in-law's case seemed very like my own.

"I talked of industry," continued Wells, "and argued earnestly on my yet favourite topic of the stimulus to exertion, and my conviction of happiness, content, and all *that*, till at last I got a conditional hearing from Sally's mother, Mrs. Grimsthorpe. She had spoken to her brother-in-law, the Bishop—he met me at dinner—I spoke before him in a subdued tone. I was then on promotion, and our meeting was followed by an interview, in which—not, perhaps, very flattering to my talents—he told me very candidly he did not think I should make much figure at the Bar, but that if I made up my mind to take Orders, he would do whatever he could—having no family of his own—to push my interests.

"The proposition pleased me. I did not stop to consider my fitness or unfitness for the important change; all I looked at in the affair, I saw as a lover sees, who is not quite blind, except when his mistress is actually the object. It was evident to me that I should never get a living by the law; it was equally clear that I *should* get one in the Church; and, therefore, without a moment's hesitation, I jumped at the Prelate's offer, and submitted myself to his directions for my future guidance.

"The difficulties in my way were few. I had graduated at Cambridge—I was to be furnished with a title, and my own good Bishop was to ordain me; and that ceremony was very shortly to be followed by another, which was to unite me to the object of my affections, so soon as any piece of preferment fell vacant, which might give me a home to take her to; for, up to the moment of the relinquishment of my secular pursuits, I occupied chambers on the third floor of Hare Court, in the Temple, 'a shady, blest retreat,' not well calculated for the residence of

one so good, so amiable, and tenderly-reared as Sarah Grimsthorpe, who was then the very picture of our dear Harriet!"

I wished, devoutly, my excellent friend had not given me the last piece of information. Nothing is so terrible as to see a woman bending in age, unwieldy in person, and coarse in features, walking with a daughter, fair, slim, sylph-like and symmetrical, but who bears just sufficient resemblance to her Gorgon-like parent to convince one that when she comes to *her* age she will be her very counterpart. Mrs. Wells was, for her standing in life, a very respectable-looking lady, but to live for twenty, or five-and-twenty years, watching the progress of my pretty Harriet, till at last she should reach the maternal standard of age and size, seemed to me to be a dreadful anticipation. However, I believe I was wrong,—constant, habitual association deprives these evils of their importance;—youth goes, and age comes so gradually and imperceptibly, that the change, so visible to other eyes, is not made evident to those who suffer it; else why should Mr. Wells himself have proposed that very day that his wife and daughter should have two dresses made of the same material and in the same fashion?—However, I listened to his adventures with attention, hoping to reap some instruction in the end.

"Well," continued he, "having completed my metamorphosis, and become a deacon and a curate, I commenced doing duty. I confess I was a good deal alarmed at the sound of my own voice in reading; but when I came to preach, the recollection that there was no counsel on the other side to reply, put me somewhat at my ease—my good patron having lent me a sermon for the occasion, which turned out very effective, as I was told, although the omission of several pages in the middle of it, which I had unfortunately left at home by accident, rendered it not quite so connected as it might have been if I had had it all: the mishap, however, had the effect of shortening it, which perhaps contributed to please the parishioners, some of whom, as it were, "slept, or seemed to sleep," not much admiring the practice of parsons who treat their texts as Dido did the hide, and lengthen them out until they encompass a very Byrsa of time.

"With all decent speed," continued Wells, "my patron ordained me priest, and never shall I forget the kind manner in which he addressed me upon the evening after my admission to that rank. 'Mr. Wells,' said he, 'you are now placed—it now becomes your own affair to push yourself. I have given you my pledge that the first piece of preferment which falls in my gift shall be yours; but mark me—I have observed in your character something like carelessness of your own interests,—a dilatoriness,—a procrastination; recollect, that much of your success will depend upon your own activity. Very often vacancies occur in livings of which I do not hear for several days; other people are on the alert; and even before I have been made aware that I had the power to bestow the preferment, I have received applications from high quarters, which must be attended to, unless I have actually given away the benefice; therefore, be vigilant,—keep your eyes about you, and the moment you hear of a living dropping, start off directly to me; for I do assure you, seeing how much attached you and my niece are to each other, I am most anxious to put you in a situation to marry, although I entirely agree with her mother in the prudential postponement of your union until you have a home of your own, and are, in fact, established.'

"I need not add," said Wells, "that I not only promised punctual obedience to his Lordship's instructions, but that I rigidly practised the course he recommended. I made a constant round of visits of inquiry after the health of all the most ancient incumbents in the diocese, and found, to my infinite dissatisfaction, that they were all uncommonly well; and this salubrious state of things continued for several months, during which period I was placed in the extremely unpleasant position of what is called 'waiting for dead men's shoes.' At last my suspense ended: one day in January—sharp frost—'an eager and a nipping air'—I was on horseback, crossing Glanberry Hill—I heard the toll of a church bell, when casting my eye—as a fisherman would his bait, without the hope of a bite—into the valley below, there I saw—what—what do you think?"

"I cannot guess," said I.

"A funeral, wending its way out of Glanberry Parsonage towards the church door; the effect of the black procession upon the white snow was most remarkable. Glanberry was worth 800*l.* a-year, and in the Bishop's gift. In an instant, all his Lordship's allegations against my activity and watchfulness flashed upon my mind—three weeks had elapsed since I had visited that neighbourhood, and then, 'The rector was quite well.' Still I did not know how to excuse myself to my patron for my palpable remissness, nor calculate the mischief the delay might have occasioned.

"In order to ascertain the precise date of the event upon which so much depended, I pulled up at the corner of the deep-rutted lane which leads down to Glanberry village, and which looked, at the moment, like the top of a twelfth-cake considerably mangled about the sugar, and hailed one of the clods of the village.

"'I say,' cried I, 'how long is it since Mr. Simpkinson died?'

"'Last Monday, Sir,' said the man.

"'He wasn't ill long?' asked I.

"'Only three days, Sir,' said the man. 'That's just it, Sir—we are here to-day, and gone to morrow.'

"'Thank you, my friend,' said I, 'resolving at all events, for once, however much I admired and admitted the pith of his remark upon the uncertainty of life, to reverse the principle in my own case. I muttered it to myself, 'I shall be gone to-day, and *here* to-morrow,' and putting spurs to my nag, hurried home to my intended mother-in-law's; and, without further delay, took a post-chaise to the first inn on the high road, and thence per Comet transported myself to London, where my Right Reverend Patron had established himself, in order to attend his Parliamentary duties.

"I need not," said Wells, "detain you with an account of the kind reception I met with. The Bishop took me cordially by the hand, expressed not only his great delight at the vacancy, and the opportunity it afforded him of securing my happiness with Sarah—approving, too, in strong terms, of my activity and vigilance in having got the start of any other applicant. He pressed my hand again at parting, and wrote an extremely warm note, of which I was the bearer, to Mrs. Grimsthorpe, introducing me formally as the rector of Glanberry.

"When I left his Lordship's house," continued my notable companion, "I felt very differently from what I did when I arrived. I was

conscious of a responsibility which had never belonged to me before—I had the cure of souls—I felt the importance of my ministerial character, and resolved, now that I had really and positively assumed it, to act up to the expectations which I fancied my patron had formed.

"I hastened to my mother-in-law's, and was rewarded with a smile and a shake of the hand by the old lady, and a squeeze of the hand and something more agreeable by the young one. The day of happiness had dawned, and the next morning I was to proceed to Glanberry to communicate with the respected Mrs. Simpkinson, on the subject of taking possession, having previously bound Mrs. Grimsthorpe and Sarah to the most inviolable secresy, inasmuch as, after what the Bishop had told me of occasional applications from ministers, I felt that the thing, however near my lip the cup might be, was not perfectly safe till I was actually inducted.

"To Sarah, the prospect of a residence in that part of the country was very agreeable. Glanberry parsonage was beautifully situated—in the valley, it is true, but sheltered in a tuft of tall and noble trees—a clear trout-stream circumundulated the grounds, black as ink beneath their shade, and bright as silver in the sunshine—the place, too, might be improved—and so on,—but it was all we wished for, all we wanted; and however much my happiness was alloyed by the reflection that a human being had died to make way for me, I could not help remembering that he had held the living five-and-twenty years, and came into possession of it under a similar contingency.

"No sooner had we breakfasted," continued Wells, "for with such credentials as the Bishop's presentation I was held presentable at the *déjeûnér* of the dowager, I mounted my horse and rode off to Glanberry, resolving to take no servant with me, nor give any indication of the object of my visit. Instead of mounting the hill, I kept along the lower left-hand road, and when I approached the boundaries of *my* parish I pulled-up into a walk, fearful lest the 'very stones should prate of my whereabout;' and having as quietly and unostentatiously as possible reached the second-rate inn, I delivered my nag to the ostler, and, telling him I should not be long gone, set forward upon what, however advantageous to me the results, I could not but feel to be a delicate and disagreeable conversation with the late incumbent's family.

"I approached the rectory; but, I must confess, strong as I was in the zeal of my new calling, I saw in my way thither many moving sights,—girls of tender years, evidently without control, and boys still yet their juniors, using language which, however venial I might have thought it when I occupied other stations, convinced me that the strictest attention had not been paid to the morals of the population. 'This,' said I to myself, 'I will soon set to rights; and Sarah is so good and so devoted to works of charity and beneficence, that she will be a fitting helpmate in my labours.' Many other things I saw, scarce worth enumerating now, which cried aloud for correction; and drawing good from evil, I felt rather gratified than otherwise, that something was left me to do, in order to raise myself in the estimation of the well-disposed portion of the inhabitants of Glanberry.

"When I reached the rectory, I rang the bell—it sounded mournfully. How often had the late incumbent rang that bell, which, for nearly a quarter of a century, had announced to his watchful wife and children

his return to his peaceful fireside. 'How transient,' thought I, 'is everything of this world—the house in which he delighted—the grounds which he improved—the trees he planted—are now mine; and that study, through the windows of which the cheerful fire was wont to gleam at this time of the year, beside which he sat, and before which his favourite spaniel lay and slumbered—that, too, devolves on me—all his care—all his partiality were vain—and yet—so will it be with me, who am now so anxiously about to take possession of it.'

"A servant, in the deepest mourning, opened the gate. I asked, in a tone, and with an expression of countenance unassumed and natural while such thoughts were in my mind, 'If his mistress were at home?' The man answered, 'Yes;' and as I followed him round the gravel sweep to the door of the house, I could scarcely refrain from a tear, that the hour was come when the quiet of an amiable family must be disturbed, and they cast upon the world, to seek another habitation and a home.

"The man ushered me into the drawing-room, where I found the amiable daughters of the late incumbent—their mother was yet absent; this, somehow, I did not regret, and I even felt a hope that she might not present herself: inasmuch as what I had to communicate might be told to the younger ladies with less painful effect, than it would be likely to produce upon their surviving parent. Upon hearing my name announced, the eldest of the group arose, and motioned me to take a seat; 'I said that the object of my visit was to say a few words to Mrs. Simpkinson, whom I had understood to be at home, but——'

"'Mamma is at home,' said Miss Simpkinson, 'and will be here in a few minutes—pray be seated.'

"I sat down, and cast my eyes round the drawing-room, which looked extremely comfortable, and commanded an exceedingly pretty view of the grounds, which were very tastefully disposed in the valley; while the side of the hill whence I had viewed the funeral, well-studded with tall firs, afforded an evergreen back-ground to the clumps and clusters of laurels, laurustinas, and other immutable plants which graced the lawn.

"'I assure you,' said I, 'that it is with no small degree of pain I pay Glanberry this visit; I am quite aware that, from long habit, it must have become a favourite residence with you all, and nothing is more disagreeable than displacing a family, to whose taste a house is so much indebted for improvement and comfort.'

"'It will, indeed,' said Miss Simpkinson, 'be a dreadful sacrifice when we are forced to give it up; my two sisters were born here, and I came hither when I was but two years old.'

"'When,' said I, tenderly, 'when does your amiable mother think of leaving this——'

"'We propose,' said the young lady, 'going to London in about ten days.'

"'I trust,' said I, 'that your mother will not think of hurrying away on my account,—let her suit her own convenience, and take her own time. I need not explain further the nature of my visit—the more lightly such details are touched upon, the better for all our sakes; if I get in by Lady-day I shall be quite satisfied, because I see, by the state of this room, it must be new papered.'

"'Yes, Sir,' said Miss Simpkinson, 'it *is* rather faded.'

"'And I think,' said I, seeing how philosophically the orphans bore the subject, 'I shall knock down this end of the room, and throw out a bay-window; by doing which, and cutting through the wall, and making a pair of double folding-doors into the dining-room, we shall get a vista from one end of the house to the other.'

"'Papa once thought of doing that,' said the second daughter.

"'Poor dear man,' said I, 'those reflections are now of no use—I mean, besides these alterations, to add a conservatory to the suite, which I think will have a good effect; will you allow me just to measure a little?' Saying which, I rose from my chair, and paced across the room.

"'Pray, Sir,' said Miss Simpkinson, after whispering with her sister, "might I ask, did Papa ever communicate to you his intentions?'

"'No,' said I, 'we never were personally acquainted; but of course none of these alterations will be begun till you have finally quitted the premises.'

"'Finally,' said Miss Simpkinson, 'we are only going to London for six weeks.'

"'Why,' said I, blending a little of the dictatorial with the pathetic and sympathetic, 'after you once leave the house, I think I must be compelled to take possession; because it will be a great object to me to be here early in the spring.'

"'Pray, Sir,' said the young lady, 'may I inquire what you propose doing here?'

"'Living here altogether,' said I, 'I shall have no other house for the next year or two.'

"'In what capacity?' said Miss Simpkinson.

"'As rector of Glanberry,' said I. I feared I had not made myself sufficiently understood; but I was delicate in explaining. 'The bishop has presented me to the living, and with all proper consideration for your feelings and convenience, and those of your excellent parent, I think the period I have fixed is as distant as I can well name.'

"'Dear me!' said Miss Simpkinson, 'how very strange!—would not you like to see Papa?'

"'Oh dear no,' said I, 'not for the world.'

"'Ah!' said the young lady, 'here he comes to explain for himself.'

"I turned round, and beheld, to my infinite amazement, a most respectable rubicund divine and a lady, moving along a nice smooth gravel-walk, looking as plump as partridges, as loving as doves, and much better than I could possibly have expected.

"Our meeting was of a very curious nature; I was considerably embarrassed; I did not personally know my fat friend, but his eldest daughter, opening the glass-door which led to the garden, admitted the two personages, to whom she presented me, as her Pa and Ma.

"'Sir,' said my clerical friend, unshovelling his head, 'I am glad to see you.'

"'You are very kind, Sir,' said I, 'I have only just called to take a look over the premises.'

"'Yes, Papa,' said Miss Simpkinson, who seemed rather angry, and sufficiently versed in church matters to see that there must be some mistake, 'the gentleman says the Bishop has presented him to this living.'

"'Indeed,' said Papa, 'as how, Sir, I——'

"'Why, Sir, briefly thus,' said I, 'upon the death of our lamented

friend, the late incumbent, I applied for the preferment, and obtained it.'

"'Upon the death of the late incumbent, Sir!' said my friend, 'why you could scarcely have been born when the late incumbent died—it is more than four-and-twenty years since.'

"'Dear me, Sir,' said I, 'then I must be either mad or dreaming; I made the application to the Bishop only the day before yesterday, and the day before that I became acquainted with the demise of the late rector.'

"At this announcement everybody stared, and the lady of the house, with a prudence worthy of the highest praise, stuck the poker into the fire.

"'Demise, Sir!' said Simpkinson, 'why! do I look like a dead man? Here I am alive and well—I cannot say merry—for the dress in which you see my family will sufficiently announce that we have experienced a sad and heavy loss.'

"'What, Sir!' exclaimed I, not knowing exactly how to fashion my words, 'wasn't you buried last Tuesday?'

"'Not I,' replied the incumbent, for such he proved to be; 'my poor brother George, who had been staying here for some time, died last week, and was interred in our church on the day you mention, but for *me*——'

"'Well,' exclaimed Miss Simpkinson, who seemed delighted with the result, 'I thought there must be some mistake.'

"'Upon my word,' said I, 'I can only throw myself upon your kindness and indulgence to forgive me; the mistake certainly was mine; the similarity of the name and the profession I believe'—here I received a nod of assent—'caused the *contretemps*, and I have only to apologise for what must appear a most impertinent intrusion upon you at this moment. I hope, Sir,' continued I, proffering my hand to the worthy rector, 'you will pardon me, and that our very curious introduction to each other may lead to a future acquaintance; you may rest assured that I should be the last man in the world to rejoice in your death.'

"Ha!' said the third daughter, who before had said nothing, and seemed now determined to fire off an old joke, 'it is Pa's living you would rejoice in.'

"I affected not to understand the quibble of the pert thing, who, I could see, was the pet of the family, and fancied herself a beauty; and having bowed low to all the party, tripped over the carpet, stumbled down the steps, and left the house in search of my horse, whose stall in possession was worth infinitely more than my rectory *in prospectu*.

"That," said Wells, "was my first great failure; however, time and patience conquered all obstacles, and I married Sarah upon an income not much exceeding what you state yours to be—and as for her fortune, she did not come to it till the death of her excellent mother; but we contrived to get on, and although we had nothing superfluous, yet we lived as people in our state of life should."

I was very well pleased to hear this adventure of my respectable father-in-law, and it was told with all the advantages of point and manner, which very much reminded me of my friend Daly; but I did not quite relish the climax. By way of inference from the story, he told me of his skill in making the most of a little, and in the art of doing as well upon a small income, as another man could upon a large one; but

these were not agreeable indications to a lover who had less than four hundred a-year, and who stood pledged to marry a charming young lady with nothing at all, which seemed, from all I could collect, to be the real state of the case.

Wells, however, whose volubility when once "off" was uncheckable, and who appeared to me, upon this particular morning, resolved to talk me out of the main object of my interview, which was really to ascertain how I was safely and consistently to fulfil my engagement with him and his daughter, would not let me pause here; nor could I get quit of him till he had explained to me how the Bishop rallied him upon his blunder, and how he got a living in Norfolk, where his sporting propensities were fully gratified, and whence his excursions to Newmarket produced that gentle remonstrance from another Prelate, of which he had just given me the description. "The acquisition of this preferment," said he, "accelerated my happiness. Never shall I forget the strange embarrassments of our wedding-day, or rather evening! Sarah, as she still has, had then a great dislike to show or affectation, and we determined, when the happy hour was fixed, to take it quietly, and resolved, as we were to start for Norfolk, to have no favours, no ringings, no noises, no *déjeûnérs*, nor anything of the kind; but to take our dinner domestically with my mother-in-law, and start in the evening with no servant but Sarah's maid, and so sleep at Chelmsford—at the Black Boy, a remarkably good inn in those days—did not send down for rooms—afraid of being found out, and didn't like being laughed at.—Wedding over—Sarah and I one—we fulfilled all our intentions, were kissed and blessed by the amiable Mrs. Grimsthorpe, and by seven o'clock packed in our post-chaise—away we went—post-boy in the dark, both as to the night and as to the matrimonial part of our expedition—changed at Romford, and reached the wished-for inn at a quarter after ten. Waiters, chambermaids, ostlers, and landlord in a moment were at the carriage-door. Down went the steps—up came mine host.

"'Very sorry, Sir,' said he, 'we have no accommodation to-night; not a room disengaged, Sir. The third division of the 71st regiment marched in this afternoon; and neither here nor at the Head (Saracen's) is there a bed unoccupied. Great regret, Sir—wish you had written, Sir, and——'

"Poor Sarah was a good deal tired—what with the journey, and the excitement, and one thing and another. However, what could be done? Nothing remained but going on to Witham. Blue Posts—capital house—decided in a moment—ordered horses—took four to accelerate our movements. First and second turn out, down the yard—up they come—poke them in—boys mount—crack go the whips, and away go we. I confess it *was* very provoking; but there was no help for it."

"Well," said I, "you reached Witham."

"Just at midnight," said Wells. "Lights in the windows, and groupes at the door;—all up. Well, things looked better, and Sally was preparing for a spring from the carriage, when the waiter, with extended arms, meant rather to repel than welcome us, sang the second part of the Chelmsford tune, by informing us that we couldn't have a bed in Witham, as the *second* division of the 71st Foot had marched in that afternoon, and occupied every available apartment.

"This was enough to try the patience of Job. I swore, and Sarah

cried; but all in vain. We had, as in the former case, no resource but proceeding to Colchester, where the more extensive means of accommodation gave us hopes that, even at the late hour at which we should reach it, we might find shelter; and, accordingly, two elderly post-boys were aroused from their slumbers, and mounted upon jaded horses, which, however, by dint of flogging, arrived in front of the Cups, in Colchester, at about half-past one, where, to our great delight, we found everything remarkably lively and gay.

"'Can we have rooms?' said I, in a tone of anxiety not to be described.

"'Yes, Sir; sitting-room and bed-room directly,' said the waiter. 'Beg to apologise, Sir, for the sitting-room—down stairs; but the *first* division of the 71st regiment marched in here this afternoon, and the officers are giving a dinner to the Mayor and several members of the Corporation, Sir.'

"'Oh,' said I, 'never mind the Mayor and Corporation: show us to our rooms; for we are tired to death.'

"'This way, Sir,' said the man, who was speedily joined by a chambermaid; and together they ushered us into a parlour on the left-hand of the gateway, in which parlour stage-coach passengers were fed in the daytime.

"'Which do you like, Ma'am,' said the maid to Sarah, 'the featherbed a-top or the mattress?'

"The question, under the circumstances, caused considerable confusion on the part of my dear bride, who evaded a direct answer by desiring to be shown to her apartment; while her maid, who had rushed incontinently to the kitchen-fire to warm her feet, was summoned to assist her mistress.

"I took advantage of their temporary absence to fortify nature with a glass of egg wine, which I found agree so well with my constitution, that I ordered a second, at the same time telling the waiter to desire the chambermaid to send my wife's maid down to me. This instruction was obeyed; and I desired Mrs. Harvey to ask her mistress whether she would allow me to send her anything to cheer her up after her worrying journey, or whether she was coming down again. But I got very little consolation from the maid, who gave me to understand that her lady was in the greatest agitation, and that she really did not know what to do.

"'What is the matter?' said I.

"'Matter, Sir!' replied the maid; 'matter enough, I think! Where do you think your sleeping-room is?'

"'How should I know?' said I.

"'Why, Sir, if you'll believe me,' said the maid, 'you have to go into the mess-room, as they call it—and a nice mess it is in—among all the soldier-officers, and mayors and corporationers, and turn to your right-hand, right afore 'em all. It's the only room unoccupied—or, at least, as was unoccupied; and there's my poor mistress, tucked up, and trembling like a haspen leaf, with nothing but a half-inch plank between her and the first division of his Majesty's 71st!'

"'The deuce she is!' said I. 'What a state for a bride! There's not a moment to be lost;—I'm off. Poor Sarah exposed to the conversation, at least, of these oysterous, boisterous convivialists!'

" 'When *I* come down,' said the maid, 'one of 'em was dancing on the table, and twelve or thirteen singing the College Hornpipe; and I'm sure it's near three o'clock in the morning.'

" 'Broiled bones for thirteen, and two more pecks of oysters,' cried a waiter in the passage. 'Three bowls of punch, and eight brandy-grogs, cold, without.'

"In a frenzy I seized the candlestick; and, marshalled by my Thais, ascended the staircase, and having, under her direction, pushed open a door, found myself, sure enough, in the midst of a galaxy of heroes, military and civil, who were good enough to receive me 'with all the honours,' and a shout which continued till I had made good my landing in our apartment, the door of which I locked and bolted; and having then, with great labour, dragged a chest of drawers, which happened to be in the room, against the portal, fell to soothing my poor Sarah, who lay shivering and shaking at the stormy hilarity of our gallant neighbours.

"It may be easily imagined that we did not sleep much. More than once before they retreated, attempts were made to force an entrance to our room. At some periods we were treated with shouts of laughter, following loud toasts and louder songs; nor was it until near five o'clock that the corps dispersed, the whole party singing 'God save the King,' *fortissimo*. To these succeeded people putting out lights and clearing away, who continued their avocation for another hour at least, so that our start in matrimonial life was anything but propitious; however, I tell you this as a warning; and when you carry off Harriet, take special care to inquire whether any of his Majesty's troops are moving on the same line of march."

It was impossible not to be amused by the manner in which the reverend gentleman related the story, which was infinitely more *piquante* in his version of it; but still it ended with an allusion to a subject of which he now never lost sight—I mean my marriage with his daughter, to which he incessantly referred, as I thought in order to stamp indelibly the absolute certainty of its occurrence upon my mind, taking *my* silence as an admission and acquiescence, before he came to that particular discussion, the issue of which appeared to me likely to influence the result very seriously.

He had scarcely finished this tale of misadventures before the ladies made their re-appearance, accompanied by my friends the Woodbridges. This was a new embarrassment and a fresh entanglement; I should no doubt be presented to my old acquaintances in my new character, and thus more witnesses to the earnestness of my proposal and the seriousness of its acceptance would be procured. However, the conversation which I so much desired could not be very long delayed, and as I thought it was best to put a good face upon the matter, I joined the new arrivals with an air of gaiety, which I must say Mrs. Woodbridge seemed fully to appreciate and duly to sympathize with. I felt extremely awkward when I offered my arm to Harriet, and rather more so when she accepted it; but I was quite overcome when, with a malicious activity, the rest of the party contrived to separate, and leave her and me at the identical turn in the walk where the night before we had stopped to look at the moon!

LONG LIFE.

"The instances of longevity are chiefly among the abstemious."
Arbuthnot on Aliment.

Throughout every treatise upon longevity, whether medical or general, there runs one singular and important error. Long life, in relation to habits of temperance or of excesses, is considered as a positive term of duration, without reflecting, that, if two men, the one temperate, the other the reverse, live to the same period, the former lives to the day of his extinction, whilst the latter has been living, or rather dying, with faculties and functions half extinct, alive to little else than privation or to pain, for probably twenty years before he breathes his last. Thus, of two such cases of eighty years, full five-and-twenty per cent. should be deducted from the latter, and longevity with intemperance will no longer be termed an exception to the rule, but a case not in point.

With respect to the truth of the many cases of extreme longevity that have been paraded in all writings upon the subject, opinions have undergone a very great change within even a few years. From carelessly admitting all these extravagant, exaggerated, and unauthenticated cases, we now fall into the opposite extreme, and are prone to deny that human life ever extended much above, at most, a century. Although truth lies between these extremes of opinion, it certainly approximates more to the latter, and two facts bear very strongly upon the subject: first, cases of longevity are numerous and extraordinary, in proportion to the ignorance and barbarousness of the age and nations in which they are said to have occurred; and secondly, in later times, where cases of extreme longevity have been carefully investigated, by those interested in the assurance upon lives, in a great majority of instances they have been found either purely fictitious or grossly exaggerated. I have now before me a list, made out with astonishing labour and research, by a person who made this question the object of his study through life, and which contains about 1750 cases of persons whose ages have exceeded a hundred years; and yet, upon a severe scrutiny, it is astonishing upon what vague foundation many of them are found to rest; and above all things it is to be observed, that the extreme cases, in point both of number and term of duration, lie in remote countries and barbarous eras, where registers were inaccurately kept, or not kept at all, where identity was difficult to be traced, and where men had other motives to exaggeration than personal vanity, or the love of the marvellous and extravagant which is inseparable from ignorance. Our encyclopædias, upon this subject, are little better than transcripts from one common origin, and it is astonishing with what carelessness or credulity they have fallen into the most extravagant and palpable exaggerations and even violations of truth. For instance, it might have been supposed that no fact relating to longevity, even to a fraction of days, could have been more easily ascertained than the longevity of the celebrated Sir William Paulett, the executor of Henry the Eighth, who died on 10th March, 1572, in his ninety-seventh year, but upon whom our encyclopædias and works on longevity have liberally bestowed the age of a hundred and six. In all such writings, there is a tendency to make out a case of above a hundred years.

When men have to judge from general returns, such as censuses of the population, it is astonishing with what blindness they omit all considerations of those universal causes which prevent such documents ever being correct. Even Lord Bacon, the most accurate and reflective of men, in his "Historia Vitæ et Mortis," calculates upon the many instances of longevity in Italy, from the returns or census ordered by the emperor Vespasian, forgetting that the object of the census was to tax the people, who strove to make out cases of longevity in order to avoid the assessment. Even at this enlightened period, when the machinery of government is so perfect for collecting statistical data, our own population returns prove how censuses are magnified or diminished, even by millions, according to the interests or feelings of the populace. When men dreaded the militia, by bribery, cajoling, change of residence, and a variety of artifices, they escaped the census; and thus, when the war was over, and the militia became an object of desire rather than of dread, we found a wonderfully sudden increase of population. In 1831, there was a general desire in all places to make out as large a population as possible, in order to share the benefits of the Reform Bill; and this alone explains the immense difference between the census of that year, and the preceding census of 1821.

Lord Bacon really runs riot in his estimate of the duration of human life. I cannot agree with him that Vespasian "census autem de ætatibus auctoritatem et informationem habet *fidissimam*." If this were the case, we are led to believe that between Padua and the Apennines, a small space, comparatively thinly peopled, there were 124 men of 120 and upwards—viz., 54 men aged 120 years, 57 aged 110, 2 aged 125, 4 aged 130, 4 aged 135 *or* 137, and 3 aged 140. We shall arrive at nothing less absurd if we consult Pliny (lib. vii. cap. 48). With respect to Pliny, it is sufficient to ask, what confidence can be placed in him, upon this subject, when we reflect that he believed in the reciprocal transmutations of animal and human life, and taught as a fact (lib. viii. cap. 22) that men were sometimes changed to wolves, and wolves transmuted to men—"Homines interdum lupus feri et contra?"

Antiquity upon this subject is worse than a fable; and the middle ages are worse than antiquity. Were we to believe in either, longevity would be the rule, and life terminating under seventy years of age would be the exception. Eusebius maintains (Selden de Succ. Ebr. c. 24) that Noah made a will, signed, *sealed*, and delivered it,—that it was *witnessed* under his *seal*,—and that by it he gave to his posterity the whole world, in fee simple. It would appear that he gave with it a portion of the antediluvian longevity,—at least up to the period which afforded the means of checking dates.

When we leave Vespasian and such authorities with their census of the poor, and come to classes of which the ages can be better ascertained, we find that, both amongst the ancients and in the middle ages, instances of extreme longevity are of very unfrequent occurrence. Of Roman, Greek, French, and German emperors and kings down to the reign of James I., we find, in two hundred princes, only four octogenarians. Among the apostles and the fathers of the church cases of longevity would appear to have been extremely common, and this is accounted for by the supposition that they breathed divine atmosphere,—"Nihil spirans nisi divinum." But if we go to a class analogous, their immediate suc-

cessors, the popes, we shall find that amongst the first two hundred and forty, there are only five who lived to the age of eighty, or a little beyond it. The extreme case is that of John, twenty-third pope, who reached, or is said to have reached his ninetieth year, in despite of his unquiet temperament,—" Vir ingenii inquieti, et novis rebus studens, et multa transferens, nonnulla in melius, haud pauca in aliud." But perhaps his longevity was aided by his successful affairs, for he amassed great treasures;—" Magnus autem opum et thesauri accumulator," says his historian.

It is amusing to run through the narrations of longevity to be found in the dark ages; and to some of which Lord Bacon says, with much *naïveté*, more of doubt is to be attached than to authenticated history. We find Aganthariçus, king of Spain, or rather of Cadiz, living one hundred and forty years; then Cinyras, the king of the Cyprians, who lived a most voluptuous life, reached his one hundred and sixtieth year. Many of the kings of Arcadia we are positively assured lived three hundred years, and Lord Bacon says that *perhaps* this is fabulous. We find that in Epirus many of the inhabitants lived two hundred years, and one of the princes, Litorius, a man of gigantic stature, completed his three hundredth.

Attached to these extravagancies are speculations which would make it appear that all causes, and all places, all climates, all habits, and circumstances, are favourable to, and destructive of, longevity. Theories upon the subject have been endless and contradictory. The colour of the skin, its coarseness and fineness; the hair, its length, colour, and quantity, have equally been traced as indications of longevity or the reverse, and this by the greatest of philosophers. Boys with red complexions had less chance of longevity than the pale; a hard skin was a predication of long life, but a rough or coarse skin, called a goose skin, was the reverse; a wrinkled forehead promised longevity; a smooth brow announced a brief career; rough and bristly hair foretold a hundred years at least; whilst silky hair brought early death with it. Bald people lived longest, and to become bald or grey at an early age was an earnest of longevity. The locality of hair, such as on the upper lip and the chest, was indicative of longevity, in proportion to its height or elevated position, and yet we see that baldness on the very top of the head was longaeous. A large stature, if not immense, or long legs from the knees to the heel, with short bodies, or bodies large below and small above, were sure to live long; but persons large from the knee to the hip, and, as Lord Bacon says, *deorsum attenuati*, never reached long life. Then longevity prevailed if persons were skinny and thin, from sedentary employments, with tranquil, easy tempers; and the reverse if they were fat, with choleric dispositions. Fat in young persons indicated a short life; but in the old it was a matter of indifference. Among the signs considered certain of longevity were youth growing up late and slowly; muscular and nervous frames, " et nates minus tumentes (quantum sedendo tantum sufficiant;) a small head (disproportioned to the body); a neck neither long, thin, nor thick, but moderate; large nostrils; ears cartilaginous and not fleshy; a large mouth; teeth large and close, and, above all, teeth growing late in youth. Then we have a broad but not full chest, shoulders a little hunched, an abdomen not protuberant, large hands, with palms not strongly marked,

little round feet, and calves not falling but firm above. The next indications were large eyes, with the iris large and rather fiery; sensibility not too great; a quick mastication, with free respiration; and veins rather large. Such were the follies even of the wisest of our forefathers.

As productive of longevity we find enumerated a very spare diet, a total abstinence from spirits, moderate exercise, moderate sleep, *veneris abstinentia ne exhauriantur*, the use of the bath and of oils or ointments, a religious life, a life of literature and philosophy, a country life, a military life in youth; and then we find recommended, as conducive to longevity, many drugs which practitioners of the present day would be very loth to administer, from a fear of the law.

Painting the body was recommended by our forefathers, because the ancient Britons and Indians of Virginia painted theirs and lived long. In confirmation of this, it was cited that the Irish, "though they lived naked in the woods, were long-lived by means of their almost frying or baking themselves before the fire whilst they rubbed in or anointed themselves with quantities of salt butter." "When Joannes de Temporibus," says Lord Bacon, "who is said to have lived three hundred years, was asked how he prolonged his life, he replied, 'By oil without and honey within.' On the contrary, when the Roman judge, struck by the health of a witness, a hundred years old, put to him the same question, he replied, 'By eating before I was hungry, and drinking before I was dry.'"

Of clothes, as conducive to longevity, Hippocrates recommended that in winter they should be pure and clean; but in summer, filthy and imbued with oil. We have seen very lately our faculty recommending dirty linen, and descanting upon the injury to the constitution from too frequent a change of shirts and night-gowns. The absurdities and contradictions of the ancients are almost equalled by those of our contemporaries; and in nothing are the absurdities of our contemporaries so absurd, as in their dissertations upon longevity.

Having thus cursorily investigated the subject, as far as the ancients are connected with it, it will be useful to trace its connexion with the moderns. There is a general belief in the frequent occurrence of cases of extreme long life, though it will be found, upon strict inquiry, that the data of such a faith are very unsatisfactory. Man is prone to this belief; it flatters a very strong and natural passion, the desire to live long, and without pain or suffering. Maffeius, in his celebrated "History of the Indies," tells us of one Numas de Cugna, born at Bengal, who died there in 1566, in the three hundred and seventy-first year of his age. Wonders or miracles, like misfortunes, are never single, and accordingly Maffeius relates that this man had had seven hundred wives, *some of whom had died* (very probably, in 370 years), that he had had four sets of teeth, that his hair had frequently changed from black to grey, and from grey to black, and that he narrated with surprising accuracy all the circumstances and events of his long life. Absurd as the story is, the *facts* were investigated and fully confirmed by Ferdinand Lopez de Castogueda, the Historiographer Royal of Portugal. This is parallel to the belief of Paracelsus in his nostrum, or elixir vitæ, which would ensure a minimum life of 400 years, and in the efficacy of which

the learned and scientific men of his era fully believed, notwithstanding that Paracelsus died before he was 40.

Hufeland calculated that, of every hundred men born, only nine reached, and only six passed, the sixtieth year. Haller, a great authority on all physical subjects, came to a very different conclusion. He computed that there were 1000 undisputed cases of men having died between the ages of 100 and 110, 60 from 110 to 120, 29 from 120 to 130, 15 from 130 to 140, 6 from 140 to 150, and 1 to 169. In a work containing 1712 cases of longevity, from A.D. 66 to A.D. 1799, we find 3 lives of from 150 to 160, 2 of from 160 to 170, and 3 from 170 to 185. Let us see who are the three who lived from 170 to 185, and we shall be able to judge of what wretched materials such tales are composed. The greatest age, 185 years, is that of one Kentigern, mentioned by Spotswood, who in the sixth century became St. Mungo, or St. Mongah, and of whose life as many absurdities are recorded as of his extraordinary age. The next case is that of Peter Torton, a peasant of Temeswar, in Hungary, who died in 1724, at the alleged age of 185. There is no evidence of this fact, and the case is unworthy of notice. Were it true, this Peter Torton would have been older than Abraham by ten years, than Isaac by five, only twenty years younger than Terah, Abraham's father, and 37 years older than Nahor, Abraham's grandfather. The third case is from the same place. John Rovin, of Temeswar, in Hungary, and his wife, are said to have died in 1741, the former aged 172, the latter 164. They were married 148 years, leaving only two daughters and two sons, the youngest of the latter being 116 years old at the time of their death. These cases are altogether unworthy of credit; and we next come to the oldest cases admitted by Haller, that of Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, Yorkshire; and Thomas Parr, of Winnington, Shropshire. The first died in 1670, aged 169; and the other in 1635, aged 152.

These cases are very disputable. Both Parr and Jenkins were born before we had any parochial registration of births, and they both died long before parish registers were kept with any care or regularity. The case of Jenkins was made the most of in the investigation into it in the "Philosophical Transactions." A few years before he died (April, 1665), he was sworn as a witness in a cause, and deposed to facts that had occurred 140 years before, and an entry of this examination appears on the records of the King's Remembrancer's Office in the Exchequer. The principal proof of his great age was his assertion that he was about twelve years old when he was sent to Flodden Field with a bundle of arrows for the English archers. The battle of Flodden Field was fought on 9th Septemher, 1513, and supposing Jenkins to have spoken truth, he would have been 169 years old in 1670, when he died. He used to narrate, probably from hearsay, but, as he alleged from memory, many circumstances relating to the suppression of the monasteries, and to other public events, all of which corroborated his assertion of his great age; and finally, four men of Ellerton, said to be a hundred years old each, asserted that when they first knew Jenkins, in their childhood, he was an old man. This last evidence—four men of a century old each, found in one petty village—throws discredit on all the rest, and it is obvious that the proofs are altogether insufficient to establish a fact of such an extraordinary deviation from the laws of nature. It is a case of

probabilities, like that of every miracle, and it is more probable that Jenkins told falsehoods than that nature aberrated from her course. Jenkins had been butler to Lord Conyers, but in the last century of his life he was a sturdy fisherman, a great swimmer, and lived on the coarsest food, even of that age. Never did man live in more eventful times; he must have seen four queens and one king beheaded—two queens divorced—republicanism in England superseding monarchy, and yielding to the Restoration—papacy destroyed, restored, and destroyed again—republicanism established in Holland—and the armada defeated.

The case of Thomas Parr is parallel in point of failure of evidence, and it is impossible to read the history of him in the "Philosophical Transactions," or in the "Harleian Miscellanies" without detecting the discrepancies of proof, and the credulity of the writers. Parr is said to have married his first wife at the age of 88; at 102, he seduced one Catherine Milton, and did penance in a white sheet, in the church, for the offence. At 120, he married a widow, and ten years after we find him at his usual day-labour in husbandry. The celebrated Earl of Arundel brought old Parr to the court of Charles I. as "a special wonder;" but this was the age of wonders, and when there is a rage for miracles, they will always be found as thick as Sancho's proverbs. Accordingly, when the Earl of Arundel presented Parr to the King, the Countess of Arundel presented a midwife to the Queen, who was 123 years old, and who had been active in her profession up to the age of 121.

Parr had lived on the coarsest fare, and had been irregular in his times of diet; but, in the Earl of Arundel's establishment, he fared sumptuously, drank wine, and died of plethora. His body was opened by the celebrated Dr. W. Harvey, then aged 62; and this truly great man, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, reported that his frame was muscular, his heart thick and fat; his viscera, and especially the stomach, was healthy and strong; and his kidneys fat, though a little morbid. Dr. Harvey drew a singular inference from this *post-mortem* examination, that Parr might have lived to the age of 200, from anything that his anatomy displayed to the contrary. This inference presupposes the truth of Parr's account of his actual age being 152.

If these, two of the best-authenticated cases, fail us, there is little occasion to go into the others,—such as that of Lywarch Hen, the bard to King Arthur, who died in the fifth century, aged 150, and whose twenty-four sons were killed in battle against the Saxons; of the Countess of Desmond, who died in 1612, aged 145; of one Thomas Damme, who died at Minshul, Cheshire, in 1648, aged 154; of Margaret Patten, who died in 1739, at the age of 137. Not one of these cases can be authenticated; yet all our writers have admitted them as facts, and have crowded their tables with such absurdities as the case of Brown, the Cornish beggar, who lived to 120; and Polczew, a Cornish gipsy, who died at 130; of Marshall, the Scotch tinker, who expired at 118; Louisa Traxo, a South American negress, who died at Tucuman, aged 175; of Gelmore Macraine, who lived to 180, in the Isle of Jura (the Western Isles); of Colonel Thomas Winston, who reached to 146, in Ireland; of one Abraham Paiba, who died at Charleston, South Carolina, aged 142; of John Sands, of Staffordshire, who died at 140, whilst his wife died in the same year, aged 120; of John Mount and Margaret Foster, Scotch people, each of whom died at 136; whilst A,

Goldsmith, in France, died at 140; and C. J. Drakenberg, in Norway, at 146. All such cases are recorded thickly of barbarous ages and uncivilized countries, where the facts could not be verified; and thus we find that, in one province of Russia, it is pretended that there were thirteen persons whose ages amounted to 1551 years, or, on an average, to 120 each—the three oldest being 128, 130, and 150; and the five youngest being each 110. In another Russian return, it is pretended, that, of 726,278 births, 216 lived to the age of 100, and 220 to above 100, and four to the age of 136; whilst, in Norway, a report sets forth that, of 6929 births, sixty-three lived above 100 years. The Chinese are more veracious in their statements; for, in 1784, when Kien-Long made a census of his population of 200,000,000 souls, it appeared that there were only four ages exceeding a century.

It may be doubted whether the life of man ever reached to 120. The best-authenticated case of this age appears to be that of J. Jacobs, who had been a peasant on the estate of the Prince de Beautremont, and who travelled, at that age, from the Jura mountains to Versailles, to thank the National Assembly for having relieved him from the feudal yoke—"Libertas, quæ sera, tamen respexit." He was received by all the members standing and uncovered, was allowed a chair, and to sit with his hat on. A collection was made for him amongst the members, which amounted to 500*l*. sterling. He was buried on Saturday, Jan. 31, 1790, in the church of St. Eustace, in Paris. The next best authenticated case is that of Mr. Ingleby, ninety-five years a domestic in the Webster family, who died in 1798, aged 117.

According to all statements, it would appear that all climates are favourable to longevity. We find these miraculous ages in Jamaica, Barbadoes, and burning Ethiopia and India; in the severe climates of Norway, Russia, Scotland, and the north of England; in the temperate climes of Madeira and France; in the driest isle of Madeira, in the ever-misty isles of Scotland,—in the well-drained lands of England, and in the bogs of Ireland,—in inland counties,—on the sea-shore,—on the mountain-top,—on the plain,—and in the filthy lanes and alleys of London. No theory of locality, air, regimen, or diet can tally with these stories of longevity; for we find long life amongst the poor and rich, the luxurious, the temperate, the abstemious, the active, and the indolent,—the white, the black, the savage, and the civilized. The only two facts that appear to answer to all cases are, that longevity is promoted by cleanliness and almost an abstinence from alcohol. The last of these is unquestionable; but even against the other, it must be observed, that longevity is found amongst the poor of sordid habitations and filthy employments; and that it is said to have existed most amongst our ancestors, whose domestic habits were exceedingly filthy, and it now exists most in Scotland, and those parts of England where the cleanly habits of the south prevail the least. The Russians and the Irish are proverbially the least cleanly people of Europe, and yet they have their full share of statistical longevity. In Dublin Lying-in Hospital, in four years ending 1784, 2944 infants had died out of 7650 births. The hospital had been in a state of filth beyond credibility. A system of cleanliness and ventilation was introduced, and the number of deaths in the four following years was only 1116. A similar reduction of deaths,

a few years ago, was produced in the barracks of Barbadoes, by a system of cleanliness.

In England, most of the longevity now proved, of that which was formerly asserted—of longevity ancient and modern—has been found to the north of the Humber, and to the west of the Severn. It seems to have always run in a line from the south of the Tees, in a south-west direction, towards Herefordshire. There are very few cases of extreme longevity attributed to the midland, southern, and eastern counties. There is one case, that of John Balls, who died in Northamptonshire, on the 5th of April, 1705, (if it be true,) aged 126; a case of John Wilson, of Warkingworth, Suffolk, who lived to 116; and we have just seen the case of Ingleby, who died at Battle Abbey, in Sussex, in 1798, at the age of 117.

We may form some idea of the want of data and of authenticated facts that has hitherto prevailed on this subject of life and population, from the extraordinary circumstance that even Dr. Price committed the monstrous absurdity of calculating that the population of all England and Wales had *decreased* by one-fourth since the Revolution of 1688.

It seems remarkable that fewer cases of excessive longevity, real or fictitious, are to be found in those counties in which the average of human life is the greatest. Shropshire and Yorkshire (even if allowance be made for the greater extent of the latter) claim the greatest number of excessively-long lives; and yet the average duration of existence in these counties is less than that of Cardigan, Cornwall, and Gloucestershire, in two of which the population is entirely agricultural, whilst in one (Cornwall) it is maritime and mining; and in Yorkshire, a great portion of it is not only manufacturing, but employed in manufactures very destructive to life. The average of existence in Lancashire is low, from its population being manufacturing, and yet a number of the highest cases of longevity are to be found in that county.

A theory prevails that long life runs in families, and yet Sir John Sinclair found that, amongst 508 persons who had passed the age of eighty, only 303 could make it appear that they had even one parent, male or female, who had been as old as themselves. All *data* upon the subject is involved in confusion; and it must be still more confused: for although we have better means than formerly for arriving at statistical facts and details, individual habits become more diversified as commerce increases, as the powers of intermixture and change of locality are multiplied; and as knowledge, mixed with error, and diversified to infinity, is diffused amongst all classes, both of rich and poor, individual diversities become beyond all calculation, and defy all powers of classifying and generalizing. Alcohol slays its thousands and tens of thousands amongst the poor, and quackery, with ill-directed passions, performs the same service for the rich—quackery, not only advertised and wholesale, but individual and secret. A short digressive anecdote, which I had from a friend, may be both illustrative and amusing.

Sitting in the parlour of an eminent administerer of very useful medicated baths, in Marlborough-street, a gentleman entered the room full of sturdy health, and overflowing with fine animal spirits.

"Sir," said he, "I suppose you are going to take a medicated bath?"

"No, Sir, I am waiting for a friend who is taking one; thank God, I have perfect health."

"Sir, I take one every day, well or ill, and generally two a day."

"I have never taken five shillings-worth of medicine in my life."

"Oh! Sir, I see you are a most temperate liver."

"No, Sir, I am ashamed to say, that from eighteen to the present hour I have been the reverse. Of all men living, my poor father was the most regular and temperate, and his afflictions were many, severe, and fatal."

"Aye, aye; I see how it is. When Judge —— found any witnesses of extreme old age, he questioned them as to their habits, and made memoranda of their answers. He discovered that the temperate and intemperate were about equal, but he found that *all* healthy persons and long-livers were early risers. You, Sir, must be a VERY, VERY early riser—a very early riser indeed?"

"Quite the reverse, Sir, my Parliamentary duties are such, that, in London, my average hour of going to bed is three in the morning, and my hour of rising twelve."

After this, it was clear that not a word I said, or had said, was believed. The theorist imagined that the consistency of health with irregularity and late hours was so impossible, that the assertion was a most impudent imposition.

"Sir," cried he, in a tone of offended consequence, "only try the experiment. Go to bed and get up early, and when you rise, you will find yourself able to grasp your handful of halfpence, at arms-length, as firmly as a giant; get up next day an hour later, and you will grasp them feebly; get up the next day two hours later, and you will find you cannot grasp them at all—no, Sir, not at all."

"Bless you, Sir, get up any hour I may, I can grasp, as firmly as a vice, more sovereigns than I shall ever possess."

"Sir," said this victim of quackery, evidently disbelieving every word I said, "I was going down Regent-street yesterday, when I felt in my head I don't know how—it was a certain sort of I don't know what—an indescribable something—a ah—a ah—I can't exactly explain myself, but you must know very well what I mean; so I went into a doctor's shop, and I said, give me three grains of calomel, seven of jalap, four of rhubarb, with—and—and—all of which I find agree with my constitution; and so, Sir, I took the dose, and went home, and I said to my wife, 'Now, my dear, I will take no food to-day—I am determined to give nature fair play.'"

"Zounds, Sir," said I, breaking out into a feigned fit of impatience, and almost of indignation, "is that what you call fair play?—you turn your stomach into a doctor's shop—you swamp, overwhelm poor nature—Burke her, till she is nearly extinct, and this you call giving nature fair play!—a plague on such fair play!"

Here the bath was announced, and the sturdy, non-ailing gentleman went to take his cure for his non-ailments!

But returning to the subject of longevity, it is to be observed that certain classes of men live to a great age, such as painters (painters and glaziers are the reverse): Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Guercini, Guido, Maratti, lived to a good old age. The musicians have lived long; and, notwithstanding all that is said against sedentary employments, we

shall find that men who live by the brain, who are educated, and, consequently, whose nervous systems are more called into exertion than the muscular, exceed in longevity the labouring classes, even when they are well fed, and not over-worked.

Dr. Cheyne commences his Essay on Health by saying that he who lives medically lives miserably. By excess of gluttony and drinking he had brought himself to a prodigious size, and suffered under all the worst effects of excessive plethora; he reduced his diet to eight ounces of flesh and twelve of bread, with one pint of wine per diem, and he got rid of his enormous bulk, and of all his complaints, and lived to the age of seventy-two. This quantity of food he considered the maximum requisite for a hard-working man.

The sources of longevity, and, what is of more consequence, of health whilst we live, have always been classed under six heads:—parentage, air, diet, exercise, sleep, and government of the passions. In going deeply and extensively into the subject, the exceptions to all these elements of long life are found almost as numerous as the examples; and the only infallible, uniform, and universal inference that can be drawn is, that, *cæteris paribus*, men live longest, and enjoy the best health, who most abstain from wine, spirits, or alcohol under any shape.

SONNET.

To Winter.

Gone are those hours that bless'd the cherish'd theme
Of the bard's glowing and devoted lay,
While winter frowning on his dreary way
Comes blighting the young fancy's ardent dream.
Lo! from his front what gathering terrors teem,
And from his eye, where dwells the sickly ray
And fev'rish brightness of the year's decay,
What envious tints o'er lifeless nature gleam.
Rude is his form,—and hark! his angry voice
From the bleak north comes joyless o'er the plain;
It breathes of tempest, and the bitter strain
Bids no warm bosom with a throb rejoice.
Thou hoary tyrant! the lyre's soul would fain
Consign thee to thy regions—back again!

Omicron.

THE POLICY OF ENGLAND WITH REFERENCE TO FRANCE AND SPAIN.

"STRIP a Spaniard of his virtues and you make him a Portuguese," is one of the sayings of proud Spain. Portugal may retort upon her neighbours—" Strip a Portuguese of his honesty, and you make him a modern Spaniard."

It may be safely affirmed that all men of all parties in this country are united in a common feeling of disgust at the conduct of the Queen Regent's Government in regard to its financial position. The honest are disgusted with the knavery, the knaves with the folly of its proceedings. That the Carlists should refuse to recognize the loans which a constitutional government had contracted would excite no surprise; but that they who profess themselves the regenerators of their country should have inflicted upon it an incurable wound—that they who, in the face of the world, have raised the standard of liberty, and assumed the title of patriots, should be the first to sully the purity of the one, and to proclaim the effrontery and invalidity of their pretensions to the other—may neither be passed by as a matter of course, nor escape with the license of contempt.

Spain had invoked the aid, and appealed to the sympathy of England in behalf of her constitutional infant, the palladium of her infant constitution; and that invocation was answered, and that sympathy felt by those who were honestly interested in the happiness and prosperity of the great family of nations; and though many were averse to the cause of the Regent, believing that that of Don Carlos was legitimate, and that the aim of the Constitutionalists was not liberty but anarchy—not improvement but revolution; yet it cannot be doubted that even among those whose prudence distrusted the Constitutionalists, there were many whose secret hearts leaped within them at the idea of Spanish regeneration, who would have been foremost as the advocates of that cause if its adherents had justified their hopes. The Cortes' Declaration of Rights spoke home to the hearts of Englishmen. Its simplicity, its manliness, its moderation, were so many claims to our respect; it gained more than our respect—it reminded us of the time when we too had had a struggle with despotism—it excited our sympathies and our hopes that Spain might follow where England had led. The recollection of Somers was revived by Martinez, and the Declaration of the Spaniard reminded us so strongly of the Bill of Rights of our countrymen, that we turned with affection to the patriots of Spain.

Alas! while our eyes were yet fixed upon Spain with a generous and fond anxiety for her liberty and her fame, the unwelcome truth was exhibited that the Government of Madrid was unworthy of our sympathy. It must be proclaimed with the trumpet-tongues of a free people that the first requisite of freedom is honesty; that the slave is more respectable than the rogue. If the Government of Torreno is bent upon exhibiting to the world the spectacle of utter degradation—if we are unwillingly to be convinced that the principles of just patriotism which his party had professed were assumed merely as a blind in less prosperous days, to be laid aside in the first moments of incomplete success, then M. Torreno and his party must be told that in such circumstances England will cease

to take an interest in their concerns, and will regard with indifference the success or failure of their enemies—that as far as Spain is concerned, England will look with indifference upon the struggles of Carlists and Christinos. Nay, the despotism which, by its very darkness, brings into brighter contrast the fair, unsullied face of English liberty will be preferred by this country to that dishonesty which, under the disguise of the counterfeit, exposes the genuine liberty to reproach.

Though these words be harsh, they are not unkind; they are uttered not in anger but in sorrow; they are wrung from a too sanguine believer in the advent of Spanish regeneration. Must we then despair of this desired consummation? Has the leaven of corruption so leavened the whole mass? Is Spain to be for ever marked with the darkest black upon the Map of Europe? Is the boast of her greatness to be reversed, and the sun set for ever upon her dominions? We will not despair of her resurrection—we will hope, we will pray for better and happier days. In the deepest gloom of our anticipations, that Declaration of Rights is visible—all is not lost in a country where so noble a charter has been proclaimed. We see in it a justification of our hopes. Come what may, that Magna Charta will remain a monument that, at the end of Ferdinand's reign, the knowledge and the love of freedom were not utterly extinguished among Spaniards—that there were some at least who were worthy of enjoying it. Lamentable as the state of Spain may be at this moment, there appears no reason for doubting that it has even already made such advances in amelioration as render a continued progression inevitable. It is not merely that *despotic* has been converted into *representative* monarchy, which every Englishman must consider the one thing paramount in government; but measures have been introduced which, cutting away the very foundations whereon the old abuses rested, have created a necessity for completing the repairs of the reparable parts of the edifice.

The abolition of the mesta, and the introduction of a system of universal education, are two of the new measures which strike at the very root of the most palpable evils. The latter requires no comment; but the former, the mesta, is fortunately unknown in this country. It has been computed that there are about thirteen millions of sheep in Spain, and they may be divided into two classes, the migratory and the stationary flocks. Of the former about six millions may be estimated as the number enjoying the privileges of the mesta. These privileges are the right of passing through all lands arable or pasture, and of pasturing the flocks upon the grounds in passing; in some instances of fixing, at their own discretion, the amount to be paid to the landholders, and in the remainder, of receiving the pasturage gratis. The owners of lands in the districts in which these *rights* are established are compelled not only to forbear from inclosing their property, in order that the merinos may have free entrance and exit, but to keep a certain quantity of land in pasture, in order that the merinos may profit by their visit. If it be supposed that the practical working of this theoretical abuse be anything similar to our "right of common," and that it affords a maintenance to the one ewe lamb of many a poor peasant, who could no otherwise pay for its subsistence, such a supposition is at variance with the whole history of Spanish abuses. The migratory flocks are the property, not of the poor man, but the rich; not of the peasant, but of the wealthy noble, and of

the still more wealthy convent; and the land upon which these merinos prey is the land of the poor man as well as of the rich. The owner of the one ewe lamb is called upon to maintain the property of him who has flocks and herds in abundance; thanks, however, to the establishment of constitutional government at Madrid, this obstacle to improvement—this curse of agriculture—this mesta, has received its death-blow, and its extinction is the signal for the abolition of thousands of abuses.

The road of improvement is upon an inclined plane; once set in motion at the upper end, you require no extraneous influence to carry you to the other end of your journey,—it is easy enough to proceed, it is difficult only to return. Spain has placed herself upon the plane, and cannot recede if she would. The hopes of her friends have been checked by her exhibitions of financial harlequinading, but they have taken root too deeply to be destroyed.

The war in the Basque provinces will never seat Don Carlos upon the throne; the struggle there is not for principles, but for privileges,—not for the crown, but for the *Fueros*. Of all the provinces of Spain, the Basque are the most indifferent to a question of disputed succession; they care not whether Carlos or Isabella govern at Madrid; they desire to maintain the prescriptive abuses which have exempted them from contributing to the exigencies of the national government, and to receive the benefits of protection without bearing a share in its expenses. That such are the motives of these northern Carlists is too well known to be denied, and appears to be generally admitted; but the corollary of that admission is not fairly deduced. The Carlists may maintain themselves in Biscay and Navarre, and Spain remain indifferent and supine; but let the insurgents advance, and their war-cry "Carlos and our Fueros," be raised in the interior, and the scene would be suddenly changed, not as the English Carlists would suppose, by a march from the Ebro to Madrid, but by a general rising of Spain. The cause of these Fueros, which now enables Don Carlos to maintain himself in the north, would be fatal to his pretensions in the south, and in the east, and in the west, and in the centre. The champion of the local interests of Biscay is the enemy of the general interests of Spain; Don Carlos is in a false position; to advance is as fatal as to recede. We should like to see the experiment tried of blockading the insurgent provinces, instead of attempting to subdue them in arms.

The "sanguinary atrocities of the monster Rodil" have been the theme of many an invective. We are no advocates of a barbarous system of warfare; we believe it is as impolitic as odious; but when it is attempted to brand the Christinos with this reproach, it must not be forgotten that it is deserved equally by the Carlists; and he whose hatred of cruelty would deduce an unfitness for freedom, or a state of hopeless barbarism, from the excesses of civil warfare, will do well to remember the Scotch and Irish rebellions, with their catalogue of "sanguinary atrocities," and to parallel the severities of Rodil with those of the great Duke of Cumberland.

We confess that we shudder over the perusal of the accounts which detail the proceedings of both parties; but, in the natural exasperations of civil warfare, which in all countries and at all periods convert the milk of human kindness into gall, we can find some excuse for the excesses which Christino and Carlist commit. There are, however, writers

in this country who swallow a Carlist camel, and strain at a Christino gnat; and the lady-like delicacy of a paper, which is shocked at the manly language of its contemporaries, denounces Rodil in one column, and makes a jest of Don Pedro's *post-mortem* exaamination in another; reads lectures upon the neglect of Donna Francisca to-day, and ridicules the decent grief of Donna Maria and the Duchess of Braganza to-morrow.

Enough of a revolting subject,—let us return to our consideration o the position and prospects of Spain, more particularly as they are connected with, or have relation to ourselves. England, if we may use the expression, sits at the helm of the world, and by her moral, rather than by her physical power, influences, more than any other country, the destinies of her neighbours; and of all the nations of the world, Spain is, at the present moment, the most dependent for good or evil upon England. If our capitalists and our Government were to unite, they might impose what terms they pleased upon Spain. They might compel her to be honest, as the price of her friendship, and stipulate for the opening of her ports as the condition of admission to our money-market. Our relations with Spain have been freed from their embarrassing complications by the fortunate issue of events in Portugal. It is not to be expected that a country should at once pass from civil war to absolute tranquillity and prosperity; nor is it pretended that Portugal has been exempted from that general decree of Providence which has limited to gradual steps the progression, whether moral or physical, of man. She has no *royal road* to perfection, but it may safely be asserted, that the most sanguine anticipations of her friends have been exceeded by the progress she has made; and that the chances of her retrogression are little,—let the funds, that national barometer, be witness.

Having then nothing to fear for Portugal, we are by so much disembarrassed in our dealings with Spain, and we may give their full weight to the considerations which are suggested by an examination into the immediate and ultimate policy which complicates the question between France and Spain. There can be no doubt that the immediate policy of Louis Philippe was to strengthen his throne against the Carlists in France, and with that view to prevent their successes in either portion of the Spanish peninsula. And as danger was imminent from Spain, it was his immediate policy to acknowledge the alteration in the line of Spanish succession, even though it were effected by a repeal of the law which excluded females from the inheritance. But it should never be forgotten that this immediate policy is no more than a temporary deviation from that which it must ultimately return to, and that the real policy of France is to exclude females from the succession to the throne of Spain. The fear of an Austrian prince being raised to the throne marital of that country can never be entirely extinguished in the breasts of the statesmen of Paris. It may for a time give way to the more urgent fears of more immediate dangers, but it will return to its effective operation so soon as such immediate dangers shall have passed away. Every hour that is added to the duration of the Orleans dynasty will, if it be not pregnant with unexpected and disastrous contingencies, be tending to the consolidation and permanent stability of the throne of "the revolution of July," and will, in an equal degree, be diminishing the necessity of combating and exterminating Carlism, and diminishing the existing necessity for upholding the cause of Isabella.

The throne of Louis Philippe appears to be placed between the Scylla of Carlism and the Charybdis of a republic: the danger from the former is the greater, because, with a strong party at home, it has a still stronger party abroad; and republicanism, though equal to Carlism in France, is considerably weaker in the other countries of Europe; England, the great enemy of Carlism, being still more inimical to its antagonist. The moment, however, in which republicanism should become the most imminent of the dangers which threaten "the new order of things" in France, that moment would Louis Philippe make common cause with the principle of Carlism, and endeavour to convert it into the nourishment and sustenance of his power; from that moment adieu to the friendship which regenerated France is professing for regenerating Spain.

There is then no safety for the Constitutionalists if they build up their hopes upon a foundation so uncertain and shifting as that of the friendship of France; three days may destroy it—the death of one individual may be its death-blow. But upon England, Spain—not republican, but constitutionally monarchical Spain—may for ever, and under all possible changes, depend for friendship and protection. Let us tell her that we will be her fast friends and protectors, if she will be honest and free. Our interests, rightly understood, are not incompatible with hers; they are really connected, and, in some degree, dependent upon each other. No state of affairs in this country, no changes of government or of public opinion, could be reasonably anticipated, which should make it the interest of this country that Spain should be under any form of government but that of constitutional monarchy. No rational Englishman will refuse his assent to the postulate, that constitutional monarchy is of all forms of government the most fit for civilized communities of men, and that it affords the best chances of securing the two great requisites of government, prosperity at home and peace abroad. We have an interest in the peace of Spain, as removing a chance of the disturbance of our own, and we have an interest in her prosperity, as acting immediately upon our commerce. The pettiest chapman is aware that he thrives by the thriving of his neighbours.

Much has been lately declaimed upon the subject of *natural* enemies and friends; and, without assenting to so monstrous an absurdity as the proposition that rational man, whether as an individual or in communities, has any *natural* enemies amongst rational men, if, the converse of the proposition being admitted, we have any friends whose friendship is more natural to us than that of others, then unquestionably Spain is beyond all other countries our natural friend.

Whether it be our policy to aid and support, or to restrain and depress France,—and upon these two points of policy the whole question of our foreign relations may be turned,—Spain is our natural coadjutor; and it may be safely asserted, that there is no country in the world which presents so many tempting advantages to commerce as she can present to the commerce of Great Britain.

France, the country with which we are most desirous of allying our commerce upon liberal principles, is the most pertinacious of all countries in refusing to accept our invitations. And it is not merely that she declines to make in our favour an exception from the general rules of her policy, but she is actually so blinded by an ignorant jealousy of our commercial prosperity, that she passes by the advantages which she might gain from

this country, and deals out to us a harsher measure than she deals to less prosperous and more unfriendly nations.

We are aware that the suggestions of national vanity may induce us to overrate the advantages which France is obtaining from her intimate alliance with England; but to us it appears that they are almost entirely upon one side, and that we give her infinitely more than we receive in return.

We do not wish to depreciate the general and necessarily intrinsic value of national friendships, and we are very ready to admit that it is considerable, where the nation with which we are connected is so advanced in civilization as France; but we must be permitted to believe that the value is certainly not less to the country which enjoys the friendship of England; and the accidental and adventitious advantages appear to be nearly altogether in favour of our ally. The Anglo-French alliance has undoubtedly maintained the peace of Europe, which without that alliance would as undoubtedly have been broken; but it must be remembered that, in so doing, it has preserved this country from no more than the ulterior chances of a war, whereas it has preserved France from the certainty. An European war would have begun with our neighbour; it might have been extended to ourselves. What has France given us in return? What has she given us in return for our commercial gifts—our benefits of free trade? She continues her system of restriction and exclusion, and encourages any flag rather than our own. Are we then to fight with France for the high prize of her commercial reciprocity? Are we to endanger the peace of Europe for the same cause? or are we to return to our old system of prohibitions, and injure ourselves that we may wreak our spite upon her? Most assuredly not, is the answer to each inquiry. But, as the recent *exposé* of Mons. Thiers has pretty plainly demonstrated the visionary nature of all such anticipations as have been formed of the French nation being prepared before long to admit us to the mutual advantages of reciprocal liberality, it may be as well to see whether it be possible to obtain through any hitherto untried channel those concessions which we have failed to obtain by repeated attempts in the usual well-beaten tracks.

We are ready enough to consider the Peninsula as the point from which we are to act upon the political power of France, but it seems strangely enough to escape our observation that the commerce of that country may be acted upon from the same spot. We ask reciprocity from France; she declines or avoids to give it; and we have no means of obtaining it upon compulsion except such as (to use the well-known expression of Franklin) would make us pay too dear for our whistle: but we have in the present state of Spain the power of compelling *her* to grant us what France refuses; and, as reciprocity of commerce would be no less advantageous to Spain than to Great Britain, why should we hesitate to force it upon her? Let our Government and our capitalists unite, and we may stipulate for the opening of the ports of Spain, in return for her admission to our money-market. There is scarcely an article of produce and manufactures which we import from France which we might not in a very short time procure from Spain; and if we lowered the duties upon the produce of the Peninsula, we should at the same time lower the tone of the Chamber of Commerce at Paris.

We have reason to know that there would be but little difficulty in

procuring the opening of the Spanish ports, if the one grand bugbear of Castilian statesmen can be in any way safely disposed of. The smugglers! is the ready answer to all suggestions upon this important project; the smugglers! is the bugbear of governors and governed. We know something of smuggling in this country; but in this knowledge, if in no other, we are fortunately exceeded by the Spaniards, and it is difficult for an Englishman to credit the extent to which it is carried in Spain. The absurd severity of their commercial restrictions has produced its inevitable result; the coast of Spain and the frontiers of France and Portugal are occupied (we use a military phrase) by immense armies of smugglers; and the Government of Madrid, admitting the evil, is not ashamed to confess that it is afraid to throw open the ports, on account of the numbers of men whose occupation would be gone if such a measure were adopted;—it would be dangerous to the tranquillity of the country to throw these men out of employment. What an extraordinary specimen of the lamentable weakness of a government, when that is an argument against, which would, with a strong government, be the strongest of all arguments in favour of, the measure!

An anecdote, which we believe may be depended upon as authentic, was lately current at Madrid; and as it bears somewhat upon this part of our subject, and exhibits the inefficiency of commercial prohibitions, we will briefly relate it in this place. Foreign paper is a contraband article in Spain, and yet it is pretty regularly imported from England. The lady of a Cabinet Minister had formerly visited Madrid, and being particularly pleased with the writing-paper which she purchased there, imagined there was none other in the world so good—none other upon which it was possible to write. Upon her return to the neighbourhood of London, she made arrangements for receiving regular and periodical supplies of her favourite paper from Madrid. It happened, however, in the course of time, that she was disappointed of her usual package, and after her patience was exhausted by waiting, she wrote to the British Minister at Madrid, and requested him to call upon the dilatory paper-man. Mr. Addington did so, and what was the answer? "I am very sorry that the delay has occurred; I have none of that paper at present, but I will forward it as soon as I receive my next consignment from England." The peculiarly-pleasant-for-writing Spanish-letter-paper was manufactured in England, and smuggled into Spain.

To return, however, to the danger which the Spanish Government apprehends from the throwing out of employment of her armies of smugglers,—it is probable that it might be diminished by a partial, bit-by-bit reform of the ancient system, and by the commencement of some of the numerous national undertakings which might give occupation to all who were willing to obtain it.

The physical, as well as the moral state of the Peninsula, must be revolutionized. Roads must be made, bridges built, rivers rendered navigable, lands irrigated, woods planted. Once launched upon the stream of improvement, Spain has that within her which will carry her onward; her resources for a long run are inexhaustible, she wants but a slight assistance at starting. Among the public works which should earliest be undertaken, the most prominent in grandeur and advantages is a water communication between Lisbon and Madrid. What a vision of wealth and power is created by the mere idea! and yet it is one which

will most certainly be realized. Few persons in this country are aware that the Tagus has been three times surveyed by Spanish and Portuguese engineers, and that they have each time reported in favour of its being rendered navigable to Toledo; and that a canal was long ago planned, *and the half of it executed*, to connect that town with Madrid, from which it is about forty miles distant. There appears to be but one difficulty of any importance in the execution of this most devoutly to be desired undertaking, and that is the very important one of expense—the mill-dams on the Tagus are highly valued by their owners. There can be no doubt, however, that sooner or later this great work will be undertaken and completed. We will venture to predict that it will be commenced under Senhor Carvalho's auspices, if he should remain three years a Minister at Lisbon. It may be doubted whether Portugal or Spain will be the greater gainer by the enterprise. "He made Lisbon the Port of Madrid," will be a noble inscription for the monument of a Portuguese statesman; we recommend M. Carvalho to earn and adopt it.

That singular tract of land which forms the centre of Spain is, perhaps, of all countries in the world, the best fitted for the production of wine. Hot in summer, cold in winter, always dry, with a light soil, the district which surrounds Madrid appears intended by nature for the vine; and, according to the accounts of travellers, produces wines of a richness, flavour, and delicacy, with which no other country can compete. They are untasted beyond the vineyards upon which they are grown, because there are no means of transporting them; but if the project of effecting a water-communication between the two capitals of the Peninsula were carried into execution, these wines might easily be conveyed to every part of the commercial world; and, as a large proportion of them would undoubtedly find their way to the cellars and dinner-tables of England, we are inclined to believe that *we* have no small interest in the completion of the undertaking. Who says that we are not *interested* in the speedy regeneration of Spain?

We had written thus far, when the termination of the Melbourne ministry was announced, with the return of the Duke of Wellington to power. What will be the effect which these two events will produce upon the fortunes of Spain and Portugal? We have no hesitation in predicting that the result will be a favourable influence exercised upon the fortunes of the Constitutionalists. So long as the Duke remained in opposition, the Carlists of Spain and the Miguelites of Portugal might expect, or pretend to expect, that his return to power would be accompanied by acts of patronage and assistance to their party; but his actual appointment to office will show such expectations to be unfounded.

It may be very much doubted whether, in the present position of affairs in Spain, the Duke of Wellington would be *inclined* to favour the Carlists: it is certain that he would not be inclined to favour the Miguelites in Portugal. But whatever might be his inclinations, whatever his opinions of the foreign policy of his predecessors, and of the justice or expediency of the Quadripartite Treaty, there can be no shadow of doubt upon the mind of any one who has observed the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, that he will act with good faith upon a treaty to which his Sovereign's name has been affixed.

WHY DO MAIDS LOOK SHY?

Why do the maids look shy? alas!
  Why do the maids look shy,
Unless a man's an elder son
  Or in the peerage high?
In vain may talent ask their hand,
  Or youth his hopes disclose;
Unless he's rich, they pouting cry
  "How dared the 'brute' propose?"

One night to Lady Fêteall's ball
  There came a wealthy "bore;"
The ladies all replied "engaged,"
  And tittered when he swore:
But, soon as they were told his wealth,
  Uprose these wailing sounds—
"Alas! we've surely done him wrong;
  He'as fifty thousand pounds!"

An annual thousand meets a smile,
  But *two* command a laugh;
Three make a very charming man,
  And *four* beat two by half;
Albums fly open wide to *five*;
  On *six* mammas look kind:
Seven is the "sweetest man alive,"
  (Save *eight*,) though halt and blind.

Why do the maids look shy? alas!
  Why do the maids look shy,
Until, their youthful charms all gone,
  They're left alone to sigh?
In vain the hand-squeeze then is tried—
  In vain they sit in rows—
In vain in doleful voice they ask,
  "Why don't the men propose?"

Proud of a coquette's mien and fame,
  Maids flutter in the glare
Of fashion's sun; they lisp of plays,
  And learn to waltz, and stare.
They talk of love, but dream of state,
  And worlds enslaved suppose:
The wonder then, fair maids, is this—
  Why *do* the men propose?

The tide of love affairs, once miss'd,
  Admits no second hope;
Man's best affections, met with scorn,
  Bring pride with pride to cope.
Our softer moments are but few,
  And when we meet with *noes*,
We heed not that deceitful cry—
  "Why *won't* the men propose?"

R.I.B.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.—NO. II.

Johannot and the Comic Singers.—Johannot (the father of Mrs. Vining) was a great comic singer, and about thirty or forty years ago, when the license under which Astley's and the Surrey are open was more *literally* rendered, singing and dancing were in fact the principal entertainments. A comic singer was the great feature of either of these establishments, and Johannot and Jew Davis could command 8*l.* or 9*l.* per week for singing a couple of songs nightly between the pieces. Mr. Wallack, sen., the father of the Wallacks of the present day, was at that time a first-rate singer of forecastle ditties, and during the enthusiasm that our tars excited in Nelson's time, Mr. Wallack's "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman," "Ben Bobstay," &c, almost eclipsed the comic warblers in public favour. The last time I saw Johannot was in 1813; he was lamenting the decadence of the drama (that is to say, the St. George's-in-the Fields drama), and after enumerating many worthies who were gathered to their fathers, he wound up the deficiencies of the minor theatres thus,—"And added to all that, they've now got no one to sing a comic song between!" The last actor of the present day who was expressly engaged as a comic singer, to entertain the audience between play and farce, was Mr. Sloman, late of the English Opera House. The custom is still preserved in some of our provincial towns.

The environs of London then (1797) abounded with tea-gardens and summer resorts*, and Johannot, and singers of his estimation, were engaged as stars at these places; nay, of such importance at one period was the possession of a good comic singer, that Covent Garden Theatre actually imported a person called O'Rourke to sing extravaganzas in the Christmas pantomimes; and the necessity of lyric attempts of this kind being made, first induced Grimaldi to commence the series of drolleries known by his name. Grimaldi's song was, to use a dramatic technicality, "safe to draw 50*l.* at half-price." On one occasion (and I relate it as shewing the assumed or known value of his vocal efforts) he played Clown, with a song, at Sadler's Wells, then posted to the Surrey, and sang "Tippitywitchet," to a double *encore*, and from thence to Covent Garden Theatre, where he played Clown in "Mother Goose," and sung "Tippitywitchet" three times more. He is now in premature old age at 56, living in seclusion at Woolwich—

So fades the mirth of former years!

Jew Davis and Hamlet.—Mr. Davis, celebrated as a singer, had not an equal reputation as an actor; however, he engaged at a certain theatre as low comedian, and the character he made his *debût* in was the Grave-digger in "Hamlet." Mr. Davis's style was not *peculiarly* Shakspearian, and one or two hints from the stage-manager at rehearsal were not taken with the spirit of suavity in which they were offered. The whisper went round that this would be an "oyster part," *i. e.*, the actor open and close the same night; and Davis, it appears, determined to turn the laugh, at least, against his manager. He had been told, when the funeral procession was about to enter, "to open the church-yard gate with his spade, and remain during the scene in the background," the stage-manager enforcing his direction with "that's the stock-business, Mr. Davis." The scene was over, the procession entering, but no Davis at the gate: the

* The Apollo Gardens, Ranelagh, and the Royal Grove, then disputed the precedence with Vauxhall in public favour. Messrs. Wrighten and Hook's ballads were the attractions at the latter place, whilst Johannot's comicalities carried all before them at the Grove.

grave-digger had very quietly laid himself down in the grave: to all remonstrances, he coolly replied, "*This* is *my* business, Mr. ——," and the scene was at last concluded by clapping the coffin of the dead Ophelia on the carcase of the quick grave-digger.

Transatlantic Thespians.—The first English actors who ventured into the *provinces* of America had the pleasure of not only trudging, but actually hewing their road occasionally; and it was said to be as common, if an actor was going to New Orleans, to recommend him as a good woodman, as to bepraise him as a talented actor. Cooke, who did not go to America until 1812, when every town had a theatre, asked some of his countrymen how they managed to journey through the wilds and forests they must have traversed, "Oh, Sir," said Cooper, very pertinently wielding his hatchet, "we *axed* our way.

Readings at Random.—Sowerby, whose mind was always in a ferment, made frequently most ludicrous mistakes, and as they were done during moments of abstraction, he remained wholly unconscious of the cause that had probably convulsed his auditors. In the "Iron Chest," Sir Edward says, (Act 3, scene last)—

Sir Edw. You may have noticed in my library a chest?
[At which Wilford starts, when Sir Edward proceeds]—
You see he changes at the word.
Wilford. And well I may!

Sowerby, whose thoughts were far away, transposed the prominent words in the first line thus—

You may have noticed in *my chest* a library!

At which Wilford was seized with an irrepressible fit of laughter; Mr Sowerby, however, either did not, or would not, notice it; but went on—

You see he *changes* at the word.

But when Wilford exclaimed—

And well I may!

the auditors appeared so perfectly to agree with him, that their laughter awakened Mr. Sowerby to "a sense of his situation."

This actor once saw a performance of "Othello," at the Bath Theatre, ran out of the boxes, and flung himself into the river, declaring "he would not continue to live amid people who could applaud such an Othello as the one he had just witnessed."

He came to London in 1813, and was the first Othello to whom Kean played Iago at Drury-lane Theatre.

Munden, in the plenitude of his ignorance, boasted that he never read any book but a play, no play but one in which he himself acted, and no part of that but his own scenes. I think it was Mr. Lamb, who, when told this, said justly, yet severely, "I knew Munden well, and I *believe* him."

Longevity of Actors and Dramatists.—It is so commonly believed that a theatrical life, being incompatible with early hours, and almost necessarily involving some sort of dissipation, tends to shorten existence, that it may be worth while to sum up at random a few of the living Artists, male and female, and to put opposite the number of years since they first sought favour in the metropolis. Be it remembered that several of the persons undernamed were thirty years old and upwards when they so appeared, and that whenever the *début* occurred in early age we have so specified it:—

Living Actors and Actresses.	No. of years since *début*.
John Bannister, junior	57 and upwards,
Grimaldi, *the* Grimaldi (then only two years old)	53 „
Mrs. Gibbs (as a child at the Haymarket) .	51 „

Living Actors and Actresses.	No. of years since *début.*
Pope	50 and upwards.
Mrs. C. Kemble (then Miss Decamp, and in her thirteenth year)	48 "
Braham (then a boy)	47 "
Mrs. Bland (then Miss Romanzini)	45 "
Fawcett	42 "
The Duchess of St. Albans and Mrs. Edwin	41 "
Mr. Chas. Kemble	40 "
Mr. Dowton	38 "
Mrs. Glover	37 "
Mr. Mathews	31 "
Mr. Liston	30 "
Mrs. Davison and Mrs. Bartley	29 "
Mr. Young, Jones, and Miss Kelly	27 "
Mrs. Orger	26 "
Mr. Wrench	25 "
Messrs. Abbott, J. Wallack, Miss S. Booth, and Mrs. Egerton	24 "
Messrs. Sinclair and Cooper	23 "
Madame Vestris (at the Opera) and Mrs. W. West (then Miss Cooke); these ladies were then each in their seventeenth year	22 "
Barnett the composer (then a boy, as a singer), Mr. T. Cooke, Miss Stephens, F. Vining, Mrs. Faucit, and Mrs. M'Gibbon	21 "

Kean and Miss O'Neil came out in 1814, and since that period Miss M. Tree and her sisters, Mrs. Wood, Macready, Farren, Harley, Reeve, Mrs. Yates, &c. &c., have been added to the list of living performers of celebrity.

In addition to these veteran actors, a list of veteran dramatists might be appended; it would include the names of one or two octo, and several sexagenarians. Colman's first drama was produced upwards of fifty years since; Morton's "Columbus" in 1792; Reynold's "Dramatist" in 1789 (he having produced two tragedies previously); T. Dibdin's first farce in 1799; whilst of persons otherwise concerned in connexion with the drama a long list might be formed. Byrne the dancer, father of Oscar Byrne, and many of the gymnastic heroes who flourished half a century since, are not only living but in perfect health. Of the old school, the following names immediately recur to us:—Killigrew, Sir Wm., the patentee, died at 88; Wilks, 68; Quin, 73; Garrick, 65; Mrs. Clive, 75; Beard, at the same age; Rich, 70; Macklin, 107; Betterton, 75; Mrs. Siddons, 77; Quick, 80; Colley Cibber, 86; King (the original Lord Ogleby), 78; Cumberland, 79; Dibdin (the song writer), 74; Hull (many years known as the father of the stage), 76; Murphy (Arthur), 78; Ambrose Phillips, 78; Southern, 86; Wycherly, 80; Yates (the contemporary of Quin, Cibber, and Garrick, and whose *dramatic* life spread over three-quarters of a century), 97.

Mystification of the Origin of Actors.—No persons for the short period of their popularity engage more attention than actors; yet of no persons are so few particulars known. Not only are their names disputed, their ages questioned, and doubts thrown on the reality of their reputed *fathers'* claims (in which perhaps they are not so singular), but who were their respective mothers in one or two celebrated instances, remains, and is likely to remain, doubtful. The origin of Shuter (the great comedian) is unknown; one Chapman, an actor and dramatist, who died at an advanced age in 1757, was the only person who professed to know anything of him; Shuter himself said, "I suppose I must have had parents, but I never remember having friends." The late Mrs. Powell's parentage could never be established. Kean, on his death-bed, denied that Mrs. Carey, his reputed

mother, had any claim to that title; whilst his belief that the Duke of Norfolk was his father had grown with his growth, and remained to the last moment. When a few years since a certain wealthy commoner married a celebrated dancer, so little did he, even whilst the wedding was on the *tapis*, know of the lady's family, that he was actually jealous of the attention paid to her by an individual who it ultimately appeared was his intended wife's *father!* In the last century, when ignorance and illiberality made the mere name of actress an excuse for insult, some of the ladies of the drama received handsome douceurs to acknowledge and bring up as their own the offsprings of fashionable and noble delinquents.

It was remembered by old actors, as a tradition current sixty years ago, that the motive for the murder of Mountford* was not jealousy of Mrs. Bracegirdle's attachment for him, but revenge for his having gained and betrayed the affections of a lady of exceedingly high rank in this country, and that one of the children whom Mrs. Mountford brought up as her own was in fact the fruits of the amour in question. That child was living in 1730, yet Cibber, who speaks at length of Mountford, does not allude to it.

The original Spectre.—When Lewis's Castle Spectre was in rehearsal, it was found very difficult to get any person of importance to assume the character of the Ghost. Sheridan ridiculed its introduction at all. John Kemble said "If the play was not d—d, it ought to be," and, anticipating that event, would only play Percy, a third-rate part, and assigned the hero to Barrymore. Angela went a begging until Mrs. Jordan, from motives of kindness, accepted it; and Mrs. Powell, following her example, agreed to represent the Spirit. The actors consulted and debated on the subject of the omission of the Spectre in the last scene; for, said these learned Thebans, after her scene with her daughter, her appearance will be an anticlimax. Lewis persisted, consenting only to trust the execution to Mrs. Powell. By accident, her name and that of the Spirit had been omitted in the bills, and public curiosity was stimulated to ascertain who enacted the shade of Evelina. The play went heavily in all but the Ghost scenes, and in the last scene she saved the piece by her appearance. The actors kept the secret as to who represented the dweller in other realms. Sheridan afterwards evidenced his approval of Lewis's judgment, for he introduced Elvira (in her nun's dress) in the last scene of Pizarro, between the combatants, in precisely the same manner as the Spectre in Lewis's drama flits between Reginald and his brother Osmond. Sheridan said "a ghost and a dog† could save any theatre;" to which Lewis replied "He believed that, and that the two next best things were a broken bridge and a baby."

In Rolla's escape scene, the two effective points are snatching the child and cutting down the bridge to prevent pursuit.

Kemble's Rolla.—Nothing could be more absurd than the manner in which John Kemble saved the child; he is pursued by Pizarro's soldiers, who are armed with muskets, and who fire as he flies. Rolla is reckless of his own fate if he can but preserve the infant of Cora; but Kemble, for the sake of effect, held up the child so as to present a mark it was impossible for the musketeers to miss. His successors have followed his example: so much for the conventional rules of the Thespian art. In the

* Lord Mohun and one Captain Hill murdered Mountford the actor in cold-blood, at his own door, in Norfolk-street, Strand, in the winter of 1692. Hill fled; Lord Mohun was tried and acquitted, but was ultimately killed in a duel by the Duke of Hamilton. Mountford's death, its circumstances, and the inexplicable nature of the alleged or presumed motives, make the whole story one of deep interest. He was 33 at his death.

† Alluding to the "Caravan Driver and his Dog," a miserable melodrama that owed its popularity to a canine performer.

celebrated picture by Lawrence, Kemble's head was sketched, but Jackson, the pugilist, stood for the arms, legs, and chest.

Braham's Age and Name.—"I remember Braham nearly half a century; he came out at the Royalty theatre the year Kean was born; he was never called or known as Abraham in my recollection; his name appeared in the bills thus, 'Master Braham, pupil of Mr. Leoni.' A pantomime called Hobson's Choice was presented there in 1787, in which young Braham sang; he was very little noticed, and attracted no attention for years after: I fancy he must have been about fourteen, but if so, he was small for his age. Mrs. Gibbs was the star there; she was then a fine grown girl, scarcely sixteen. Mrs. C. Kemble (then Miss Decamp), Mrs. Bland (then Miss Romanzini), and Samuel Russell (*the* Jerry Sneak), were all mere children at this time, and were just becoming known to the public. Of all these persons, Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. C. Kemble attracted and retained attention most for some years, Braham certainly least."—*Extract of a Letter from a very old Actor.*

Newspaper paragraphists have made the age of the great tenor singer a fertile subject for their speculations for some years last past. Delphini, an old pantomimist, with whom Braham acted in April, 1787, gave the following particulars, which he professed to have from Leoni. Braham was born in Rotherhithe, in 1759; his father was a Portuguese Jew, and was old at the time of young Braham's birth: he went abroad and died there soon after. Leoni, who took Braham in 1783 or 1784, exercised over him not only the control of a teacher, but that of a parent. After the failure of Palmer's Royalty scheme, Leoni went to Jamaica, taking Braham with him. In 1797 Leoni died there, and his pupil returned to England, and shortly afterwards assumed that station in the musical world which he has held undisputedly ever since.

With regard to the name having been altered in the play-bills from Abraham, which it has been asserted was really his appellation, this appears very improbable, as it would have been likely to give offence to many patrons of the Royalty theatre, who were principally Jews; besides from the opening of that theatre to the time of its destruction, two or more performers of that persuasion have invariably formed members of the company. Among them were included Mrs. Bland; Isaacs, the bass singer; Sloman; Mrs. Wallack, senior; Delpini, and Leoni himself; Kean's reputed father and uncle; and a variety of other persons, who were engaged there because their persuasion was a favourable circumstance in the way of attracting their brethren.

An old hairdresser, still residing in the Minories, tells the following anecdote: that Master Braham came about forty-eight years ago to the *domus* of his (the hairdresser's) master to have his locks cut and curled. His master, who knew the young vocalist's powers, offered to perform the operation aforesaid gratuitously if Master B. would favour him by singing "The Soldier Tired." This was agreed upon; the hair was duly dressed, and Master B. taken into the back parlour, where the females of the family were assembled to listen to the bravura. Unfortunately, Leoni had grown impatient at his pupil's absence, and entered the shop in time to hear his protégé "daring again the field" in terrible triplets. Leoni dashed into the back parlour, seized his pupil by the freshly-created curls, and (so saith the historian) beat him homewards.

Kean's Story of a Gambler.—Among Kean's many social qualities, was that of telling an anecdote with a power that made it live before you. The person of whom the following story was told by him, we shall call Mr. A., for he is now living, and it is not to the purpose to annoy a reclaimed gamester by an exposure of his name. Mr. A. squandered away his fortune in wooing the fickle goddess at the fashionable hells, but he had one rule from which he never departed: if a winner, he invariably gave the first mendicant that met him a sovereign. It happened one wet night that he

had been peculiarly fortunate; he had his pockets full of notes, and he was looking around in vain for a vehicle, when a shivering, drenched female accosted him, and implored charity. He felt in his pocket, he had neither gold nor silver; his humanity was not wrought up so high as a 5*l.* note, and, in fact, so violent was the shower, that it would have been washed from his grasp ere he could have transferred it from his pocket to the hand of the applicant; he withdrew his hand from his waistcoat, and, with a hasty "No change," passed on, but not so quickly but that he heard a deep sigh. The beggar did not follow, nor further importune him; he walked hastily forward, but his conscience upbraided him,—a sort of gambling fatality seemed to tell him it was unlucky not to give the accustomed *largess*,—a sort of sporting honour, to whisper that he was defrauding her of what was in a measure her due. He turned round and retraced his steps; the poor creature had huddled herself beneath the portico of a wealthy mansion,—he addressed her, and put into her benumbed hands a 5*l.* note. The unfortunate for one moment doubted the evidence of her senses; at the next, she fell at the feet of the gamester, and literally and actually embraced them, in adoration of her benefactor. "That moment," said the gambler, "was the most painful of my life; for the first time since the days of boyhood I wept,—nay, I fairly blubbered; I vowed never to game again. I shame to say, I have not wholly kept that vow." Kean added, to the honour of the votary of fortune, that though he had not, perhaps, strictly abstained from gambling, from that hour his habits were generally reclaimed, he had good feeling enough to obtain the poor woman a shelter for that night, afterwards procure her employment, and up to the period at which Kean told the story, she retained it with credit to herself, and satisfaction to her benefactor.

Rob Roy by desire of his Majesty.—When George IV. went to Edinburgh, Kean was star-ing there; the King commanded the play of "Rob Roy," as a national compliment. Kean, of course, did not play; but he received one-half the receipts, which, by agreement made months before, he was to have each night during his stay. The opera was dreadfully acted. Rob Roy by Mr. Hamerton, a gentleman whose powers lay principally in the low Irishmen; Diana Vernon, by Mrs. H. Siddons, who played it merely to appear before royalty, and who, perforce, omitted all the music; Francis Osbaldeston by Mr. Huckel, of the Haymarket, who would have been more at home in Dandie Dinmont; and Helen M'Gregor by Mrs. Renaud (formerly Mrs. Powell), who was old and inanimate. Between this lady and his Majesty some acquaintance had existed "many years syne," and when she appeared, his Majesty bowed to her, which so overcame the once lovely dame, that she was scarcely audible throughout the evening. Never since the production of that attractive drama had it been so ill-played as on the night of the Royal visit.

James Sheridan Knowles.—About 1805, I remember Knowles, with a light heart and a slight figure, carrying a pair of colours in the Tower Hamlets Militia (2d regiment). It was a custom ("more honoured in the breach than in the observance," certainly) among the Subs to nickname one another. Knowles had the *sobriquet* of Jeremiah, which was enunciated after the fashion of giving the word of command, *i. e.* "Jeremiah, hem!" A pleasant, jolly young fellow he was, and generally liked by all who knew him. He, however, quitted the militia, and at the time Jenner's discovery excited so much interest, practised as a vaccinator at the Institution in Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, and after a year or two thus passed, went on the stage, which he left for the Professorship of Elocution at Aberdeen. Years and travel had made the name of Ensign Knowles, of the 2d Tower-Hamlets, a thing unremembered by the many who had enjoyed his society, and none of them during the sensation that his name excited some three years since thought of their quondam comrade. Indeed,

many who might have remembered "Jeremiah" had forgotten "Knowles," so certain is aught of the ridiculous to live the longest in our minds. About two years since, at a provincial city, some old friends went to witness the representation of the "Hunchback:" one of the party was *Bacchi plenus*, and unfortunately this gentleman had formerly been, if not in, connected with, the Tower Hamlets. The face, the voice, the manner of Knowles, at an interval of at least twenty-seven years, all struck him. He was in a fever of bewilderment; the place was crowded, and the party in question had arrived late, and obtained, therefore, only furtive glances over the shoulders of the more fortunate and earlier visitors. As his friends attributed his vehement declaration that Knowles had been a comrade of his, to the errors of intoxication, they endeavoured to silence him, and told him he most probably mistook Knowles for some one who resembled him. "It's ill contradicting drunken bodies, right or wrong," says Jack Havison, "for he who will to Cupar maun to Cupar;" so it proved here, for the military gentleman, during one of Knowles's pauses in Master Walter, shouted out the *sobriquet*, with all the vehemence imaginable. So unheard-of and inexplicable a solecism in manners occurring in the boxes, naturally created a cry of "Turn him out!" and out he was turned, but not before he had again shouted, "Jeremiah, hem!" so as visibly to attract the attention of Knowles. To the remonstrances of the police, and of his friends, the delinquent made no reply, but ejaculating, "It's him; I'll be d--d, but it's Jeremiah." The next morning he was so heartily ashamed of the affair, that nothing could prevail upon him to call upon or write to the dramatist, who possibly might feel as much pleasure in recognising an old acquaintance at a proper time and place, as he was annoyed by the recognition under such singular circumstances.

Theatrical Christenings.—Actors in my time were proud of the stage; they now appear ashamed of it. It was common once for actors and managers to name their children after favourite parts or plays; thus, we believe Mr. Jerrold named his son Douglas. Old Penley named four members of his family from Mrs. Brooke's pastoral Opera, thus: Rosina, Phœbe, Belville, William. Kean properly named his coach-horse Shylock, for Shylock got him both coach and horses; and Mrs. Sumbell Wells called her (?) villa "Cowslip Lodge," in remembrance of the part that obtained her celebrity.

Dowton and Mathews.—Acting depends, after all, much more upon personal peculiarities than critics will admit;—take a few instances. Dowton's passionate old men are pronounced faultless; they are so—nothing can be more true to nature, for it is Dowton's nature. I have seen Dowton, annoyed at dinner, snatch his wig off his head, and fling it into the fire. There is scarcely any extravagance of manner that he has portrayed in Sir Anthony, Restive, or Oldboy, that I have not noticed in him in private life. I have seen him *deprived of speech* by irritation. Mimicry, in Mathews, may be described as an affection of the nervous system. When he was a boy, if any one entered his father's shop who had any striking peculiarities of visage or manner, the muscles of Mathews moved sympathetically, and his ear at the same time caught, and his voice re-echoed, the sounds. A Mrs. P——, wife of a solicitor in —— Street, Piccadilly, had the good sense to observe this without feeling offended at the liberty taken with a slight oddity of her own, and was indirectly the cause of his cultivating that talent peculiarly. If practice makes perfect, the great master's perfectibility may be thus accounted for. He adores his profession, and though a man of education, and a lover of the fine arts, he makes every pursuit bear directly upon his own.

WHY THE MEN DON'T PROPOSE.*

" Why don't the men propose," indeed?
  I wonder why they do!
When from a sober single life
  Such benefits accrue;
I wonder most that women boast
  Their many score of beaux,
Yet " sit and sigh," and sadly cry—
  " Why don't the men propose?"

'Tis very well to greet each belle
  At revel or at rout;
To see them flirt, with jewels girt
  Their fairy forms about.
No quiet scene, to intervene,
  The youthful rev'ller knows;
Yet will she sigh, and sadly cry—
  " *Why* don't the men propose?"

Romance they read—reality
  Is studied but by few;
Each lady scribbles poetry,
  And thinks herself " a blue."
Fancy a curtain-lecture read
  In poetry and prose!
How *can* they sigh, and sadly cry—
  " Why *don't* the men propose?"

Silks, satins, millinery new,
  And bills (of course) abound;
Such proofs of their extravagance
  All steadier thoughts confound.
Balls, music-master, all that brings
  One's fortune to a close,
Cry out against that silly cry—
  " Why don't the men propose?"

If, 'spite of all, some " simple swain"
  Would play the *constant* beau,
In vain he tries; *la belle* replies,
  In angry accents, " No."
The fault is not with *us*, I'm sure
  (That ev'ry body knows);
Yet still they ply the idle cry—
  " Why don't the *men* propose?"

" Why don't the men propose?" 'tis vain
  To think of such a thing;
Who, to abate a hapless fate,
  More miseries would bring?
Think of " a family," and all
  That mars man's daily doze!
'Tis certain why the ladies cry—
  " Why don't the men propose?"

J. E. C.

* Intended as an answer to " Why don't the men propose?" by T. H. Bayly.

BUBBLES FROM BRUSSELS,

WITH A PUFF FROM CALAIS "EN ROUTE." BY THE OLD LADY.

"*Would you forget the dark world we are in only taste of the bubble*."—*Moore*.

It was on the last day of July that I again seated myself in my elbow chair, after "my trip to the Continent," (it is thus I always speak of my brief visit to Boulogne-sur-Mer), and having despatched the "Bubbles" which were its literary result, to Mr. Henry Colburn, I awaited his reply with an anxiety natural to one who for the first time ran a risk of being *published!*

On the following day I received a letter, written in a most business-like hand; I put on my spectacles, and then ascertained beyond a doubt that my "Bubbles" had produced a sum of money which not only sufficed to pay the expenses of my trip, but actually left a surplus sufficient to enable me to purchase a muff and tippet for winter's wear. I felt myself at once a literary character—a regular Trollope; and I longed, like that lady, to go tripping again, making (and at the same time *earning*) *more notes*. And why not do it, thought I to myself? Summer is certainly past, but do not all travellers rave about the tints of autumn? It is but the 3rd of September, and in three days I'll be off.

So again I packed up my two trunks and my bandbox, and left London in an early Dover coach. On British ground I of course profess to blow no bubbles, nor will I trouble the reader with the troubled waters I met with in my progress to the French coast; I proceed at once to the landing-place, and put my foot upon the ladder.

A disembarkation at Calais is very dissimilar to that which I have attempted to describe at Boulogne. No beauty, no fashion attended to witness my arrival; the appearance of all about me was thoroughly business-like, and though the emissaries of the different hotels did certainly rather vociferously announce their respective claims, and one in particular did (as Henry Lytton Bulwer says) "nearly scratch my nose with M. Meurice's card," still I must candidly acknowledge that when I first stepped upon the pier at Calais, I encountered less annoyance than might have been my lot on arriving per coach at the Gloucester Coffee-house, Piccadilly.

Never did I see so *triste* a place as Calais. There were many well-dressed men about the streets, who had evidently seen better, and far more agreeable, days: they had about them a London look, but their raiment was seedy, and their countenances sad.

The Grande Place seems to be the general resort of these forlorn ones; there they loitered and lounged, and smoked, and yawned, and read papers, and talked, and longed for the hours to pass, though every hour was like its predecessor, and each new day a counterpart of that which went before it. I was told that at the play I should be sure to see all the *elite* of the place, so at seven o'clock I seated myself in the very small, but neat theatre. There was a good house, and being near a person who knew "*who was who*," I made a few inquiries, the answers to which were enough to make an elderly body like myself wish that the earth would open and swallow her. For instance:—

"That is a handsome woman in the stage-box, who is she?"

"Oh! the celebrated Mrs. Pokey, who was, you know, divorced from her husband some years ago."

"Indeed! and that gentleman who is talking to her?"

"That is Colonel Finch, who lives with her *at present*."

"Hem! Who is that pretty girl in blue, in the dress circle?"

"The *cher ami* of that French officer."

"Oh!" said I, *pretending* not to mean the person I first pointed out, "the one in the centre box?"

"I beg your pardon;—*that* is the notorious Lady Blank, who——"

I had heard quite enough of Lady Blank, and therefore hastily turned the conversation, determining at the same time to ask no more questions.

The next morning I got into the Lille diligence, and set off on my journey towards Brussels. Now some few of my English readers may possibly not know what a French diligence is like; I will endeavour to describe it. It is as *unlike* an English light safety-coach, licensed to carry four inside, as possible. I may be wrong, and, if so, I am open to conviction; but I do conscientiously declare, that I believe the diligence in which I left Calais, was licensed to carry nineteen people, *not* including the *conducteur*. It was a huge building, consisting internally of three apartments: the front division held three people, and here most fortunately I obtained a seat; in the centre of the vehicle was a large apartment holding six, and behind that again an inferior chamber, in which were stowed away six more living beings. Thus fifteen were imprisoned within the bowels of the machine; the others were on the roof, with a prodigious quantity of luggage, and when at last the lumbering vehicle was set in motion, the noise that it made exceeded all description.

By my side sat a fat Englishwoman with her maid, who said she was going to Brussels to stay with a married sister. I never discovered the exact quality of my companion; but from her conversation, I decided that she was something very low, aspiring among strangers to appear something particularly high.

"For my part," said she, "these public vehicles will be the death of me; but posting alone, without a smattering of the lingo of the place, is very ill convenient."

This I readily admitted; but added, that "lumbering and tedious as the diligences certainly were, the pleasure of travelling amply repaid me for entering them."

"Ay; so people says," she replied, "but for me, and the like, who has one's comforts at home, these numble-cumtumbles won't do; but travelling's all the fashion now, and that's one reason I'm come. What sweet books they writes on the subject! pray, ma'am, have you seen the 'Diarrhyar of an Invalid?' that's quite the true thing, I assures ye; I shouldn't wonder, ma'am, if you were to make your little reminiscences, and all I begs is, that you won't go and put *me* into your book."

I of course expressed my surprise that she should suppose an old woman like me had any idea of printing my tour; and as to putting *her*, or any other individual into my book, the very suspicion was an insult.

The fortified towns in France and Belgium quite astonished me, every town of consequence was a fortified town, and we penetrated gateways, traversed ramparts, and crossed draw-bridges, until they became as familiar to me as milestones and turnpike-gates.

At Gravelines, an exceedingly prettily-situated town, we passed sentry-boxes, great guns, and fortifications; and rattled over the loose boards of bridges until I began to fancy myself in a besieged city; and here commenced the rigid examination of my passport.

Nothing can be more annoying than this scrutiny at the end of every half-dozen or dozen miles; I was sure to have mislaid my little important document, and in my confused search after it, I was always considering what would be the consequence if in the end it was not forthcoming. Dunkerque was our next resting-place; a handsome, clean, busy town, where I am told they manufacture most excellent gin. From thence we journeyed along a lovely road, partly on the banks of a canal, and then between avenues of fine trees, until we arrived at Cassel; and now I am truly at a loss to give any idea of the loveliness of that spot on a bright summer's day. It is built upon a hill, and the view equals, if not exceeds, any inland prospect that I am acquainted with in our own little island.

I will not compare it with Richmond, for there is no river; but the view from the Malvern hills is not to be named with it. Near this place is a monastery of La Trappe, which I made up my mind to visit; but having discovered that I had no chance of gaining admittance, unless, like Rosalind,

"I did suit me all points like a man;"

and *this* not exactly suiting an old lady's prejudices, I gave up the point.

Tournay is a very fine fortified town, and Ath scarcely less formidable. Lille, celebrated for its manufactures, is a large, cheerful, dirty, Bristol-like city; but its merchandise being silken sheen, and not rums and sugars, the shop-windows are particularly gay, full of shawls and scarfs, silks and satins.

At length we arrived at Brussels, and established ourselves, not at the nominally first hotel, the Belle Vue, but at the Hotel de l'Europe, its opposite neighbour in the Place Royale.

I never saw a more deserted-looking place, (it is in the month of September that I write.) London, at the same period, when no one that you meet acknowledges that he intends remaining four-and-twenty hours, can scarcely be more desolate!

What adds immensely to the sombre appearance of Brussels in the summer, is the near approximation of ruins to its most splendid palaces, and most cheerful haunts. The Royal Palace is beautiful, and next door to it is the *late* palace of Count Crockenburg, in a state of ruination; it having been knocked about his ears at the period of the revolution. The park, formerly surrounded with gilded rails, is now hurdled in, like an extensive piggery; and though all this uproar and mutilation happened three years ago, not one blemish has been as yet repaired!

Many English families have left the town since that period of commotion, and we cannot wonder at their flight, as some friends of mine, who lived in the centre of the most disturbed quarter, had their marble chimney-piece forced by a cannon-ball into the centre of their drawing-room, and they lived upon hashed mutton, cooked in the garret, during the whole disturbance.

Those who delight in giving Boulogne a bad name, call her the refuge for the destitute; but there appeared to me to be more notoriously bad

English at Brussels: it seemed, indeed, to be the last refuge of the infamous on a grand scale. These notorious personages would find Boulogne much too quiet a place for them; and not having a chance of admission into good society, they would have no public amusement to occupy their time. Boulogne has indeed her club, where, as I walked up the Grande Rue in summer-time, I heard laughter and billiard balls, and saw men sitting without their coats, with the backs out of the drawing-room windows. But this club is, I believe, a harmless sort of tittle-tattle place, where an old lady like myself might pass away an hour talking over the demerits of her neighbours, without seeing anything to shock her eyes. Up-stairs, three stories high, I believe, they have a little snug play; but on the drawing-room floor, billiards, newspapers, and gossip, form the indulgences of the subscribers. Now, this would never do for the notorious absentees of Brussels; something more exciting is required by these well-whiskered, honourable gentlemen.

I have before observed that I have only seen Brussels *out of season;* and the new town consequently looked like a desert: of the old town, I can, however, give a different account; it is full of pretty shops, and exhibited sufficient bustle and animation.

Some *distingué* women were to be seen, but very few smart men. The men, indeed, appeared to be strangers in what *they* called "travelling dresses"—blue blouses and cloth caps; looking more like butchers' boys than gentlemen. Oh for the old school! (an old lady may be pardoned the exclamation.)—Oh for the days when a gentleman could be distinguished at a glance from a barber's 'prentice!—Oh for the days of embroidery and ruffles! Alas! revolutions came (in dress, as well as graver matters,) and then people left off their *ruffles*, and took to *cuffs!*

To Waterloo, of course, I went; and the guide as usual picked up from among the rubbish the bullet he had yesterday buried there: the crop of bullets is inexhaustible.

But it is of *bubbles*, not of *bullets*, that I write; and though I might expatiate by the hour together respecting persons and things beyond my comprehension, yet there would be no novelty to the reader, so many travellers have trod the same path, and done the same thing.

I know very little about pictures, and therefore I have never alluded to the various collections which (though in ignorance) I enjoyed at Brussels and at Antwerp. But at the table d'hote at the latter place, I met my old companion of the diligence, who talked to me with much animation about the *shay drivers* of Ruby's, and the specimens of Dominie Sampsons. But autumnal breezes began to roar very like the winds of winter, and the leaves were rapidly falling from the trees: it therefore became necessary for me at once to pack up the two trunks and the bandbox, and hasten homewards, or else to take a lodging and tarry the winter at Brussels. I soon seated myself again in the diligence, once more made my appearance at the long table at Roberts's hotel at Calais, and after bubbling rather uneasily across the channel, I landed at Dover, and advanced by easy stages to London. Next summer my bubbles from the crater of Vesuvius will astonish everybody. At present I am comfortably established by my own fire-side, and wish during the winter months to think of no bubbles but those which emanate from the *tea urn.*

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Recent Changes—Feeding a Planet—The Recent Fires—The Recent Executions—The Church and the Dissenters—Quarantine Laws.

The Recent Changes.—The past month has been distinguished by an event of the highest importance to the country, and productive of the most powerful effects upon all its political interests. A change of Ministry has taken place—or, we should rather say, the Administration is in abeyance; for, with the exception of a few absolutely-essential offices, and those only filled *pro tempore*, not an appointment has been made. To account for this delay—this ministerial *interregnum*—we must go back to the proceedings of the 14th of November.

It has always been our practice—at least in this department of the Magazine—to abstain as much as possible from political discussions; leaving to our readers the occupation of drawing their own inferences from our statements of facts, and the truly national privilege of arguing and debating them, each according to his views and principles. This course we shall follow in the present instance; but from the peculiar nature of the circumstances connected with the event we have just announced, we feel compelled to enter rather more minutely than usual into the details.

Upon the death of Earl Spencer—an event always anticipated as one very likely to shake the stability of the Cabinet (from which, since its original formation, Lord Grey, Lord Ripon, the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Stanley, and Sir James Graham, had retired)—it became necessary to find a substitute for Lord Althorp, as Chancellor of the Exchequer; and although a very considerable number of highly-respectable and honourable gentlemen felt themselves perfectly qualified for that office, Lord Melbourne had some doubts as to the selection of one who should combine all the qualities which Lord Althorp had, with perhaps one or two others which his Lordship had not. In order, therefore, to settle his judgment, and put things *en train* for a partially new arrangement, the noble Premier proceeded to Brighton, to take the King's pleasure upon his suggestions, and to receive his Majesty's commands as to carrying them into execution.

Accordingly, his Lordship proceeded to the Palace, where, after experiencing the gracious kindness and hospitality of the King, he communicated the object of his visit, for which his Majesty, under the circumstances, was thoroughly prepared; and, upon the conversation which ensued a difference exists, in consequence of the friends of the late Ministers denying that Lord Melbourne ever *declared* an opinion that the Cabinet must fall to pieces, either before, or after Parliament met, or that he *avowed* his anxiety to resign, or that he stated that if Lord John Russell became leader of the House of Commons, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Spring Rice would inevitably resign; or that he *stated* that

there was a portion of the Cabinet which could never be prevailed upon to forego its determination to push certain innovations upon certain points to extremes; and that there was no greater chance of their agreeing at the meeting of Parliament, than there existed upon that day; or that, having made this statement and avowal and declaration, he *suggested* a change of Government, and that the Duke of Wellington should be the individual sent for.

That Lord Melbourne neither declared, nor avowed, nor stated, nor suggested any of these things, we think extremely probable, and therein lies the equivocation, which marks the denial that he *did*, which has been put forth by the discontented portion of the ex-Ministry—if any portion of it can be called contented—in order to prove that they have been "turned out," and have not resigned. But what we take to be the fact—and we can readily believe any fact which tends to place the character of Lord Melbourne in its true light, that of an honourable and high-minded nobleman—is, that the King must long have seen, what has been evident to so many of his subjects, that the Ministry were pursuing a course which day by day gradually separated them more and more from the people; and that even in the measures they *did* propose, they were far from unanimous; that the general character of their proceedings was such, that not only five or six of the more influential members of their Colleagues had seceded, but that Lord Grey, who *had been* their leader, and the Lord Chancellor, who *actually* was the Solon of the party, had both denounced the lengthened strides with which the Durham party proposed to march to the next—for who should say what would have been the ulterior objects of their exertions?—and that, therefore, it was necessary his Majesty should inquire into the truth or falsehood of the rumours which had reached him, and the real scope and aim of what was passing before his eyes.

This was absolutely essential to the formation of an opinion upon the line his Majesty should pursue in filling up the vacancy caused by Lord Althorp's accession to the Peerage; and of whom could his Majesty so naturally, or with better hopes of success inquire, than of the Prime Minister? The King, therefore, put questions upon all the most important points, and what was Lord Melbourne to say in reply? Was he, for the sake of his Colleagues—of himself we will venture to say he never thought—to equivocate, or to speak falsely to his Sovereign? The King therefore asks, and Lord Melbourne *answers*,—and thus is the shuffling "circular" put about by the late Cabinet justified, in saying that Lord Melbourne neither "declared," nor "avowed," nor "stated," nor "suggested."—He did none of them; but he replied fairly and honestly to the prudent and sagacious interrogatories of the King, and the result was, the change of Ministry. In the same way, as to the nomination of his successor, might not the King have asked, "Don't you think the best thing I can do under the circumstances, is to send for the Duke of Wellington?" Might not Lord Melbourne have answered, "Yes, Sire, I think it is; for if the Duke does not undertake the formation of a Government himself, he is the most likely man to suggest some other efficient person."

On Saturday the Duke arrives at the Palace, and, as the King's servant, without hesitation, obeys the King's commands; and in the face

of all the difficulties which must necessarily present themselves, undertakes the task imposed upon him;—but how? For his own ends,—for his own objects,—for his own advantage? No; his Grace agrees to use all his energies to carry on the affairs of the Government *pro tempore*, and *until the arrival of Sir Robert Peel, whom he earnestly recommends to his Majesty as his new Premier*.

The King agrees to this suggestion, and messengers are despatched to Sir Robert; but, as he happened at the time to be in Italy, probably at Rome or Naples, it became absolutely necessary that until his arrival in England a provisional Government should be formed, by which the routine business of the country should be conducted. Accordingly the Duke, in order to evince his readiness to stand in the breach, is sworn in Home Secretary, it being absolutely necessary that there should be one Secretary of State in existence; and it also being necessary that the Great Seal should not remain in the hands of an ex-Chancellor, and as its powers are never dormant, it became especially necessary to appoint a Lord Chancellor,—whose dignity, office, and authority are constituted by the mere delivery of the Seal by the King—these two appointments—temporary—were made, and subsequently a Board of Treasury was appointed, for the plain reason that the signatures of three Lords are necessary to the validity of any public order, warrant, or minute of Treasury. And upon these appointments the Radicals make an outcry, and talk of the Wellington Ministry. The Duke of Wellington neither is, nor will be, Prime Minister; how can he be, having recommended Sir Robert Peel for the office, having sent for him, and in his letter having told him that he has no desire for office at all; but that if he thinks he can be of any use to the King or country, he is willing to take any office *under* his Administration Sir Robert may point out?

In order more distinctly to mark that not one step has been permanently taken, the Duke has assumed an office which he does not mean to hold. He has joined in the temporary Treasury Commission men of the highest rank, who could not sit permanently at the Board, such as Lords Rosslyn, Ellenborough, and Maryborough, in order to show the temporary nature of their appointments; and even the Great Seal is held by Lord Lyndhurst with his Chief Barony, so that if, in the judgment of Sir Robert Peel, it ought to be transferred to other hands, it may so be done. In all these proceedings, therefore, the Duke has clearly and distinctly shown to those who understand such matters, that the present is a merely provisional Government, and that the permanent Administration is kept in abeyance till the return to England of its permanent head.

In speculating upon the great question of a change of Government, when it is actually effected, and the new arrangements made, it is impossible not to admit, that from the beginning to the end of the career of the last Ministry, even before the secession of its most able, and as far as the country is concerned, the most influential of its members, it disappointed the expectations even of its most zealous supporters: there appeared at one time a liberality of promise and profession, which, at another, did not ripen into action and performance. At one period it conciliated, at another threatened; it was evidently not unanimous, and its weakness was most frequently betrayed by needless concessions and

uncalled-for severities. The management of our foreign affairs,—the state of of our colonies,—the condition of Ireland,—the total inattention to the agricultural interests, the care of which was chiefly manifested by the remission of the tax upon shepherds' dogs,—the reckless indifference to the manufacturing interests, manifested by a devotion to the cause of free-trade, worthy a better cause;—add to these the indecent and ludicrous dissensions which were made publicly to appear, and nobody will, we think, venture to deny, that the ephemeral popularity of the Whig Ministry was gone. But enough of the past: it is useless either regretting or discussing what is past; let us look forward to days to come. The Duke of Wellington has, as we have seen, temporarily assumed the Government, and, until Sir Robert Peel comes, nothing will be permanently fixed. We hope and trust,—for upon that will depend, as we firmly believe, not only the stability of the ministry, but the tranquillity and prosperity of the country,—that the new Premier, be he Sir Robert Peel or any one else, will calmly and steadily contemplate the actual state of the country, and not hastily mistake the disappointment of the people arising from the non-fulfilment of their expectations in accordance with the promises of the Whigs, into a total abandonment of all the objects to which they were taught to look forward.

The country, generally, is as much averse from the mischief and misrule of the ultra-Radicals as they are from the unbending stiffness of ultra-Toryism. An ultra-Tory Ministry, which either does not see, or pretends not to see, that there is much to be done in the way of reforming abuses, and clearing away the rubbish from ancient institutions, without touching the foundations, will be as mischievous and as short-lived as one which, without reason, moderation, or justice, would attempt to lay the axe to the root at once, and subvert and overthrow all the things that be, so that a new order might arise of their own creation, which those who have longest studied the subject and can best appreciate the chimerical propositions of political visionaries, know would only be productive of scenes such as have been acted in other countries,—nay, even in our own,—and which have had merely the effect of destroying the alleged deformities of a government, to induce, after a short and difficult struggle, its real faults to be regenerated and flourish with redoubled vigour.

At the present period the country is divided into two parties only—Conservatives and Destructives. Ultra-Tory and ultra-Whig are distinctions which have merged in the others. Of the Conservatives there are as many Whigs as Tories. The Destructives are but one class, and as the term imports, upon their admission into office, or their exclusion, depends the safety of the empire. None but the rashest or weakest monarch in the world would endure their exaltation. Well, then, it becomes essential to form a Conservative Government; but a Conservative Government now does not necessarily imply a Tory Government: for instance, Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham are not Tories, they are Whigs; but they are Conservatives. Many more such, of talent fully adequate to the tenancy of office, might be quoted, who, by uniting with the Conservative Tories, would form a Government which might for years resist the attacks of the Destructives and the Irish Repealers.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of those in whose

hands the destinies of the country are now placed, that, the measure of reform having been carried, it becomes their duty to carry its provisions into effect, so as to produce what benefits it is capable of producing to the people; who, as yet, it must be admitted, have not been made practically sensible of its salutary effects; and wherever it should appear that the measure may with safety be improved and re-modified, to amend and alter it so as to suit the circumstances of the case. Above all, let them protect the agriculturists and the manufacturers; and let us, if possible, get rid of that unnational partiality to France, and that unnational favour and protection to her produce, by which the industrious Englishman is deprived of the means of gaining an honest livelihood by the exercise of his trade. In short, let the new Ministry come to the country with a fair and open declaration of their views, based upon principles of economy, non-interference with foreign Governments, care of the labouring classes, and a desire for the reduction of the public burdens—(all of which the last Ministry *promised*)—and shortly give an earnest of their intentions, and we have no hesitation in saying that their career will be long and prosperous; and all Conservatives—that is, all true Englishmen—whether Whig or Tory, will rally round them, to support the Altar and the Throne from the attacks of what, with such a junction of feelings and parties, will become a small, even if a desperate faction, in the State.

Feeding a Planet.—Last month we had to notice a most extraordinary and almost incredible piece of infatuation on the part of a young lady at Shadwell, who, under the advice and control of a gipsy woman, kept "feeding a planet," in order to know her fortune and find out her sweetheart. We have now to record a piece of matured stupidity far beyond the indiscretion, or innocence, or idiotism of a girl. Indeed, unless it were, like the former one, authenticated by the police reports, we could not imagine it possible that such credulity and infatuation could exist in what is called this enlightened age.

There live in East-lane, Walworth, a tradesman and his wife rejoicing in the name of Peebles, and one day a gipsy of what Mr. P. called an "interesting appearance," entered and bought a pair of Mr. P.'s unmentionables. In the course of bargaining for these essential articles, the black-eyed beauty gently insinuated that she was possessed of a knowledge of future events, and that she could tell him something very strange, of which faculty she gave Mr. Peebles a striking specimen by mentioning to him some circumstances which had actually occurred in his own family, of which he, poor easy man, fancied nobody except himself and Mistress P. knew one single syllable.

Peebles went to his wife and told her what had occurred, and moreover, that the gipsy was desirous of communicating something to both of them *together*, which would turn out of the greatest possible importance to them. Mrs. Peebles was inspired for the moment with that sort of feeling which the mention of "an interesting gipsy with black eyes" by a husband excites in a wife. However, it seems that in East-lane, Walworth, the finer sentimentalities give way to more worldly feelings, and Mrs. P. was delighted with the idea of making her fortune, and driving out in a one-oss-shay, and so the shop-door was closed, business was suspended, and the gipsy called into council.

The interesting young creature then told the respectable Peebleses that she came to London—from what part of the world she did not communicate—in order just to mention that there was an iron chest filled with treasure buried in the neighbourhood, which could only be recovered by a charm which she possessed.

"Charming creature!" said Peebles.

"Ditto, P.," said his wife.

Gip then told them that as nothing could be got for nothing, it would cost them a *trifle* in the outset, but that it would be like sowing an acorn to raise an oak. Mr. Peebles just ventured to inquire how much it would require in the first instance to play at the tempting game she proposed? how much P. to pay down, before they arrived at the T, take-up? The "interesting" girl said "100*l.* would do; which must be placed within the leaves of a particular chapter of the Bible."

Peebles looked somewhat astounded at the amount, but the gipsy relieved all his scruples by telling him that, although the sum sounded large, yet so convinced was she of the success of her proceedings, that she would assist them in the recovery of the chest by contributing 50*l.* herself. Thus, proving herself as disinterested as interesting, she departed, having already won the golden opinions of the house of Peebles, and promising to return the next day.

Sure enough she came, bringing with her a pair of ancient spurs which had been dug up by herself; these might have been expected; but she also brought a fifty pound note. Whereupon the sapient Peebles produced thirty sovereigns and two ten pound notes, all real, good, and genuine. Then, gip called for the Bible, and said it was necessary for Mr. Peebles and his wife to swear that they never would divulge anything that might occur. This trifling ceremony of selling themselves to the devil, instead of selling a pair of small-clothes to the gipsy, was, of course, performed. She then took from her pocket a sheet of thick cartridge paper, and asked Mr. Peebles for his fifty pounds, which, *with her own!* she packed up together with as many grains of wheat as there were sovereigns, and having tied it all up and tied the parcel to the Bible, she delivered the whole charm to the wise and confiding Mr. Peebles, with an injunction to put it where no human hand could touch, no human eye could see it, for three days; at the expiration she would return, open the parcel, up with the iron chest, and make them as rich as Rothschild.

One day went—another—and a third—Gip might be delayed—a fourth expired—till, at last, the Peebleses took a peep—there was the Bible—there was the parcel; however, at last the lady vowed she would open it, whatever might be the result. She did so—when lo and behold! there was the Bible, but instead of the parcel containing the hundred pounds, they found one well-stored with leaden dumps and dirty paper. The "*charming*" woman had most dexterously exchanged the valuable distillation from the brains of the Peebles, for one of her own; thus getting clear off with *their* money, and leaving them nothing but the "dumps."

Nobody can pity such doltish stupidity, and we should think East Lane will be no agreeable *séjour* for this most extraordinary couple. Folly will in Walworth, henceforward, be called *Peebleism*, and the

future appeals of Mrs. *P.* be doubtlessly made in the words of Miss *P. P.* in the play—

> " How can you see me made,
> The sport of *such a gipsy!*
> Saucy jade."

The Recent Fires.—Incendiarism, which we have before had to notice in various instances, appears to be on the increase as the days shorten—this is natural enough; and when the favourable change in the season is coupled, with what has been the indifference or the lenity of the Government, or the magistracy, promises a rich harvest of destruction. Of course the fire at the Parliament Houses was purely accidental, in spite of Messrs. Cooper, Jones, Mocher & Co., Mr. Snell's boots, and Mrs. Wright's nose, Mr. Cross's callousness, or Mr. Turlong's activity—no reward is offered to any person to come forward and throw a light upon what we suppose the Government thought was sufficiently light before, and the consequence of this is, the destruction, a few nights afterwards, of as much as could be destroyed of the works of the Thames Tunnel, for the completion of which the Ministers had just advanced, or promised to advance, a quarter of a million of money; after that, having some other object in view, twelve or thirteen houses are burned in the neighbourhood by Rotherhithe—all accidental, to be sure—no reward—no belief—no suspicion. What follows? A fortnight after another fire breaks out in the same neighbourhood, in a store formerly used as a granary, but which could only be approached by gates padlocked, or by scaling the walls; twelve or thirteen more houses are destroyed.

Upon the second occasion some notice is taken, and upon a very slight inquiry, it turns out that on Friday night, the 21st, two men wrapped up in great coats came over from the London side of the river, and landed at Church Stairs, close to the former scene of devastation, and close, also, to the granary. " Fires are frequent in this neighbourhood," says one of the fellows to the waterman, whose name is Storey. " Yes," replied Storey, " we have had enough here to last us for seven years;" on which the other stranger replied, " Perhaps not—you will have a few more yet." They were then seen to walk off through the church-yard; in half an hour afterwards the fire was discovered, which destroyed seven more houses. The Duke of Wellington saw the churchwardens the following morning, and a proclamation, offering a hundred pounds' reward, in addition to one of a hundred pounds from the parish, was issued. All over the country conflagrations are occurring nightly, and we are quite sure that if the active metropolitan police were directed to make search, the perpetrators—who are organized and guided by higher persons than many people think—would very speedily be detected.

The Recent Executions.—A circumstance has occurred—or rather has been in course of occurrence for nearly five months—which calls for the most serious and decided interference of the legislature. Somewhere in July, two men, Garside and Mosely, were convicted of deliberate murder for hire;—they were sentenced to be hanged, as they richly deserved to be. When the day of execution came to be fixed, the city sheriff declined seeing the sentence carried into effect,

asserting it to be—since the Reform Bill came into operation—the duty of the county sheriff to do so. The refusal caused a reference—the men were respited, in order to give time for a decision. The delays in the Home Office prevented any answer then—the men were respited again. The Crown-lawyers were consulted;—law goes slowly—time quickly—another respite, each respite giving the wretched culprits a hope that their punishment would be commuted into perpetual banishment, and it was extremely difficult to persuade them that these delays could possibly arise from the ridiculous punctilios of two local authorities, who stood bowing to each other, like Noodle and Doodle in the play, while two fellow-creatures were kept on the rack of suspense and torture.

In this way,—will it be believed?—upwards of four months were consumed; and, after all, it was discovered that they could not be properly hanged where they were, and accordingly they were taken from their dungeons, and brought a long journey up to London, for the mere purpose of being asked whether they had any insuperable objection to be hanged over the gateway of Horsemonger-lane Prison, in the borough of Southwark. They expressed no particular dislike to the change; but Mr. Dunn, who was of counsel for Garside, applied to the Court of King's Bench, to which place they were brought, for three days' delay, as he had had no opportunity of conferring with his client, and he was anxious for time to consult authorities and cite precedents which might bear upon the present case favourably for him.

After a wig-wisdom delay of half-an-hour, their Lordships having retired to consult upon the point, they returned, and the Lord Chief Justice Denman having informed the prisoners that *nothing* could possibly be adduced,—nothing on earth that could be said, would in the slightest degree alter the law of the case, or the opinion of the Court, or their fate; yet in order to show the country how anxiously considerate they were, and more particularly to exhibit to all persons in any way connected with legal matters the unquestionable advantages derivable from the speeches of Counsel, they had determined that Mr. Dunn should argue the case "solemnly before them on the Thursday following, but he intreated the *wretched* men not to entertain the slightest hope of any alteration in their doom."

The prisoners stared, and wondered why they had been brought two or three hundred miles to hear what they had been told four or five months before, and they were then taken to Newgate for a day or two. On the Thursday they were brought up again to hear Mr. Dunn, and sure enough he pleaded their cause solemnly, and just as Lord Denman had said, so it came to pass: his eloquence had no effect, and the prisoners were sentenced to be hanged (and were hanged) on the following Tuesday at the place to which they did not particularly object, and by way of changing the scene, they were sent to the King's Bench Prison instead of Newgate.

In the mean time application was made for a remission of the capital part of the sentence, especially for Garside, but the Duke of Wellington saw no just reason for recommending the commutation of the sentence of hired assassins, who butchered an unoffending, unarmed man, in cold blood; nor indeed could anybody else, were it not that these men, whose protracted sufferings have created a sort of morbid interest for them, having already undergone the pain of half-a-dozen deaths; and that the

force of example, one of the strongest points in the infliction of extreme punishment, must be totally annihilated by the circumstances of the time and place of the execution. On the spot where the murder was committed, at the period of its commission, the effect might, and must have been, discernibly strong; as it is, their appearance upon the drop in Horsemonger-lane can produce no sensation beyond that of a "sight," the moral point of which will be lost sight of in the cry of "shame!" against the needless, barbarous, and yet farcical procrastination of their fate; while those who in Cheshire were likely to be appalled and terrified by the example, had it been made amongst themselves, will be rather encouraged in evil doings by the evident difficulty which arises in punishing them.

As for the two sheriffs we have no words to express our feelings towards them. We do not even know them by name, and, therefore, cannot be supposed to have any personal partialities to gratify; but that two reasonable human creatures should carry the observance of *punctilio* to such an excess, when, after all, their under sheriffs would have been the real actors upon the occasion, is too far below contempt to be borne with patience. We trust there is some remedy, or rather some preventive, against any such heartless Tom foolery in future; we hope that Lord Denman may have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Dunn in their behalf some fine day after he has made up his mind; and if he sends them both to exhibit upon the same stage with the miserable victims of their ceremonies, we think very few people will care.

The Church and the Dissenters.—The public has been recently called upon to witness the disgraceful conduct of some members of the Established Church; and the dismissal of the Rev. Mr. Lyons by his rector, has been the leading topic in every newspaper which is known to be hostile to it. We know nothing of the transaction but from the statement of the parties; and we will take upon us to say that the Rev. Mr. Lyons, from his own showing, is a turbulent, impracticable person, seeking every frivolous occasion to oppose and annoy his rector, having an overweening opinion of his own abilities and consequence, eager to exhibit himself in newspapers, and possessing little, indeed, of those meek, modest, and retiring qualities which ought to distinguish the Christian minister. Such a person, we conceive, must be intolerable to any man with whom he is connected; and without knowing or caring anything personally for Mr. Beresford, we think he was perfectly right in getting rid of him on the first justifiable occasion. But, while Dissenters seize on this and every similar circumstance to cast a scandal on the Established Church, they pass over the disgraceful scenes that take place in their own; and we beg to suggest to those who have glass windows in their houses not to begin to throw stones at other people's.

We find that, in consequence of a dispute as to who should and who should not officiate at the Tabernacle in the City-road, scenes of uproar and violence have frequently occurred between the partisans of two "ministers of the gospel of Christ," and parties of police-officers have been withdrawn from their ordinary duties to attend the religious services there, and prevent the parties from fighting. A few days ago, when the doors were opened, a person, who was accompanied by his two

sons, cried out, "Now for the gallery, my boys!" and making a rush to that part of the chapel, to which there is admission only by tickets, knocked down the gallery keeper, an elderly person, and assaulted not only one of the parish headboroughs, but also one of the Worship-street officers.

From statements made of the proceedings on the evening in question, it appeared, that when the minister in possession had been locked into the pulpit, (a precautionary measure now regularly adopted there,) a tremendous uproar of hooting, hissing, and kicking took place, not unlike the O. P. theatrical rows of former years.

The description of the whole affair is disgusting to the last degree, and is a pretty distinct hint of what may be expected from the battlers against "form," and the sticklers for licentiousness, under the borrowed name of freedom.

QUARANTINE LAWS.—To the many facts already adduced of the exceedingly painful and oppressive operation of these laws, we have to add another, not inferior to any of the preceding:—

"The Aurelia arrived at Grosse Isle, after a six weeks' passage, with about 370 passengers, in as good condition as the usual privations, from the want of room and want of provisions, will permit. They landed, and after remaining a week, proceeded on towards Quebec. Soon after leaving the island, a woman was found on board sick, who was taken to the island, and the ship was ordered back. The passengers were now relanded, and confined in a crowded shed near the hospital, with sentries placed to prevent their straying beyond the enclosure. In a day or two sickness broke out among them, and from two to six were draughted out daily to be carried to the hospital, never to return. After remaining about four weeks, during which time between 60 and 100 were carried to their graves, the remainder were allowed to depart,—wives without husbands, husbands without wives—children without parents, and parents without children. One woman in the St. George had lost four sons. The condition of the survivors should excite equal commiseration on another account. They were poor, and short of provisions. When their little store was exhausted, they were compelled to sell their bedding, clothes, and even their shoes, to procure subsistence from day to day."

Here, then, was a whole colony nearly destroyed by the accidental illness of one individual. We are not advocates for the neglect of precaution in any matter so serious as the extension of a contagious complaint; and when the awful effects of the plague in Oriental countries are considered, we are not prepared to say that such ought to be altogether neglected. But here was nothing but the ailing sickness arising from a long voyage; and all that followed was the effect of fatigue, anxiety, and privation. We are not told what the disease was; but we know it could not be the plague. The yellow fever was never known to visit Canada; and cholera is now admitted not to be infectious.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Wanderings in New South Wales. By G. Bennet, Esq., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. 2 vols.

The vast continent, called by our friends in Ireland, the *fifth* quarter of the world, has no Columbus whom its discovery has immortalized, and no Americus Vesputius to give it a name. We therefore do not know what to call it to this hour. It was indistinctly and obscurely observed for nearly a century before any definite account of it was given, and then it was noticed by a Dutch yacht, the name of which we are told was the Duyfham, but that of her commander has perished. For many years the prominent parts only of this mighty country were seen and named by different navigators; and even in comparatively modern maps they appear detached at immense distances, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. It is in the memory of persons living when Cook first explored its eastern shore, and united many of its detached parts into one continued coast, and when Bass, in a whale boat, first sailed through one of its promontories and found it to be an island. But the circumstances most interesting to us is, that we ourselves remember when the first colonists passed out to it from England; and so, in our brief day, have seen the foundation laid of a mighty empire on the other side of the globe. We may contemplate, therefore, in perspective, like Grey's bard, "the unborn ages" which crowd upon us; and we see another country as extensive nearly as North America, containing a similar people, and a population of indefinite millions, professing the same faith, adopting the same usages, and speaking the same language as ourselves.

We have received Annuals, Almanacs, Newspapers, and other works, from and of the country, for the last year. It appears from them that the population of Australia in the beginning of the present century was 8000; in twenty years it was tripled, and increased to 24,000; in fourteen years more it was tripled again, and increased to 70,000, its present amount—of this 20,000 are convicts. An Australian College and several high schools have been established; four newspapers and a Government Gazette are published at Sidney, with a miscellaneous and scientific monthly magazine, almanacs, &c. Sheep and horned cattle have multiplied exceedingly. Many gentlemen farmers draw an income of 1500*l.* or 2000*l.* a-year from their wool. Corn yields twenty-five, and in some instances forty-five bushels, an acre. Nearly one hundred vessels belonging to the colonies are or will be employed in the whale-fishery alone. The exports for the last year amount to 384,344*l.*; the imports to 602,832*l.*; the receipts of the revenue to 135,909*l.*, and the expenditure to 126,900*l.*; leaving a balance in favour of the colony of 9000*l.*

The first colony planted in Van Diemen's Land was in 1804. It now contains 32,000 inhabitants, produces a revenue of 90,000*l.*, has a large capital city of 10,000 people, with numerous public buildings, hotels, taverns, &c.; three commercial banks, a public library and book-society, various private seminaries, and four public schools for poorer children, distillers, brewers, tanners, and timber-mills worked by steam. In 1804, 450 persons were left in this wild and destitute region; such is the present state in 1834.

The work of Mr. Bennet is such a one as is now required by the public. Statistic details have been furnished in abundance by others, and information useful and necessary to an incipient state of society. Scientific researches into natural history were wanting to the enlarged and improved state of the present people, and this has been given by our author. Among the singularities of this vast continent were its animal and vegetable productions, which, like the region in which they live, were found to be the

antipodes of our own: bipeds which walked on two legs, and used their tail as a third; moles that were half ducks and half rats, with sundry other extraordinary objects of natural history, required the scientific examination of an intelligent and competent man to inspect their structure, examine their habits, and report the result to the public. This has been amply and successfully done in the volumes before us. Our limited space rarely allows us the pleasure of making extracts; and we therefore refer our readers to 'Wanderings in New South Wales' for the fullest and most interesting account of the natural history of this new and noble country that has yet been published.

Among the objects of interest or singularity mentioned, are the *Phormium tenax*, (New Zealand Hemp,) tea-tree, termite ant, swallows, laughing jack-ass, musk-duck, native women, infanticide, carrying dead children, pressure on head, &c. Nor is the work confined to such subjects. The personal narrative is very entertaining, containing various incidents and adventures, so that the scientific information is not more important than the vehicle through which it is conveyed is amusing.

From Australia our naturalist proceeded to the Eastern Archipelago, and visited China. Perhaps no two portions of the globe are more contrasted: the one starting into notice by emerging, as it were, from the sea, in comparatively modern times, the face of the country covered with barbarism and obscurity, and only holding a scanty civilized population recently planted on one or two spots: the other, carrying back its annals antecedent to our creation, boasting of arts and sciences long before they appeared in Europe, and every inch of ground covered with swarms of a polished people. We have lately reviewed the work of Mr. Gutzlaff, the first work that has been published of that country, and Mr. Bennet again comes to supply what was left untold by his predecessor. The style is modest and unpretending, detailing curious facts in simple language; and as a work of natural, as well as every other, history, ought to be more anxious for the το ωφελιμον than the το τερπνον.

The work is, in fact, one of exceeding interest even to the general reader, full of curious and indeed entertaining matter; but its chief claims are of a far higher order. It gives us a clear insight into all that is of value and importance in one of the most remarkable of our colonies, where art has not yet triumphed over nature, but which is destined to remain for ages a *terra incognita*—so vast is its extent, and so numerous are the difficulties that lie in the way of civilization. Mr. Bennet has not laboured only with the energy of an adventurous traveller; he possesses advantages which are enjoyed by few. He is a skilful and experienced naturalist, a practical anatomist, and a man of extensive information on all points essential to the traveller. His book is, therefore, one of rare excellence, and may take its place among the best publications of our time.

Miriam Coffin; or the Whale Fishermen. A Tale. 3 vols.

The scene of this work is laid in Nantucket, a little sandy island off the coast of New England; and the course of the narrative develops various circumstances of the past and present state of the island, and the manners and opinions of its people. The population, it seems, are generally Quakers; and the treatment this blameless, much enduring, and excellent people received from their fellow-emigrants and fellow-sufferers, the Puritans, form a melancholy picture of the human character. Those who clamour most loudly for liberty of conscience, and complain most bitterly of persecution, are themselves the first to practise it, when in power, against all who presume to differ from their own speculative opinions. The bitter suffering of the Protestants, when they attempted to emancipate themselves from the superstitions of the Church of Rome, seemed only to afford them afterwards an example to imitate. Every sect, into which

the Reformation split the Christian world, began to persecute every other who did not think as they did; and their common hostility to the Pope of Rome seemed to render every reformer a pope in his own little circle. But the most odious display of this feeling, perhaps, was exhibited in the conduct of the Puritans of the New World to the Quakers. Forgetting their common sufferings, and that they had both sought safety in common exile, the stronger and more daring sect began immediately to trample on their milder and more passive companions. In the introduction to the work before us, we have some edicts that were passed against them; which, in these our happier times of toleration, seem almost incredible:—

"No food or lodgings shall be afforded a Quaker, or Adamite, or other heretic; and if any person turn Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return on pain of death."

That this, and similar edicts, were not allowed to remain dead letters, the writings of Mathers, and others of the time, afford melancholy proof.

It was this godless persecution by the saints, that drove the benevolent friends of William Penn from the Continent of New England. A man of the name of Macey afforded shelter in his barn, for one night, to some forlorn and houseless Quakers; for which kind act he himself was condemned to the punishment of stripes and a whipping-post. To escape this, he seized on a boat, and, with two companions, rowed out to a sand-bank, at some distance from the main. Here he took refuge, and was joined by his persecuted friends and others; and so at length he founded the colony of Nantucket—the scene of Miriam Coffin.

The island is a barren sand, and affords no means of existence in itself; but the inhabitants are supported by the surrounding element. They are the most expert whale-fishers in the world; and the barks built in this sterile, insular spot, pass Cape Horn, visit the regions round the South Pole, and remain absent from home for three years on their enterprising excursions. One of these affords matter for the book.

The following is a picture of an islander, and his employment, after a violent storm had subsided:—

"The sun had just risen to dispel the hazy atmosphere, that rested like a thin mist on the surface of the sea, when the indistinct figure of a man was seen moving to and fro on the beach, at the side of the island opposite Thabourne. At times the man stopped, and bent his looks earnestly on the heaving ocean; then slowly resuming his mazy perambulations over the sands—the object of his coming seemed to have been forgotten. In his left hand he carried a short spy-glass, which afterwards, as he looked sea-ward, he applied occasionally to his eye, and carefully swept the whole range of the horizon. His right hand grasped a stout hickory walking-cane, of great length, curiously carved by the jack-knife of some Courburg whale-fisher. The staff was armed at the smaller end with a pointed iron, from the side of which a short grapple turned upwards, in the shape of a well-curved boat-hook. The dress of the lone pedestrian was such as the reader may still occasionally see in the habiliments of an aged Quaker in any part of Europe, or America, or wheresoever else the Society of Friends is still tolerated. Like the 'last of the cocked hats,' it is fast disappearing;" (we are sorry for it) "and, in almost every other place in America but Nantucket, it may be pronounced rare and ancient. The steps of the nameless stranger were arrested by the appearance of an ill-defined object, which floated heavily in the water, close to the shore: it came gradually nearer to the land. The man instantly pulled out a small cord from his pocket, and rigged a slip noose at one end. He then cast it over the figure-head of his walking-stick, and threw the line, with the expertness of a sailor, far up the beach. Watching his opportunity, and taking advantage of the receding wave, he dashed into the water, and, in an instant afterwards, the hook of his cane was inserted under the ropes that secured the extreme of the floating package. A moment more sufficed him to regain the shore, with the cord trailing in his hand, as he retired from the water."

The packet was found to be a bale of light fancy goods, wrapped up in a water-proof tarpaulin, which had floated from some wrecked ship. The

islanders go in search of such things at the dawn of day, after any storm; but with a sense of justice different from the wreckers in any other part of the world. They always advertise what they find in the colonial newspapers, and it is only when no owners can be discovered that they appropriate them to their own use. A further instance of integrity is, that he who first finds it, has only to set his mark on it, and pass on; it is respected as his property by every succeeding adventurer who may come upon it. This mark is called a *waif*, and derives it name and use from the whale-fishery.

"The waif, or target-shaped board, and sometimes a little pennon of bunting, fastened at the end of a slender pole, and stuck into the body of a slain whale at sea, is found among the whale-fishermen of all nations. It happens frequently that the crews of several vessels are at once engaged in a 'school' of whales. When one is struck with the harpoon, and the death-blow is given with the lance, which brings his belly to the sun, the successful crew forthwith plant the waif-pole firmly and deeply in his flesh, and thenceforth leave the carcass in pursuit of other animals. When the work of death is ended, the ships and boats shape their course towards the slaughtered whales, and the property of each is made out by the peculiar mark of the waif. All dispute as to the identity of the fish is avoided—the waif settles the question at once and for ever."

The work is more valuable for such local and characteristic notices, than for any interest in the story. The style is too affected, sometimes verbose and dilated, and sometimes vulgar from an attempt at wit and French phraseology. A man finds a cask of sugar, and while he is standing "like a Colossus" on the cask, "a neighbour crept *par derrièr*, and while *Monsieur le Premier* was filling his sack from the cask, *Monsieur le Second* cut a hole therein; and the *Waifer* was left in a purgatory of astonishment, at finding the cask one-quarter *less*, and his sack *minus* of its contents." Another fault is a want of accuracy in quotations. The author gives the music of a serenade, with words from "the pen of Sheridan." They are the pretty stanzas of "Too late I staid, forgive the Crime!" which were parodied in the Rejected Addresses, as affording the peculiar style of their author, who every one, but Miriam Coffin, knows to have been, not Sheridan, but the Hon. William Spencer.

The Book of Beauty for 1835. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.

There never was a happier title than the one prefixed to this notice—"The Book of Beauty!" Why, no gentleman having the slightest pretension to gallantry could be without such a book; its title-page is a sufficient introduction—a recommendation that few can withstand. Nor indeed need they endeavour to do so; the volume is not only rich in pictorial embellishments, but in that species of literature which, graceful and pleasing, is replete with excellent feeling and good taste.

Landor's "Imaginary Conversation" is racy and full of point; the picture it presents is inimitable—it is a bit cut from the old masters, without retaining an atom of their grossness. "The Sisters," a beautiful portrait, or rather beautiful portraits, is illustrated by a most stirring, graceful, and pathetic dialogue, from the pen of the accomplished editor. How touching from its pure simplicity is the following description! enough is contained in eleven lines to furnish forth a novel in three goodly volumes:—

"*Louisa.* ——————And where was *he*—
The lover—the destroyer? where was *he?*
"*Matilda.* Fled! 'twas a summer love; the *first* wild cloud
(Sorrow or sickness) swept its bloom away.
He watched impatiently from day to day
The paleness dawning on her altered cheek;
And her remorse ev'n angered him.—Her lips
Never reproached him, but the bursting tears
She could not quell *had tongues more loud than words;*

> And when she greeted him no more with smiles,
> *He* who had caused them left her to her grief.—
> Thus *drinking up her cup of bitterness,*
> She lived—and loved—and died!"

This is really a gem, set by the hand of nature, and cold indeed must that heart be, which does not enshrine it in its secret temple!—a thing to love and weep over, when octavos of maudlin sentiment must fail to produce a single tear. It appears to us to be the fashion with a certain set of critics to depreciate "The Book of Beauty" and "The Keepsake," because the contributors have in *their* estimation the *misfortune* to be chiefly numbered amid the aristocracy. Literary people are ever complaining that they are neglected by people of rank in England, and there is much truth in the observation; but the instant "my Lord" or "my Lady" place themselves on a level with the literary portion of society by embarking in the same pursuit, an unworthy jealousy takes possession of our tribe, and they endeavour to lower instead of upholding what is a tacit compliment to themselves. Many of the contributors to this volume have already obtained celebrity, and honestly deserve it. Lady Charlotte Bury is known and respected by all classes, and Lady Blessington herself has contributed largely and in various ways, to the improvement of our taste and information. We have no right to expect what is called "solid reading" in an Annual—that is left for the *per*annual species; and if we did meet lectures, sermons, and philosophy in a drawing-room book, we should call them out of place.

The engravings are in various degrees of excellence—from the exquisite "Fountain Nymph,' where Chalon has excelled himself, to the "Late Duchess of Gordon," a specimen of Reynolds in his best style. "Helen," accompanied by some of Barry Cornwall's beautiful poetry, is the least to our taste of any of the series; and we must also confess that we prefer Mr. Willis's lines to Mrs. Leicester Stanhope—*not* to the subject herself, but to the portrait, which has libelled her loveliness;—it is too bold and staring, which she certainly is not. Altogether the book is indeed one of beauty, and we congratulate the accomplished lady whose skill and talents have so highly contributed to our enjoyment.

We have, we believe, seen all, or nearly all, the Annuals, and have no hesitation in pronouncing "The Book of Beauty" the most beautiful, the most entertaining, and the most rational of the whole family. The portraits are, for the most part, lovely to look upon, and as works of art they are of rare excellence; but, as we have already intimated, the book by no means depends solely for success on its pictorial attractions. In addition to those whose contributions we have glanced at, Lady Blessington has obtained the assistance of Thomas Moore, the Authors of "Vivian Grey" and "Rockwood," Mrs. Shelley, James Smith, Lord Castlereagh (who has written a very admirable tale), the Authors of "Cecil Hyde" and "The Heliotrope," Leitch Ritchie, Edward Fitzgerald, and the Ladies (though last, not least) E. S. Wortley and Isabella St. John; and among the rest are some lines full of feeling by a niece of the accomplished Editor —Mrs. Fairlie.

Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak. By Mrs. Bray. 3 vols.

We know not any living writer whose scenic descriptions are as vivid or as real as those of Mrs. Bray. You *see* what she describes; you look upon a picture, not upon a page. Woods, rocks, mountains, pass in array before you, and leave an impression upon the mind which remains long after the book is closed. This happy faculty is better developed in "Warleigh" than in any of the accomplished lady's former works; she has succeeded admirably in depicting the beautiful scenery of Devon. There is also another quality which renders Mrs. Bray's works so valuable to the *home* readers of our country houses and domestic hearths—their purity;

the sentiments they illustrate are of a high and excellent order, and the morality inculcated is inculcated both by precept and example. It is impossible to read "Warleigh" without feeling that the author is so high in our esteem, that we find it no easy matter to be honest, and say that many of the sketches sacrifice power to minuteness, and watch the flickering of gnats instead of recording the flight of eagles. Mrs. Bray's extreme benevolence prevents her painting vice as it deserves, and thus her characters want depth, and, above all, the effect of shade to her brilliant lights is frequently found wanting. Sometimes when she "screws her courage to the sticking point," and resolves to make a villain in earnest, she dashes into the thick of evil, and, by way of getting quickly rid of a disagreeable subject, heaps him all over with sin, and overwhelms him with shame; it is only on such occasions that we have to complain of Mrs. Bray's want of knowledge of human nature. She does not desire to analyze the motives of crime; she would rather not probe the moral gangrene. She wishes that every body were good, but knowing that such cannot be the case, she makes the wicked wicked at once, and punishes them according to their deserts. It is easy to perceive the delight she feels in dwelling upon all that is pure, and good, and holy—she would form a meet historian for Elysium, and well describe the heroic and the virtuous passions of regenerated nature.

"Warleigh" will be an additional treasure to those who delight in the fair groves and legends of Devon, and will well bear out, if not increase, the high reputation Mrs. Bray has already attained by her historical romances. We hear she is engaged upon subjects more intimately connected with Devonshire and its legends, and we know of no writer better fitted for the task.

Cataract; a familiar Description of its Nature, Symptoms, and ordinary Mode of Treatment, particularly with reference to the Operation performed by the Author at the "Royal Infirmary for Cataract." By John Stevenson, Esq., Oculist to his Majesty, &c.

Such as are afflicted with blindness from cataract, a disease occasioned by the opacity of the crystalline lens, or middle humour of the eye, must hail with gratitude the appearance of this small, though important, publication. The author has shown that the most intricate chirurgical subject, by being divested of its technicalities, and clothed in plain and appropriate language, may be rendered not only perfectly intelligible, but even in some degree interesting, to every description of reader. We are none of us secure from the disease of which Mr. Stevenson treats, and he enables us fully to comprehend the nature of the affliction, offering us at the same time a safe and easy mode of cure.

Mr. Stevenson has had the sagacity to detect, and the courage to expose, existing errors, which have nothing to recommend them but the sanction of old and fallacious custom. He has proved, by strong and conclusive arguments, derived from long and successful experience and well-authenticated facts, that the still-prevailing practice of withholding the means of relief until the cataract is ripe, keeping the sufferer for years deprived of sight, is not only absurd but dangerous; and that the usual operations of couching and extracting are highly objectionable. It appears that the latter may, by his mode of practice, be dispensed with, and the patient relieved by a mild and efficacious operation at the very commencement of the disease. Of this new mode of treatment, the author has given a luminous and graphic description, from which we learn, among other peculiarities, that it is applicable to every variety of cataract occurring at different periods of life—that it occasions only the slightest imaginable degree of pain, and little or no subsequent inflammation—that it requires no local applications—and that it effects the gradual restoration of sight in

the most satisfactory manner, without confinement, or leaving any mark or disfigurement in the affected organ.

A mode of treatment accomplishing such results is surely a title to the gratitude of mankind, and is a most important improvement in ophthalmic science. It brings a disease, hitherto considered one of the most formidable and distressing to which the eye is subject, under the complete control of modern surgery.

Tylney Hall. By T. Hood. 3 Vols.

"Please, sir, mamma says will you be funny?" whispered a little girl to Mr. Mathews, one evening; and Mr. Hood thinks doubtless that the public have given him the same invitation, and expect that he *will* be "funny." This has forced him into a prodigality of humour which sometimes dazzles, but more frequently confuses his page. There is a superabundance of garnish and little meat; yet what there is, is well seasoned, and frequently judiciously ornamented. Here and there are occasional bursts of beauty and touches of sentiment and feeling that are quite exquisite; and you go on expecting your Paradise to be continued, but find that you are in a *fool's Paradise* after all; for the pantomimic rattle recommences, and the jack puddings of the story repeat their smart things, and perform their silly ones over and over again.

There can be but one opinion as to Mr. Hood,—that he is a man of brilliant and overflowing talent, who combines with a keen perception of the ludicrous, a fund of poetic fervour and imagination. His poem of "Eugene Aram" was the work of a master mind, but "there are diversities of gifts," and many persons, whose *genius*, properly so called, is of the very highest order, would find it no easy task to sustain a novel through the fiery ordeal of three volumes. Wit will not do it—humour will not do it—a perception and mere knowledge of the world would be equally unable to get through such a task—it must be a combination of many things—of wit, and wisdom, and imagination, and sound sense, tempered moreover by discretion—the knowledge of how to begin, and when to leave off, a working-day industrious business-like habit, grafted upon the more spiritual gifts, which elevate the man, and enable him, while he amuses, to instruct us in the great mystery of human nature. It is only justice, however, to "Tylney Hall" to say that those who only seek amusement will be amply repaid by a perusal of the volumes. The citizen's family are a comic annual in themselves; and, as we said before, there are touches of nature, fragments of pathos and feeling, which could only emanate from a mind of the very highest order. For ourselves, we could have wished that Mr. Hood had yielded more to nature, and had taken less pains to sustain a reputation of being the wittiest man in an age of dulness. The book long looked for has appeared, and though it is not in many points equal to what we expected, still it is an earnest of what Mr. Hood, if untrammelled by his punning propensities, could effect.

The Rustic Wreath. By Thomas Lister.

Thomas Lister is another instance of untaught genius displaying its properties and powers under outward circumstances apparently the least advantageous to its development. Born in a condition comparatively humble, and deprived of many of those advantages in early life which are generally considered necessary for the direction and encouragement of talent, however considerable its intrinsic energies may be, he has succeeded in producing a volume which, if not distinguished for the finish of language and classic character of composition, which are results only to be produced by a study of the best models, is far from being deficient in depth of feeling or simple elegance of expression. In the introduction to his poems we are informed of a circumstance as much to his credit as a man, as his first

literary efforts are to his abilities as an author. His poetical productions, it appears, some time ago drew upon him the notice of many of the gentry in his vicinity, and, among other patrons, procured him the exertions of Lord Morpeth in his behalf, whose interest was exerted with success to procure for him the employment of postmaster in his native town. The conscience of the rustic poet, however, who is a member of the Society of Friends, raised an objection which the prospect of worldly advantage was unable to silence. His view of that passage of Scripture which touches upon the subject of the lawfulness of oaths did not allow him to go through the necessary forms preparatory to his admission to his new office, and he was consequently induced to decline it, although greatly tending to the furtherance of his temporal prospects. Such instances of probity are far too uncommon in the present day to be undeserving, when they do occur, of an extensive publicity. It is our sincere hope that Thomas Lister will not suffer by his adherence to principles which he has conscientiously embraced; and indeed, if we may judge from the long list of respectable subscribers to this volume, he bids fair to find greater profit in the service of the lyric muse than of his Grace the Duke of Richmond. All who have taste to appreciate the wild beauties of original though uncultivated talent, will acknowledge that a more extensive encouragement than that which he has hitherto received has been well and fully deserved.

The Keepsake for 1835. Edited by F. M. Reynolds.

Of the embellishments of the "Keepsake" there can be but one opinion: the subjects are selected with skill and taste, and they are engraved in the most perfect style of which the art is capable. The frontispiece is after one of Lawrence's happiest works—a portrait of Lady Beresford, the once beautiful Mrs. Hope. Time has, we understand, touched her lightly—but—she is a grandmamma. "My Aunt Mansfield" is a clever picture, by an artist with whose name we are not familiar. Cattermole has furnished a design of high merit; the Sledge is a very interesting print; the Love Quarrel, the Gipsy Children, and the Widowed Mother, are successful prints, from the pencil of the Misses Sharpe; the German Lovers is a fine adaptation of Retzch; but the gem of the book is "La Valière," by Chalon. Indeed, as a whole, the series of embellishments has rarely been surpassed. Mr. Reynolds has again enlisted in his corps many aristocratic recruits, and several of them seem as well trained to the "exercise" of writing as more practised and more professional hands. Lords, ladies, baronets, honourables, and honourable members lead the van; and in truth they, with the aid of more plebeian pens, have furnished forth a goodly volume, that will well please all ranks and stations, now that the coming season of fire-sides makes amusement more welcome than information.

Octavia Elphinstone, a Manx Story, and Lois, a Drama. 2 vols. By Miss Anne Talant.

The two volumes before us, as the title sets forth, contain a Tale and a Drama. The Tale we have read with great interest and gratification; there is much good sense—much good feeling—some admirable descriptions—and many proofs of a brilliant but well-directed imagination throughout the whole.

The character of the spoiled child, the fair Elphine, is well conceived and pleasingly developed—the interest never flags—and the whole is wound up with a much greater degree of skill than belongs to the usual race of *débûtants*. We sincerely congratulate Miss *Talant* on her *talents*, and have been really edified by her graphic descriptions of the scenery and *locale* of the Isle of Man. We have conceived a strong desire to visit the places she has so ably pourtrayed, and some fine summer morning pur-

pose sailing from Liverpool, with "Octavia Elphinstone" as our travelling companion.

The Drama is a sort of make-weight, we suspect, to complete the volumes; and though we cannot award to "Lois" the praise we bestow upon "Octavia," yet, bearing in mind how much more difficult it is to write a play than a story, we assure the lady, that though we consider she has failed in producing a drama that would act well, she has woven her materials with considerable effect, and betrayed much skill in the construction of the plot. We have no doubt of again meeting her in the pleasant walks of literature. We shall gladly renew so agreeable and profitable an acquaintance.

Hours in the Bowers. By Samuel Bamford.

Here is a curious book, not radical poems, but poems by a radical. His "hours" were the years, and his "bowers" were the gaols in which he was imprisoned. Coldbath-fields inspired his "Eclogues," and Lincoln Castle his "Hymns;" in fact, by his own account, "he has been confined in the greater number of the prisons of England." The Bench and the Fleet, we are sorry to say, are often the bowers in which poets have sung, but here we have a Newgate bird. He seems, however, an enthusiastic misguided man, who, in his aspirations after an impracticable system of civil liberty, does not see that he is proceeding to the destruction of every thing that is valuable, and associating with every thing that is vile in society. He laments Brandreth, the baker, and his party, at Derby; let him think of Ings, the butcher, and his party, at Cato-street.

His poetry is such as might be expected from his station and sentiments, generally faulty and mean; sometimes correct and energetic. In his "March to Moscow" are such lines as

> There is fierce Murat,
> With his plumed hat.'

His "Song of the Brave" concludes with something better:

> Then who would not live with the brave?
> The wretch without virtue or worth.
> And who would not die with the brave?
> The coward that clings to the earth.
> And who shall partake with the brave
> The fame which his valour hath won?
> Oh he that will fight with the brave
> Till the battle of freedom be won.

Parker's Parliamentary Short-Hand.

Little books upon this subject have of late so multiplied, that we have been compelled to omit all *notice* of them, in a double sense. But the small book before us has tempted us to a look; first, because of its exceeding neatness, and next, because of its attractive frontispiece, in which a number of words are given with so much brevity and such distinctness as to be absolutely startling. We have not at hand the necessary type, or we should depart from our accustomed plan, and give an extract. Mr. Parker's method is at once simple and complete. He introduces it by a sensible preface, and explains so clearly all he desires, that even with such a miniature magazine, "he who runs may read." We recommend it to all who desire knowledge of an art, always desirable, and often most useful. Those who make a business of short-hand will find in it many hints by which the old systems may be improved; it dispels many of the acknowledged difficulties, and suggests a variety of ideas on the subject that have not occurred to writers in past times. But to the tyro in the "art" it is especially valuable; it leads him rapidly and pleasantly along a road he must have imagined exceedingly difficult, and brings him by a *short cut* to a knowledge of *short-hand.*

LITERARY REPORT.

Mr. Horace Smith's Reuben Apsley forms the December Number of the popular collection of fictions entitled "Colburn's Modern Novelists," and will conclude the series.—And on the 1st January next will be commenced, in single monthly volumes, exactly on the plan of the Waverley Novels, Byron, &c., a new, revised, and more select collection, beginning with Mr. Bulwer's popular novel of Pelham. This edition will be beautifully printed in an entirely new letter, and embellished with Plates from designs by eminent artists. The engravings will be executed under the superintendence of the Messrs. Finden; and the volumes will be expressly *revised* and *corrected*, with the addition of Notes, by the several authors.

Mr. Loudon announces a new publication, to be entitled Arboretum Britannicum, or Portraits from Nature, on a scale of a quarter of an inch to a foot, of all the trees of ten years' growth which endure the open air in Britain; drawn from trees within ten miles of London: with botanical specimens of the flowers and fruit or seeds of each tree, to a scale of two inches to a foot. The first Number is to appear in January next.

[With this notice Mr. Loudon has sent us a specimen—it is very beautiful, but our readers will be satisfied that anything undertaken by Mr Loudon will be well done. We shall avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity to notice this work; and feel assured that our very high expectations will not be disappointed.]—"To give an idea of the pains that Mr Loudon has taken to obtain information for this work, it may be stated that he has forwarded copies of the Return-Paper and the Prospectus sent herewith to all the botanic gardens in Europe, and to more than a thousand of the proprietors of those country-seats in Great Britain and Ireland which contain collections of foreign trees, or remarkable indigenous ones"

One of the most attractive of the literary announcements of the day is that of a cheap library of French Romance, by the most celebrated authors, to be comprised in 40 volumes, at the rate of only 2*s.* 6*d.* per volume, bound in morocco cloth. It is entitled "Petite Bibliothèque des Dames;" and the advertised list of its contents shows it to consist, *not* of the works of the existing dangerous and objectionable French school, but of those of such of its immediate predecessors as have acquired a high and standard character for talent, uncontaminated by moral blemish—as, for instance, Mesdames de Staël, De Genlis, De Montolieu, Cottin, &c. We observe also announced from the same quarter a cheap library devoted to that very fascinating class of French literature, its *Memoirs*, and advertised to consist of 25 vols. 8vo., at the moderate price of 5s. per volume, bound. This latter collection will doubtless furnish an excellent illustration of the literary and political history of the last fifty years, comprising, as it appears to do, some of the choicest productions of French talent and *esprit* that are to be found within that period.

The Life and Times of William the Third, King of England and Stadtholder of Holland, by the Hon. Arthur Trevor, is in the press.

Nearly ready for publication, a Practical Exposition of the Gospel according to St. John, in the form of Lectures, intended to assist the practice of Domestic Instruction and Devotion. By John Bird Sumner, D.D., Lord Bishop of Chester.

Mr. Alexander Watkin has in the press the Analysis and Classification of Beauty in Woman, with an Explanation of the Preference of its various Kinds, Illustrations of its Defects, External Indications of Form, Beauty, Mind, and Habits, Influence of these on Offspring, and Laws regulating the Resemblance of Progeny to Parents.

In a few days will appear, Domestic Life in England from the Earliest Period to the Present Time; with Notices of Origins, Inventions, and Modern Improvements.

In the press, a Life of the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, late Lord Bishop of Calcutta, by Thos. Taylor.

Faustus, a dramatic mystery—The First Walpurgis Night—The Bride of Corinth; translated from the German of Goethe, by John Anster, LL.D., will speedily appear.

The Annual Obituary, for 1835, will be published in January.

Short Whist; a sketch of its History, Rise, Progress, &c., with Instructions for Beginners, by Major A*****, will shortly be published

The Road-Book to Italy, by Mr. Brockedon, the publication of which has been for some time delayed, will be completed in February.

The Saxon's Daughter, a Tale of Chivalry, in Six Cantos, by the author of "An Essay on Woman," is announced for publication.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Warleigh; or, the Fatal Oak, a Legend of Devon, 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

History of the Germanic Empire, by S. A. Dunham, Esq., LL.D, &c, Vol. I. (forming Vol. LX. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia), 12mo. 6*s.*

Carrington's Collected Poems, 2 vols. feap. 8vo. 10*s.*

A Guide to Geology, by John Phillips, 12mo. 5*s.*

Treatise on Isometrical Drawing, by T Sapwith, plates, royal 8vo. 16*s.*

Lectures on Surgery, as delivered at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, by W. Lawrence, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister, feap. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

The Musical Bijou for 1835, 4to. 15*s.*

The Sacred Musical Gift for 1835, 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Musical Talisman for 1835, 4to. 10*s.*

Pratt's Life of Brainerd, "Christian's Family Library," 12mo. 5*s.*

The Sacred Classics, Vol. II., "Beveridge's Thoughts," Vol. II., 12mo. 3*s* 6*d.*

Heath's Book of Beauty for 1835, 21*s.*

The Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, with his *Life*, 2 vols. 13*s.*

The Principles of Ophthalmic Surgery, by J. Walker, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

De la Macy, a Tale of Real Life, 2 vols. 20s.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, translated and abridged by H. M'Murtrie, M.D., 8vo. 12s.

Will Watch, by the Author of "Cavendish," 3 vols. 1l 11s. 6d.

Bagster on the Management of Bees, with 40 engravings, fcap 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Meadows' Italian Dictionary, 18mo. 7s.

The Comic Almanac, 12 plates, by Cruikshank, 12mo 2s. 6d.

The Biblical Keepsake for 1835, 21s.

Lunar Tables, by Mrs. Taylor, royal 8vo. 16s.

Francesca Carrara, by the Author of "Romance and Reality," &c., 3 vols. 1l. 11s 6d.

Analytical Digest of all Reported Cases, by S. B. Harrison, Esq., 3 vols. 8vo. 3l. 12s.

Sacred Minstrelsy, Vol. I., folio, 21s.

The New Year's Gift, 1835, 8s.

Journey throughout Ireland in 1834, by H. D. Inglis, 2 vols. 21s.

Cabinet of Friendship; a Tribute to the Memory of John Aitkin, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Rev. Richard Watson's Works, Vol. V., containing Life of Wesley, &c., 8vo. 8s. 6d.

The Northern Tourist, 1835, containing 73 Views, 4to. 21s. cloth.

FINE ARTS.

Leaves from the Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquil, No. 1.

This is a clever book of caricatures, beginning with *Tea-leaves* for breakfast. We have *Strong Black*, represented by a sturdy negro carrying a heavy basket; *Hyson*, a tall thin boy, with a diminutive father; *Fine Dust*, a housemaid shaking a hall-mat and blinding herself and the passengers; *Gunpowder*, the explosion of a cockney's fowling piece, to the great damage of a passenger's head; and *Mixed*, a curious group of masqueraders of all characters. For dinner we have *Mustard*, a group collected round the family board; *Pepper*, unfortunate passengers on the box of a stage-coach in a hail-storm; *Salt*, the assault of a town; *Catsup*, a boatswain's mate with his nine tails elevated; and, as *Castors* to hold these pungent condiments, we have a variety of beaver hats on appropriate physiognomies. These and others are all very well and droll in their place, but we have one more still better and droller, because more original. This is a personification of the vowels. A is a chap with his hands behind his back, listening to the story of E, who points out I as the subject of it. Poor I is the picture of astonishment at such a charge, while O expands his hands and mouth that such things should be. U, however, directs himself to another object, who expostulates as Y with a cockney aspiration. The story is well and briefly told, as far as vowels representing the pronouns and interjections—Ah, Eh, I, Oh, You, and Why can tell a story. We are promised a Second Number, and we shall be glad to see it.

Zincography.—It is but a few years past that we had to record an advance in the fine arts in the invention of lithography, which afforded increased facilities in the art of engraving. Lithography is now, however, likely to be displaced, at any rate to a great degree, by the invention of an ingenious Frenchman, M. Breugnot, who has succeeded in preparing a composition of metal, the basis of which is zinc, upon which drawing and writing can be effected with equal, if not with greater facility than upon stone, and as easily applied to paper with the same machinery. The art of zincography has several advantages over that of lithography: amongst others, in the portability and comparative cheapness of the plates, over the necessary bulkiness and cost of stone. These plates can be adapted to a lady's portfolio, to any thickness, and to any size, a desideratum much wanted in lithography. The invention of zincography has received the sanction of the Royal Academy of Paris, and the Parisians have already succeeded in printing large window blinds with one plate, and we believe experiments have been made on silk and cotton, which warrant the supposition that zincography will soon be applied in our silk and cotton printing establishments.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

The new actor who has appeared here, Mr. Denvil, has not realized the promise he at first held out. We were among those who fancied we discovered in him, on his first appearance a promise not very remote of characteristic feeling, true tenderness, and original thought. At each successive character, however, this promise has realized nothing but its remoteness, and when he played Othello the other night, we could see nothing, we confess, but a vulgar and very presuming person, struggling with effort and grimace, instead of ascending the heights of passion. It seemed to be a struggle between this gentleman and Mr. Vandenhoff (who played Iago) which would sink lowest in the degradation of Shakspeare. And the audience seconded them. One party applauded Mr. Denvil, and hissed Mr. Vandenhoff; another party hissed Mr. Denvil, and applauded Mr. Vandenhoff. Such was the performance of one of the sublimest tragedies of any country or time, in a great national theatre! It was like a vulgar election brawl, rather than an honouring tribute of genius on the one hand, and of reverent admiration on the other.

DUBLIN THEATRE.

It is grateful to turn from this, which we do in uncontrollable disgust, to a subject of greater hope for the lovers of the English drama. This the Irish theatre offers us. Mr. Macready has just produced there a very noble alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, with several new scenes by himself and Mr. Knowles. The 'Examiner' has published an interesting account of this, with some extracts, which seem to us to be as fine as the writing of the immortal brotherhood itself—of Fletcher, or of Beaumont. We have only room for the following:—

" The first great addition is a scene in which the character of the King is very finely and variously touched. Aspatia comes to him to entreat the removal of the slur he had cast upon her name, that he might induce Amintor to desert her for Evadne. The sweet desolation of Aspatia, which is in the original so inexpressibly affecting, is all, we should say, retained; and there are a few touches of this also in the new scene that even heighten the picture. The ready lust of the King fancies she has come relenting, and that he may possess her—

' 'Tis not her beauty, *'tis the chariness*
With which she hoards it that I'd master !'

He starts when she enters to see the change that desolation has wrought. She bids him look to the sorrow in her eye—

' Deep, melancholy, clear,
Wherein do lie a maiden's drowned hopes.'

He sees nothing but its beauty:—

' *How she persuades my vision!* Sweetly doth
Affliction dress her! sweetly! It doth well
To take the gaudy rose away, and leave
Nought but the lily!'

" In a very ardent yet subtle speech, he proposes to her terms of shame, and, kneeling, presses them. She bursts in upon them with a fiery scorn—

' Art thou not a slave?
An abject, pitiful, and loathsome slave,
That to thy grov'ling passions stoop'st to kneel?
* * * *
Nay, rise not yet;
Bring to its knee the sin that bent thy knee,
And then stand up a King!' "

We cannot doubt but that this tragedy will be instantly produced at one of the great theatres. It may serve in some respects to redeem them from their late disgraces.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

We notice with pleasure the commencement of the session. The abstracts of a number of papers, whose titles only were announced at the termination of last session, were now read. We select one, "On the Nature and Origin of the Aurora-borealis," by the Rev. G. Fisher. The author deduces from his own observations, made during a residence of two winters in high northern latitudes, taken in conjunction with the concurring testimony of various navigators and travellers,—the general fact that Aurora-borealis is developed chiefly at the edge of the Frozen Sea, or wherever there is a vast accumulation of ice; and he conceives that it is produced in situations where the vapours of a humid atmosphere are undergoing rapid congelation. Under these circumstances, when viewed from a distance, it is seen fringing the upper border of the dark clouds termed the "sea blink," which collect over these places; and it generally forms an arch a few degrees above the horizon, shooting out vertical columns of pale yellow light. He concludes that the Aurora-borealis is an electrical phenomenon, arising from the positive electricity of the atmosphere, developed by the rapid condensation of the vapour in the act of freezing, and the induced negative electricity of the surrounding portions of the atmosphere; and that it is the immediate consequence of the restoration of the electrical equilibrium by the intervention of the frozen particles, which, being imperfect conductors, become luminous while transmitting this electricity. In tropical and temperate climates this phenomenon does not occur, because the electric equilibrium is restored by means of aqueous vapours,—a process which often gives rise to thunder and lightning, but never to the Aurora-borealis: the latter being peculiar to clear, cold, and dry weather. Two astronomical papers, one by Mr. Lubbock, and another by Mr. Ivory, were partially read; and auditors were elected.—*Literary Gazette.*

VARIETIES.

The Franchise.—It appears that the number of houses in boroughs assessed at ten pounds per annum and upwards is, in England, 418,116; in Wales, 9644: in Scotland, 35,386; while the number of electors respectively was only 274,649, 11,309, 31,332. Here it is rather remarkable, that the number of votes registered in Wales is by 1665 greater than the number of ten-pound houses, while in England the voters are less in number than the houses by upwards of 140,000! The voters in English counties, enrolled previous to the election of 1832, are put down at 344,564—70,000 more than those in towns. The total number of electors in England, Wales, and Scotland, was then 720,784 (it is certainly not greater now). This gives one elector for every 25 of the county, and one for every 18 of the town population, and one in 5½ to the whole male population of twenty years of age and upwards. This is the average proportion throughout Great Britain. The inequality of the expenses charged by the returning officers, in 1832, is great. In the Lindsey division of Lincoln, the number of electors being 9134, and the candidates three, the charge was 1065*l.*; in North Lancashire, the electors being 10,039, the candidates also three, the charge was only 543*l.* In East Cornwall, where there was no contest, the returning officer charged 35*l.*; and in Hereford, 235*l.* In Bristol the electors were 10,000, the candidates four, the charge 874*l.*; in London, the electors 18,583, the candidates six, the charge 522*l.*; and in Finsbury, where the candidates were five, and the electors the same as in Bristol, the returning officer charged 463*l.*, or little more than half of what was paid in Bristol.

Public Petitions last Session.—The last report of the committee, which is numbered 47, has been delivered. In the first division, Parliamentary, we find that there were presented, during the session, 463 petitions, to which the signatures attached number 539,781, praying for the repeal of the union; the last was from the town of Kilmarnock, presented by Mr. O'Connell, with 803 signatures. In the ecclesiastical department 336 petitions have been presented, with 49,051 signatures, against the separation of church and state; while the number of petitions presented praying that separation was 63, with 72,274 signatures. The number presented in support of the church of England generally is 1184, with 155,783 names attached; in support of the church of Scotland, 61 petitions and 21,839 names; in support of the established church in Ireland, 320 petitions with 51,909. In favour of some legislative enactment for a better observance of the Sabbath, the petitions numbered 722, and they bore attached 157,419 signatures. The number from Protestant Dissenters for relief was 434, with 352,910 signatures; against their claim, 495 petitions, with 35,212 signatures. On the subject of religious observances abroad, 20 petitions and 1121 signatures. Against the Irish Tithe Bill, 10 petitions, with 10,067 signatures. For the admission of Dissenters to the Universities 24 petitions, with 2564 signatures; against the measure, 445 petitions, having 41,810 signatures. In the colonial department we find there were presented four petitions, with 78,503 signatures, from Lower Canada, approving of the measures of the local legislature, and praying the attention of the House thereto. Against the Church-rate Bill were presented 144 petitions, having attached 51,815 names; for repeal of the malt duty, 120 petitions, with 26,508 signatures; against the increase of duty on spirit licences, 17 petitions, with 946 signatures. The rest of the petitions are on miscellaneous subjects.

Before a late Committee of the House of Lords it was given in evidence by a London pavior, that a macadamized or broken-stone road requires for keeping in repair the first year and every year afterwards, two coats of three inches thick, to allow for wear; and the estimate of cost is 7*s*. 6*d*. the first coat per superficial yard; two coatings at 1*s*. 9*d*. each per yard, for ten years, 1*l*. 15*s*.; cleansing, at 10*d*. per yard for ten years, 8*s*. 4*d*.; which is 2*l*. 10*s*. 10*d*. per yard.

Summary of Savings' Banks, &c., in England and Wales.—(From Mr. Tidd Pratt's Pamphlet.)—In England, Wales, and Ireland, (the population being 21,661,975), there were, on the 20th of November, 1833, 481 Savings' Banks. Two have made no return. The remaining Banks contain—

Depositors.	Increase or Decrease since 1831.	Amount.	Average of each Dep.
		£.	£.
244.575 under £20	25.409 increase	1,734,709	7
133 968 — 50	15,207 increase	4,107.435	30
56 415 — 100	2,594 increase	3.856,827	67
19.306 — 150	909 increase	2.315,957	120
9.552 — 200	1,174 increase	1,610,419	168
3,375 above 200	515 decrease	849,606	252
467,191 depositors	44,718 increase	14.473.953	31
4,598 friendly societies	34 increase	1,016,107	221
3,366 charitable ditto	673 increase	225,051	67
475,155 accounts	45,755 increase	15,715,111*	33

* The increase in amount invested since November, 1831, is 1,[illegible]3,464*l*.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

American Episcopal Statistics.—From the numerous and very complete statistical tables in the *Churchman's Almanac*, we take the following particulars respecting the Episcopal Church in the United States:—Since the revolution there have been 30 bishops, 14 have died, 16 are now living; three were consecrated in England, one in Scotland, one by Bishop Provost, and 25 by Bishop White. Students in the General Theological Seminary, 65. The Missionary Society has eight missionaries in this country, and two in Greece. A mission is soon to be established in China. The number of clergy increased during 40 years, between 1792 and 1832, from 192 to upwards of 600. In Connecticut, 22 to 57; New York, 19 to 163; Pennsylvania 14 to 60; South Carolina, 15 to 34. Virginia decreased 61 to 56; Connecticut and South Carolina increased two-fold: Massachusetts and Pennsylvania fourfold, and New York sevenfold. Diocese of New York—The total number of clergy in this diocese is 183, and the total number of congregations 190. Reports were received from 162 organized parishes, under the care of 129 officiating ministers, of whom 66 are rectors, seven assistant ministers, and 56 missionaries. There were reported 2842 baptisms, 10,300 communicants, 1101 confirmed, 22 deacons, and nine priests ordained, 1043 marriages, 1419 burials: there are 31 candidates for orders, 10 new congregations were organized, 20 churches consecrated, and the following sums collected: -For the Episcopal Fund, 797 dol. 88 cents; Missionary and Education Society General Fund, 553 dol. 27 cents; Missionary Fund, 3405 dol. 67 cents: Education Fund, 1274 dols. 59 cents; Diocesan Fund, 714 dol. 29 cents; General Theological Seminary, 1849 dol. 26 cents.—*New York paper.*

Diamonds at Algiers.—Three diamonds were lately purchased at Algiers from a native, which were found in the golden sands of the Sumel, in the province of Constantine. One of the diamonds was obtained by M. Dufrenez, and the other two by M. Brogniart, for the Museum and for the collection of M. Dree. Hitherto diamonds have not been known to exist in Africa. It is remarkable that here, as in the Brazils and Siberia, they are found in washing for gold. At present the opinion is that diamonds, like amber, may be formed, and are of very modern growth. It is not seldom that diamonds contain in the middle hard soft hollows, precisely of the same character as those of amber.—*German paper.*

The "Journal de Genève" states, that in the Canton of Uri the glaciers have been so much perforated and melted by the hot weather of the summer, that their shapes have been completely changed, and considerable apprehension is entertained of accidents when the rainy season arrives. One of the peaks, called the Huffirn, has presented a strange and wonderful spectacle, that of the body of a young hunter, who perished in that place thirteen years ago. By the side of the skeleton were found his watch (of silver), his knife, and the iron of his gun.

A gigantic undertaking is about to be executed in the southern part of Savoy. It is to connect, by a suspension-bridge of a single arch, two points in the road between Annecy and Geneva, several hundred feet distant from each other, and rising 250 feet above the bed of a torrent.

From official tables just published by the Custom-house, it appears that, in 1833, the imports into France by sea were 467,117,179f., and by land, 226,158,573f.; total imports, 693,275,752f. The exports were—by sea, 550,408,559f.; by land, 215,907,753f.; total, 766,316,312f. The vessels that arrived were—French, 3561; tons, 358,157; foreign, 5115; tons, 622,735. These vessels brought merchandise, from French colonies, 64,095,215f.; and from foreign countries, 403,021,964f. The departures were—French vessels, 3075; tons, 318,840; foreign, 4580; tons, 464,028. They took goods, for French colonies, 42,629,864f.; for foreign countries,

507,778,695f. The goods in bond, on the 31st of December, 1833, were 112,960,111f. The goods that passed *in transitu* through France in 1833 were 107,871,655f. The goods exported with premium in the same year were 99,260,916f., and the premiums paid, 18,485,634f. The following table shows the premiums paid in the last two years:—

	1832.	1833.
	Francs.	Francs.
Refined sugar	18,573,627	12,517,832
Molasses	536,930	389,283
Soap	648,636	729,392
Refined sulphur	24,206	16,166
Spun cotton	54,707	36,517
Cotton goods	996,798	988,841
Mahogany furniture	700	2,432
Nitric and sulphuric acids	25,592	38,489
Spun wool and woollen goods	2,982,116	3,644,468
Straw and bark hats	24,692	41,277
Tanned or curried skins	45,647	31,382
Lead	39,375	41,197
Copper	2,412	3,359
Total	23,955,638	18,485,634

The goods seized amounted to 1,171,560f.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The opinion that has been formed, in diametrical opposition to Mr. Jacob's vast accumulation of evidence, and his inductive reports, that a large stock of old wheat remained in hand previously to last harvest, has received confirmation from the large supplies lately furnished; and in proof of the extended cultivation and growth of that staple of existence, accounts have been prepared, showing the quantities sent to the London market during the last ten years from Essex, Kent, Suffolk, Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire. By these it appears that the joint supplies from these counties have been increased as understated.

Quarters ending 29th Sept.	Essex.	Kent.	Suffolk.	Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire.
	qrs.	qrs	qrs.	qrs.
1825	25,442	12,820	13,685	6,472
1826	32,503	9,92[illegible]	18,679	1,198
1827	31,751	9,119	11,447	1,265
1828	31,609	8,741	13,444	9,756
1829	22,048	5,567	2,114	6,023
1830	22,341	7,616	9,021	360
1831	23,883	5,937	11,980	7,776
1832	29,851	7,675	12,233	6,017
1833	37,161	11,764	17,451	11,204
1834	47,101	14,523	26,985	20,100

This acts two ways in diminishing the supply of oats, the lands where that grain was raised being appropriated to wheat, and by increasing the supplies of the latter article proportionably. The causes which have given rise to this change—better tillage, and a necessity for augmenting the

most valuable part of the crop—have no doubt operated generally to bring more wheat into the market, and to defeat Mr. Jacob's prophecy of eventual scarcity.

In our last Report we mentioned that the low price of wheat,—rather because it forms the main subsistence of the people, than on account of its important station in the farmer's crops,—had induced a design to lower wages, not only upon this, but upon the plain principle that the wages always fluctuate with the fluctuation of the price of food. This determination has since been more generally acted upon. Discontent is the natural consequence. Large meetings of labourers have been held in several districts, hitherto without any violence; but though the men have stopped short of mischief during the day, there have been but too many terrible indications of the temper of the country in the spreading practice of incendiarism. The apprehension of the new Poor-law, arising out of the few instances of apparent severity where it has been acted upon, also operates to exasperate the labourers, who are but too universally impressed with the belief that neither "the world, nor the world's law," is friendly to them. It should indeed seem that they still adhere to the pernicious error which has destroyed so much property, reduced the means of their employment, and brought so many of themselves to an untimely end; that a higher rate of wages must eventually be compelled by the destruction of agricultural produce by fire. Of all the changes parochial degradation and moral depravation have brought upon the English character, this is the most to be deplored, because it is connected with so much palpable vengeance, and is perpetrated in the most diabolical spirit of malice. The worst of it is that all the remedies hitherto tried have failed. But idleness and pauperism have completely perverted the mind and morals of the class of agricultural labourers. And now the press begins to discover that the object to be kept constantly in view is the restoring the balance between the demand for, and the supply of labour. Until this be effected—until the labourer can count on constant employment at the market rate of wages—until he ceases to be driven from one employer to another, one day under a farmer, and the next in a gravel-pit, the country can never be considered secure against such attempts as are now spreading so great an alarm among the agriculturists." This, we most potently believe, this has been long since emphatically stated in our pages. In the leading article of this journal, for March 1832, it was deduced from incontrovertible premises, drawn from a view of the whole case, "that the pauperism of the labourers in agriculture arises from their being confined to an area insufficient for their profitable employment." This was *then* true, and the subsequent effect has only been to increase the pressure by the accession to the labour market of those arriving at a working age out of a population increasing *daily* at the rate of a thousand *per diem*. The remedy, therefore, is to extend that area by home and foreign colonization; the latter can never be made sufficiently comprehensive; the reliance of the country for its rescue must therefore be mainly placed on the former. Come it slow, or come it fast, to this it must come eventually.

In the meanwhile, it is not a little curious to compare the practical adoption of the principle, and the theoretical condemnation of it, which we find in the writings and speeches of economists in Parliament, in committees, in societies, and last, not least, in the theory and practice of the new Poor-Law Bill itself.

The space we devote to this part of our miscellany is scarcely equal to carry out the development, but we may perhaps find the means hereafter to open the eyes of the country upon the palpable errors and contradictions now going on in this respect. In the mean time, we have said enough to turn the attention of the country to the fact.

The corn markets have evinced little variety or change since our last: the prices remain pretty much the same: the supplies of the raw material equal to the demand, a little below it perhaps in the manufactured article,

for which reason flour has borne a rate disproportioned to the price of wheat. But the scarcity of water begins in a slight degree to abate, though the drought still may be said, comparatively speaking with the average of years, to continue, and the wind has also set the mills so moved to work, and increased, within the last week or two, the supplies of flour. This evil, which has been a subject of angry discussion in the journals, will thus soon remedy itself. The wheat trade, from this cause, as well as from a supply shortened in a degree by the necessity of wheat-sowing and field employment, has been more firm than previously. There can be no doubt that millers in the vicinity of London have the power under such circumstances artificially to sustain the price of flour, but the disproportion cannot be continued for any long period. Besides these circumstances enumerated, this artificial scarcity has been favoured by the late gales having prevented the arrival of cargoes both from Ireland and Scotland, and coastwise from even England.

Of barley the supply has been tolerably liberal, but nevertheless prices have improved, showing that this result arises from the general conviction of the production not being fully equal to present and future demand. It is stated that orders have been sent to Hamburgh for the article, which is at 13 to 14 in the ports of the Baltic. The malt-trade follows the barley-trade, and is brisk at better prices. Chevalier malt found ready sale at 65*s*., and the best a still higher rate. Oats may be deemed to have advanced full 3*s*. during the middle fortnight of the month, and are earnestly inquired for. Beans are also in demand at higher qualities, and orders for the article are sent abroad, while from 1*s*. to 2*s*. more have been given for the article in bond. The foreign markets exhibit little or nothing of change.

While the mild weather has favoured the growth of turnips, which, having recovered in some sort from the blasting effects of the mildew, have continued to increase in the apple, the wheat-sowing has been somewhat retarded by its dryness. This has made the appearance of the blade rather later than usual, and even now there is land to sow. It is to be hoped that the old adage (we put great faith in such maxims, for they are generally those of experience,) will not hold this season, for if it does, the harvest of next year will be short. The adage we allude to is conveyed in the homely distich—

"Sow in the slop
Heavy at top."

Perhaps there never was less of "slop" than during the present wheat-sowing. We have remarked an unusual quantity of red weed (as the poppy is called by farmers) now springing, and we believe it is not commonly known that for this very important evil there is a certain cure, which consists in running a bush over the land the moment the wheat appears above ground. This may be repeated four or five times, and if the land be at all moist, the subsequent use of a heavy rake will effectually crush the young weed, and prevent its future growth. We have had constant opportunities of observing the success of this practice, and of the contrary on lands contiguous to each other. We cannot conclude our article better than by citing the many examples of landlords and clergy making returns of rent and tithes to the amount of from ten to twenty per cent. A diminution of rent, tithe, and taxation, is far more to be calculated upon as a remedy for distress, than a reduction of the rate of labour. But this ought not to be done in the way of a benevolence. If the rent or tithe be too high for the relative value of the crop, let the land be fairly assessed. Let the farmer be reinstated in his *rights*. So long as it is otherwise he remains a mere dependant on the eleemosynary bounty of the landlord and clergyman. This is as much a subject for redress as the rate of wages being made up out of the poor's rate. The one will make a suppliant of the tenant,—the other has made a pauper of the labourer. Both are inconsistent with the character of the yeoman, and "the bold peasantry" which have been hitherto the pride and the support of England.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Cultivation of the Potato.—An useful and interesting lecture on this subject has been delivered by the Rev. Mr. Mayo, at the Devizes Literary and Scientific Institution, in the course of which the lecturer, in alluding to the very slovenly mode of preparing the soil for a crop of potatoes in his own neighbourhood, said, "That previous preparation is of the utmost consequence, I am well convinced, as I this year obtained a crop three times as large on the ground I myself dug, as on that for which I paid a labourer. The generality of diggers stand upon the ground they are to dig, and slope the spade in such a way as to loosen the soil not more than four or five inches: the consequence is, that the upper soil becomes unpoverished, while that beneath receives the fatness, without returning anything for the supply of the plant. I speak now of some of the market-gardeners themselves, as well as of their labourers. Their lands are cultivated in a slovenly manner, and no real science displayed. As long as they can scrape enough off the land to pay their rent, they seem content with their work. The first thing to be attended to in the cultivation of land, is never to touch it but when the weather is dry. One day's digging on a wet day has often spoiled the productiveness of the ground for a whole year. The next thing is to dig deep. Before you commence digging a patch of ground, open a trench two feet wide. If the soil will permit, take it out two spades deep; if the good soil is shallow, throw out only to the depth of a foot, but be sure that the under-soil or substratum is dug as deep as the spade will go, without mixing it with the upper soil. This alone will add greatly to the productiveness of the crop; then throw upon the opening so dug the top soil of the next space, and operate upon the subsoil in a similar manner; thus every year the goodness and depth of the soil will increase." The lecturer very justly observed, that next to the important advantages to be derived from the allotment system, is to teach those to whom the land is let, the most profitable mode of cultivating it.—*Devizes Gazette.*

USEFUL ARTS.

Important Discovery.—Mr. F. A. Bernhardt, a distinguished architect and civil engineer of Berlin, after many years' application, has found out a method of constructing fire-places so that they shall not emit smoke either in the chamber or in the street; at the same time that a current of warm air is diffused throughout the building, which in purity is equal to atmospheric air. By this invention, without altering the stoves as at present constructed, two-thirds of the fuel now used will create the necessary degree of warmth. It has been applied with the most complete success in Prussia.

New Detonator.—A patent has been taken out for a novel description of lock for percussion guns. The nipple on which a cap is placed is at the end of the breech of the barrel, and a lever which lifts by a hinge joint enables the cap to be put upon the nipple, and when the lever is closed, all is water-proof, and little appearance of a lock. On the inside is a plunger with a spring, which, on pulling the trigger, strikes against the cap, and fires the gun. To the trigger is attached a lever bolt, which is acted on by the hand in the act of firing, so as to free the trigger, but at all other times it renders the gun as safe as with the common lock. There is no cock, and the invention is certainly a very ingenious one, but time must prove whether it is effective, and possessed of advantages sufficient to occasion its general adoption.

NEW PATENTS.

Cornelius Tongue, of Gatacre Park, in the county of Salop, Esq., for certain improvements in apparatus for preventing accidents to travelling carriages of various descriptions.

Jean Baptiste Mollerat, now residing with Sir John Byerley, at Whitehead's Grove, in the parish of St. Luke, Chelsea, in the county of Middlesex, manufacturing chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of gas for illumination.

Richard Witty, of Hanley, in the county of Stafford, civil engineer, for an improvement or improvements in saving fuel and burning smoke, applicable to furnaces and stoves.

Joseph Saxton, of Sussex-street, in the county of Middlesex, mechanician, for improvements in printing presses, and in presses for certain other purposes.

Samuel Draper, of Radford, in the county of Nottingham, lace-maker, for an improved manufacture of figured bobbin nett, or what is commonly called bobbin nett lace.

James Gardner, of Banbury, in the county of Oxford, ironmonger, for certain improvements on machines for cutting Swedish and other turnips, mangel-wurzel, and other roots used as food for sheep, horned cattle, and other animals.

Joseph Clissild Daniell, of Twerton Mills, near Bath, in the county of Somerset, clothier, for an improvement or improvements in the process of manufacturing or preparing woollen cloth.

Richard Freen Martin, of Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, gentleman, for a certain process or processes, method or methods, of combining various materials so as to form stuccoes, plasters, or cements, and for the manufacture of artificial stones, marbles, and other like substances used in buildings, decorations, or similar purposes.

James Jamieson Cordes, of Idol Lane, in the city of London, merchant, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making nails. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

James Jamieson Cordes, of Idol Lane, in the city of London, merchant, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making rivets and screw marks, or bolts. Communicated by a foreigner.

Benjamin Hick, of Bolton-le-Moors, in the county Palatine of Lancaster, engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive steam-carriages, parts of which improvements are applicable to ordinary carriages, and to steam-engines employed for other uses.

Thomas Sharpe, of Manchester, in the county Palatine of Lancaster, and Richard Roberts, of the same place, engineers, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning and doubling cotton, silk, and other fibrous materials. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

John Ericsson, of Union Wharf, Albany-street, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for certain improved machinery applicable for propelling vessels.

Richards Elkington, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, optician, for an improvement or improvements in the constructing, making, or manufacturing of spectacles.

Thomas Searle, of Coleman-street, in the city of London, merchant, for certain improvements in boilers for generating steam. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

Lord Baron Audley, of Raleigh Castle, in the county of Stafford, for an apparatus or machine as a substitute for, or to be attached to, locks or other fastenings, which he denominates a lock protector.

Samuel Seward, of the parish of All Saints, Poplar, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of steam-engines.

Claude Marie Hilaire Molinard, of Brewer-street, Golden-square, in the county of Middlesex, merchant, for a certain improvement in looms or machinery for weaving fabrics. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

George Littlewort, of Rahere-street, Goswell-road, in the county of Middlesex, watch and clock maker, for certain improvements on watches and clocks.

Malcolm M'Gregor, of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for slubbing, roving, spinning, twisting, and doubling cotton and other fibrous materials.

James Jones, of Salford, in the parish of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, machine maker, for certain improvements for making rovings, spinning and doubling of cotton, silk, flax, and other fibrous substances.

Manoah Bower, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, manufacturer, and George Blyth, of the same place, merchant, for certain improvements on, or addition to, saddles for horses.

Jean Baptiste Pleney, of Panton-square, in the county of Middlesex, brick-maker, for certain improved machinery for manufacturing articles out of brick and other the like earth. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

James and John Hartley, of West Bromwich, near Birmingham, glass manufacturers, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in the manufacture of glass.

John Stanley and John Walmsley, both of Manchester, mechanics, for certain improvements on stages or apparatus applicable to steam-engines or other purposes, and in apparatus for feeding the same with fuel, which apparatus conjointly or separately may be applied to other purposes.

Amasa Stone, of Johnstone, in the county of Providence, and state of Rhode Island, in the United States of America, machinist, now residing at Liverpool, in the county of Lancaster, for an improvement on power and other looms, and in the weaving of silk, hempen, cotton, woollen, and other cloth.

George Daniel Carey, of Bosford, in the county of Nottingham, hat manufacturer, for certain machinery or apparatus to be employed in the manufacture of hats.

John George Bodmer, of Bolton-le-Moors, in the county Palatine of Lancaster, civil engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of grates, stoves, and furnaces, applicable to steam-engines and many useful purposes.

John George Bodmer, of Bolton-le Moors, in the county Palatine of Lancaster, civil engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines and boilers applicable both to fixed and locomotive engines.

James Berrie and David Anderson, both of the city of Glasgow, in Scotland, manufacturers, for a machine or machines for making a new or improved description of heddles or healds to be used in weaving.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM OCTOBER 21, TO NOVEMBER 21, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 21.—J. COLLING, Yarmouth, grocer. J. APPLEBY, Newington Causeway, straw hat manufacturer. W. RICHARDS, Oxford st., jeweller. R. CAMMOND, Great Scotland-yard, coal-merchant. J. HALL, Preston, grocer. S. and J. MARKS, Exeter, glass-merchants. W CARR, Hexham, Northumberland, money-scrivener. J. RUSSOM, Carnarvon, coal-merchant. W. COLE, Chester, builder. G. CUBITT, North Walsham, Norfolk, lime-burner. J. FORTH, Nottingham, hatter.

Oct. 24.—S. BUTTENSHAW, High Holborn, tea dealer. M. ADE and F. BERGER, Lime-street, merchants. R. PRICE, Greenwich, grocer. C. EMSON, Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire, horse-dealer. E. HOWLETT and J. J. BRIMMER, Frith-street, Soho-square, printers. E. LLOYD, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, bookseller. R. LEWIS and J. LUTTON, Wooton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, clothiers. T. HUGHES, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, auctioneer. M. GRAY, Walsall, Staffordshire, grocer. T. LORD, Newton Heath, Lancashire, silk-manufacturer. S GOODE, King's Lynn, Norfolk, money-scrivener.

Oct. 28.—R. GATENBY, High-street, Shadwell, grocer. F. C. CRANE, Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, surgeon. J. S. DE PINNA, Bucklersbury, City, feather and Leghorn hat broker. D. HARRIS, Strand, hosier. R. BAILEY, Wooton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, bookbinder. J. W. SMITH, North Shields, shipowner. R. SKINNER, Exmouth, Devonshire, baker. T. PROSSER, Coleshill, Warwickshire, draper. J. B. PEAK, Market-Drayton, Shropshire, tanner. T. M. JONES, Birmingham, retail brewer. J. SHAW, Great Driffield, Yorkshire, corn-factor. T. PRIESTLEY, Halifax, Yorkshire, woolstapler.

Oct. 31.—J. WYLD, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, hosier. R. FLAXMAN, Fetter-lane, carpenter. T. R. LEWIS, Tonbridge-place, New-road, wine-merchant. I. J. B. ISAAC, Topsham, Devonshire, shipowner. J. COOKE, South Molton-street, Middlesex, tailor. W. JAMES, Bath, soap-boiler. J. ALMOND, Pemberton, Lancashire, woollen-draper. T. LATHAM, Liverpool, innkeeper.

Nov. 4.—R. G. WARD, High-street, Southampton, perfumer. R. CLARKE and J. BURGESS, Coal Exchange, coal-factors. T. CARTER, Cateaton street, cloth-factor. R. CURRY, Lillswood, Northumberland, cattle-dealer. J. W. BARLOW, Liverpool, coal-merchant. J. HOLDSWORTH, Northouram, Yorkshire, worsted spinner. I. B MARTIN, Salisbury, Wiltshire, draper. M. TILEY, Bath, hatter. J. B. KELK, Nottingham, lace manufacturer. J. NICHOLSON, Prestbury, Gloucestershire, mercer.

Nov. 7.—J. C. EMERY, Broad-street-buildings, City, underwriter. A. N. WICKES, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, watchmaker. E. PHILLIPS, 'Change-alley, Cornhill, provision-merchant. H. JONES, Poultry, china-man. S. MILLS, sen., B JOWETT, and S. MILLS, jun, Bolt court, Fleet-street, printers. R. DAVIES, Noble street, City, straw-hat manufacturer. F HARVEY, baby-linen manufacturer. W. B. ALLEN, Clapton, Somersetshire, tanner. T. MORGAN, Eign, Herefordshire, timber merchant. J. MITCHELL, Penistone, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer. J. STARKER, Jarrow Lodge, Durham, ship-builder. J. W. WEBB, Axbridge, Somersetshire, grocer. J. BAILEY, Sparsholt, Hampshire, cattle-salesman. J. HAMPSON, Salford, Lancashire, schoolmaster.

Nov. 11.—W. J. COOPER, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, tailor. T. DEAN, Asylum-buildings, Westminster-road, cow-keeper. C. CARTER, Oxford-st., woollen-draper. T. CORPE, Limehouse, builder. T. GRANGER, Hemlock-court, Carey-street, victualler. G. RIVERS, Twickenham, upholsterer. J. RIVERS, Highwych, Hertfordshire, grocer. T. C. MEDWIN, Broad-wall, Stamford-street, Blackfriars'-road, engineer. C T. JONES, Brighton, horse-dealer. E. FRANCES, Lewisham, Kent, baker. T. GOWAR, Greenwich-road, coach maker. C. HARWAR, Serle's-place, Lincoln's inn, paper-merchant. J BOOTH, Nottingham, stone-mason. J TAYLOR, Spotland-bridge, Lancashire, hatter. T. MANSELL, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, grocer. W HARRIS, sen., and B. HARRIS, Stoke Prior, Worcestershire, millers.

Nov. 14.—T. GROVE, Great Surrey-street, tailor. G. W. FARMER, Tavistock street, Covent-garden, jeweller. W. SPRING, Great Portland street, Portland-place, plumber. H. DAKIN, High-street, Borough, cheesemonger. G. HOUGHTON, Hertford street, May fair, saddler. B. Y COLEMAN, Liverpool, watch-manufacturer. T. H MAUDE, White Birk, Lancashire, dyer. S GODFREY, Bristol, jeweller. J KERWOOD, Cassington, Oxfordshire, grocer. W W. WADLIN, Wolverhampton, shoe-manufacturer. J. BARNES, Stratford-upon-Avon, carpenter.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The recent advices from the manufacturing districts in Yorkshire and Lancashire, show the trade in Woollen goods has been less active, upon the whole, of late, than it had been for some time past. The fall in the price of wool, and the prospect of its still further declining, had produced a serious effect on the sale of goods already manufactured, and had relaxed the energy of the manufacturers; the unsettled state of political affairs, too, had contributed to increase the evil. It is, however, the opinion of the best informed, that if no serious political conflicts intervene, this state of partial inactivity will be but of short duration, and that the progress of winter will restore animation and confidence to the buyers, and employment and cheerfulness to the artisans. In Cotton the manufacturers continue to be in full occupation, particularly the spinners, and in the finer qualities.

In the Market for Colonial Produce there has been until lately a very brisk trade in Sugars, and prices are still very firm, though the extent of the transactions is limited. The present stock of West India Sugars is 49,000 hhds., being 5000 more than at this date in last year; that of Mauritius is 66,000 bags, being 7500 less than last year. Sugars of the latter description are in brisk demand still, particularly the finer qualities for the grocers, and an advance of 1*s*. 6*d*. to 2*s*. per cwt. has consequently been obtained. The prices lately realized by public sale were, for low brown, 46*s*.; good brown, 51*s*. to 53*s*.; yellow, 54*s*. to 59*s*. In East India Sugars there is but little doing; foreign go off with more animation, yellow Havannah bringing 27*s*. 6*d*. to 28*s*.; brown, 26*s*. 6*d*. The last average price is 1*l*. 9*s*. 11¾*d*. per cwt.

Refined Sugars have gone off with more spirit latterly, and an improvement of 6*d*. to 1*s*. per cwt. is the result: 31*s*. 9*d*. to 32*s*. has been paid for fine crushed.

British Plantation Coffee has lately advanced 2*s*. per cwt., and it maintains that advance with firmness; Jamaica, good ordinary clean, brings 75*s*. to 78*s*.; fine ordinary, 86*s*. to 88*s*. Foreign and East India Coffees have also risen about 1*s*.; a parcel of Ceylon sold for 49*s*.; and some good St. Domingo for 47*s* 6*d*.

The sale of Cocoa is dull; Trinidad, fair quality red, lately brought 50*s*. 6*d*. to 51*s*. 6*d*.; good Grenada, 48*s*. to 50*s*.

In the Spirit Market, Rums are very firm, and proof Leewards are worth 2*s*. 2*d*. per gallon. Brandy and Geneva present nothing particular to note.

Considerable excitement has lately been observable in the Cotton Market, and speculation has led to an advance which some cautious and vigilant observers imagine to exceed the legitimate bounds of fair demand; the rise in Liverpool has been nearly ¾*d*. per lb. in the course of a week. In London, Surats have been selling at 6¾*d*. to 7¾*d*.; Bengals, good fair to good, 7¼*d*. to 7½*d*.; fine Boweds, 10*d*.

Both Wool and Silk are inanimate; but the quotations of the latter are more steadily maintained than those of the former. The demand for Indigo is also dull, and prices somewhat depressed.

The Wheat trade has been heavy at the close of the month, with a fall of above 1*s*. per quarter, and Flour is down 3*s*. per sack. Barley is also 1*s*. lower, there having been some large cargoes from Scotland as well as England, together with some foreign of very fine quality. Oats, Beans, and Peas are also without animation. In Hops there is nothing doing; the declaration of the old duty will, it is said, exceed 180,000*l*.

The Market for English Securities has been very tranquil during the past month, with the exception of the temporary but sudden depression wrought by the unexpected announcement of a change in the administration. Until that time, the fluctuations in Consols had been confined to the limits of 91¼ and 91¾; that event carried them down to 90⅝, but they have since rallied, and have nearly recovered their former position. The depression in Bank Stock amounted to 4 per cent., and in India Stock to 2½ per cent.

A more serious impression was, however, produced in the Foreign Market. Spanish Bonds, which were previously quoted at 57, fell rapidly to 53, but have gradually advanced again to 55: Portuguese, in like manner, declined from 87 to 81¾, and have re-ascended to 86 Other descriptions of Foreign Stock are either wholly neglected, or, as is the case with the Securities of the Northern European States, are little employed for the purpose of mere speculation, and have, consequently, been little affected.

The following list shows the highest and lowest prices of the principal securities, domestic and foreign, from the 1st

to the 25th of the last month, and the closing quotations on that day.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

	Prices. Lowest.	Highest.	Closing.	
3 per cent. Red. . . .	89⅞	90⅞	90¼	⅜
3 per cent. Consols .	90⅝	91⅞	91⅛	¼
3½ per cent. Red. . .	98¼	99½	98¼	⅞
3½ per cent. (New) .	99¼	100⅝	99¼	⅞
Long Annuities .	16 15/16	17 3/16	16 15/16	17
Bank Stock	221½	225¼	222½	3½
India Stock	265	267½	265½	6½
Exchequer Bills .	38	44	38	9
India Bonds	18	26	19	21

FOREIGN FUNDS

Belgian	98	99½	98¼	¾
Brazilian	77⅛	79	78	½
Buenos Ayres . .	29½	32½	———	
Chilian	34	35	33½	4½
Colombian (1824) .	30¼	32½	31	½
Danish	76	76½	76	½
Dutch, 2½ per cent. .	52	53	52¾	3
Ditto, 5 per cent. .	98	98⅝	98⅝	⅞
Mexican	41	42¼	41	½
Portuguese . .	84½	86¼	———	
Ditto (Regency) .	84½	87⅜	85¼	6
Russian	105¼	106½	106	½
Spanish	53	58¼	54¼	⅞

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

At the Court at St. James's, the 17th day of November, 1834, present the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council. His Majesty having been pleased to appoint the Most Noble Arthur Duke of Wellington to be one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, his Grace was this day, by his Majesty's command, sworn one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State accordingly.

At the Court at St. James's, the 20th day of November, 1834, present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council. It is this day ordered by his Majesty in Council, that the Parliament which stands prorogued to Tuesday the twenty-fifth day of this instant November, be further prorogued to Thursday the eighteenth day of December next.

Report of the Privy Council relative to the late Fire.—This report having been approved by the King, has been published. It states that the tally-room of the Exchequer being required as a temporary accommodation for the Court of Bankruptcy, Mr. Milne, one of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, gave directions to Mr. Phipps, assistant Surveyor, to burn such of the old tallies as were useless, in the Exchequer-yard or some other convenient place. Mr. Phipps gave directions to Mr. Weobley, clerk of the works, to have the tallies burned, but in consequence of the objection of Mr. Weobley, that the fire in the yard would alarm the neighbours, the burning was directed to take place in the stoves of the House of Lords, but without Mr. Milne's knowledge; that by direction of Mr. Weobley, about two one-horse cart-loads of tallies were brought by two men from the tally-room to be burned; that the men were desired to burn them slowly, but that they heaped the tallies in the stoves and created a great blaze in the flues, that the burning of tallies commenced on the morning of the 16th of October and continued all day; that the smoke and heat consequent on the operation was very great, so as to alarm Mrs. Wright, the housekeeper of the House of Lords, but that to her inquiries, Cross, one of the men engaged in burning the tallies, replied there was no cause for alarm; that one of the flues was foul, not having been swept since the beginning of the last session; and that there is no doubt as to the fire being caused by the burning of the tallies.—The statement of Mr. Cooper, that he heard of the fire at Dudley, a few hours after it broke out in London, the report states has been disproved in the most satisfactory manner; whilst his statements as to the facts that occurred connected with the story are contradictory, and his silence on the subject to the persons most nearly

connected with him, on his arrival in London, after the fire, is wholly unaccountable, on the supposition that he had really heard of the fire at the time he states.—The report, which is signed by Mr. Bathurst, as Clerk of the Council, and Lord Duncannon, for the Lord President, concludes by stating that the Lords of the Privy Council have come to the conclusion, that the fire was accidental; was caused as they have related it, and was wholly attributable to carelessness and negligence.

THE COLONIES.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The exports from Table Bay, for the quarter ending June 30, amounted to 55,979*l.*, of which 28,118*l.* were to Great Britain. The imports to Graham's Town, during the same period, amounted to 46,743*l.*, and the exports to 23,852*l.*, of which 14,814*l.* were for England.

SIERRA LEONE.

The frightful degree of mortality that has recently occurred again at our Colonies in Western Africa renders it a matter of more astonishment than ever that such Colonies are maintained at so great and unnecessary a sacrifice of human life. The Governor, after only a few months' residence, several military and civil officers, besides merchants and others, have fallen victims to the pestilential climate during the sickly season just passed, and every succeeding season is as sure to have its victims as that a portion of an army is sure to fall when engaged in an obstinate battle. Temperance in living, with avoidance of exposure, cannot, however advisable, operate as an effectual check on the ravages of an African fever. The poisonous miasma produced by stagnant water, decomposed vegetable matter, and other indescribable causes, will find its way to the victim in spite of all opposition. It is true that for some two or three years past the mortality has not been quite so great as formerly; but if this be owing, as it undoubtedly is, more to the improved mode of treating the fatal diseases than to any beneficial change in the climate, the only difference is that the survivors are rescued from death merely to eke out an existence rendered almost intolerable by the shattered constitution which must necessarily ensue.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

THE "changes" in France have been of a character more than usually "extraordinary." It was early in the month announced, as follows:—

The Duc de Bassano, Minister of the Interior and President of the Council. M. Persil remained Minister of Justice. M. Bresson, Ambassador at Berlin, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Lieut.-Gen. Baron Bernard, Minister of War, who was also to fill the functions of Minister for Foreign Affairs until the arrival of M. Bresson. Baron C. Dupin, Deputé, Minister of Marine. M. Teste, Deputé, Minister of Commerce, who was to be Minister of Public Instruction, *ad interim.* M. Passy, Deputé, Minister of Finance.

We have given this list, however, merely to record the fact that three days terminated the existence of this ministry; and the following has been since formed:—

Duke de Treviso (Marshal Mortier), President of the Council and Minister of War.

Admiral de Rigny, Foreign Affairs.	M. Duchatel, Commerce.
M. Thiers, Interior.	M. Persil, Justice.
M. Guizot, Public Instruction.	M. Humann, Finance.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

EARL SPENCER.

George John Spencer, Earl Spencer, Knight of the Garter, Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries, Viscount Althorp, Viscount Spencer, and Baron Spencer of Althorp, in the county of Northampton, Lord Steward of St. Albans, a Governor of the Charter House, and an Elder Brother of the Trinity, was born on the 1st of September, 1758. He was the son of John, the first Earl Spencer, by Margaret Georgiana, the eldest daughter of Stephen Poyntz, Esq., of Midgham, Berks, and descended from the third Earl of Sunderland, whose youngest son married the daughter and co-heiress of the renowned Duke of Marlborough, and Anne Churchill, the grandmother of the present Lord.

The early part of his education was confided to a private tutor; after which he was sent to Harrow. As with all men, inheritors of title and fortune, there are, of course, many interesting anecdotes extant of his precocious talent. The allowance to him by his father was such as completely accorded with the aristocratic notions of the magnates of those days, but widely differed from the simple and unpretending habits of the elegant young scholar they were intended to dignify.

After being for some time under the care of Sir William Jones, and then of Dr. Heath, his Lordship proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1778, he took the degree of Master of Arts. At College he made many friends: for he proved in public that he was an accomplished scholar, and, in private, that the cultivation of the understanding is often allied to an amiable and generous disposition.

Shortly after leaving College, he was returned to Parliament as the representative of the borough of Northampton. Connected by birth and relationship with the great Whig families of England, Lord Spencer naturally enough set out in his political course upon Whig principles, and attached himself, in the House, to that party which was determinedly opposed to the administration of Lord North. On the overthrow of the Ministry, in 1782, Lord Spencer was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury, and was re-elected for Northampton, though he afterwards came in for the county of Surrey, which he represented till he succeeded to the Peerage by the death of his father, which occurred in 1783.

Lord Spencer was neither a frequent nor a lengthy speaker, as a member of the Commons or of the Lords: but still he took a fair share in the business of the day, and, as well from his rank and talents, as from the consistency and independence of his conduct, possessed a marked influence in public affairs.

Throughout the difficult and momentous period of 1792, and the following years, he received from the public, as we think he will from posterity, the fullest credit for the integrity of his motives and the purity of his political conduct. At this period, the mighty question of the French Revolution embarrassed almost every mind. Upon the issuing of the King's Proclamation in the critical year of 1792, Lord Spencer sided with the alarmist Whigs, who threw their strength into the scale of the Administration. On the 20th of December, 1794, he succeeded Lord Chatham as First Lord of the Admiralty. His conduct in this high office has always been highly praised. No period in our naval history was more brilliant than that of his Administration, from 1794, to June, 1800. Witness the victories of St. Vincent, of Camperdown, of the Nile, in which Jervis, Duncan, and Nelson, acquired immortal fame. The spirit of the British Navy, during these years, was at its height. True it is, that the alarming mutiny at the Nore, in 1797, occurred during this period; but equally true is it, that the mild and moderate councils of Earl Spencer, engendered in

reason and justice, mainly contributed to its suppression, and hindered any of those dreadful acts which, under less reasonable and more tyrannical rulers, might have inflicted a blow on our energies and moral character. In 1800, Lord Spencer retired from office with Mr. Pitt; and, in the following year, in the debate upon the peace with France, he spoke in disapprobation of that event, deploring it as a calamity, in spite of the universal joy with which it was hailed by the country. He declared the country degraded, no single object of the war having been gained,—that we had sacrificed our means of protection, by cessions of country in every quarter of the world, which our gallant forces had conquered, and which would have secured us from the effects of the aggrandisement of France. In his speech upon this occasion, his Lordship thus concluded—"It had been said that we had protected our allies. What was the fact? How had we protected Portugal? It appeared that it was only a portion of her territory whose integrity was to be preserved. A part of the important province of Olivença was to be ceded. Our ally, the Prince of Orange, was not even named in the preliminaries, although, from his faithful attachment to us, he had lost both his territories and his station. Could it be said that Ceylon and Trinidad gave either sufficient indemnity for the past, or security for the future? In India, the bravery of our army had subdued Tippoo Saib, and placed the country out of danger; but by this peace, which surrendered to the enemy the Cape of Good Hope and Cochin, we afforded them an entrance into Malabar; while in South America, we had permitted Portugal to cede to France a strong military position at the mouth of the river Amazon. In the West Indies we had surrendered Martinique, and left the French in possession of St. Domingo. In the Mediterranean we had surrendered everything, to our own exclusion; and in Malta the French were to have equal footing with the English. In short, he saw nothing but a precarious peace. It was said, it was the interest of France to maintain this peace; but who had learned to cultivate the interest of an usurper? If ever peace was precarious, this was that peace. If ever precarious peace was dangerous, this was that peace. The French principles were triumphant, and adorned with all the attraction and dignity of success. He felt sorry to differ from Ministers, but considered it now most peculiarly his duty to support such measures of vigour as might give the country a chance of safety."

The last public act of Lord Spencer, was his acceptance of the seals of the Home Department, in the year 1806, when the Whigs came into office.

In private life, Earl Spencer was kind and benevolent; and his memory will long be cherished by all who knew him. Many who partook of his bounty will lament his loss. He was a good landlord and neighbour, and an upright and enlightened magistrate, and ever ready to promote peace and good-will by his mediation. He never removed his neighbour's landmark, nor turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of the poor.

The late Earl married, in 1781, Lavinia, the daughter of Sir C. Bingham, afterwards Earl of Lucan; of which marriage was born, in 1782, John Charles Viscount Althorp (now Earl Spencer), and, we believe, three other sons—two of whom are in the navy, and one a Roman Catholic priest. He had also two daughters, both married.

THE BISHOP OF RAPHOE.

The death of the Bishop of Raphoe took place on the 5th of September, at Lessendrum, Aberdeenshire, his Lordship's family seat, where he was on a visit to his nephew. His Lordship was in the 77th year of his age. He was justly beloved and highly respected by his clergy, and all others to whom his many virtues were known. No one will be more universally regretted. His Lordship was known, in the literary world, as the author of a life of Edmund Burke. He succeeded Dr. Magee, late Archbishop

of Dublin, in the see of Raphoe, to which he was translated from the Archdeaconry of Ross by the Marquess Wellesley, in 1822. The Bishop of Derry, Dr. Ponsonby, succeeds to the patronage of the see of Raphoe, with the ecclesiastical superintendence—the temporalities of the see go to the Ecclesiastical Fund. The Bishop of Derry has the option of possessing the See House, Raphoe Castle, of which, it is expected, he will avail himself—the Derry Palace being far inferior to that of the late Bishop.

ADMIRAL SIR B. H. CAREW.

Sir Benjamin Hallowell Carew entered the Navy at an early age, and was made a Lieutenant by Lord Hood on the 30th April, 1781, during the first American war, into H. M. ship Alcide, 74, and being afterwards removed into the Alfred, 74, had the honour of being in the glorious victory achieved by Lord Rodney on the 12th April, 1782. The Alfred was commanded by Capt. W. Bayne, who was killed in the fight, with twelve of her crew, and had 40 wounded. The Alfred was also present at the capture of two ships of the line, two frigates, and a corvette, in the Mona Passage, a week after the action, forming a part of Count de Glasse's retreating force. In 1791, the subject of this memoir was made a Commander in the Scorpion; from thence to the Camel; and posted into the Robust, of 74 guns, in 1793. During the whole period of his services as a Captain in the Navy, Sir Benjamin was constantly employed on the most arduous and meritorious service, having been selected by Lord Nelson to aid him in the repeated expeditions and attacks planned by that hero.

In the early part of 1797, his ship, the Courageux, having been driven from her anchorage in Gibraltar Bay, and lost on the African coast in a heavy gale of wind, while he was absent as a member of a court-martial, Sir Benjamin, in the action off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th February, 1797, served as a volunteer on board the Victory; obtained from Sir John Jervis a strong recommendation to the Admiralty for his gallantry; was sent home with the duplicate despatches; and was, in consequence, appointed to the Lively. In conjunction with her boats and those of the Minerva, under the direction of Sir T. M. Hardy, then a Lieutenant, they cut out of Santa Cruz a French brig, called the Mutine, of 14 guns, to which that officer was appointed. At the battle of the Nile, Sir Benjamin commanded the Swiftsure, of 74 guns. This ship was engaged with the Franklin and L'Orient, and, when the latter took fire and blew up, fortunately escaped injury by being to windward. The ship was so close, that the First Lieutenant, a Commissary, and ten men, were dragged into her by the Swiftsure's people! After the explosion, the Swiftsure, aided by the Leander, directed all her fire upon the Franklin, and compelled her to strike her colours. In the action, the Swiftsure only sustained a loss of seven killed and twenty wounded, although in the hottest of the fight. On the 23d May, Sir Benjamin sent to Lord Nelson the coffin, made from the wreck of the mainmast of L'Orient, in which his Lordship was buried. In June, 1801, Sir Benjamin was sent to escort a convoy; but unluckily quitted it to reinforce Sir J. B. Warren, and, in so doing, fell in with a French squadron of four ships of the line, and was captured. He was tried by a court-martial at Toulon, in August, 1801, and was honourably acquitted. In the short peace, he commanded the Argo, of 44 guns, and subsequently the Tiger, of 80 guns, and in that ship he continued to earn fresh laurels. He was nominated a Colonel of Marines in 1810; in August, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and hoisted his flag in the Malta, 84, in the Mediterranean. In January, 1815, he was made a K.C.B., and since the last peace, has had the naval commands at Cork and the Medway. Sir Benjamin was made a Vice-Admiral in August, 1819—an Admiral in July, 1830—and on the 6th June, 1831, a G.C.B. He had a gold medal presented to him for his services in the battle of the Nile. Two of his sons are in the navy.

REAR-ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

The late Rear-Admiral the Hon. George H. L. Dundas, C.B., was connected with the noble houses of Fitzwilliam and Dundas, in the county of York, and was in his 58th year. While a Lieutenant of the late Lord Keith's flag-ship, the Queen Charlotte, which caught fire at sea about three or four leagues from Leghorn, in the year 1800, he made himself remarkably active, both by precept and example, in endeavouring to extinguish the flames, but without effect; and when all further exertion became unavailing, he swam to an American brig, and thus preserved his life. His conduct on the occasion excited the admiration of all who had the good fortune to survive the catastrophe, and also of his distinguished Admiral. In Lord De Saumarez's actions, in 1801, off Algeziras, the subject of this memoir was Commander of the Calpe polacre, and his conduct was highly commended by that nobleman and the late Sir R. Keats; it enabled the latter to secure the San Antonio, 74, captured in the action, and in that ship Commander Dundas returned to England, and obtained his post rank. In 1806, Captain Dundas relieved the late Sir H. Blackwood in the Euryalus, which ship he had so ably commanded at Trafalgar, proceeded with her to the Mediterranean, joined the fleet under Lord Collingwood, and subsequently was actively employed in her until the year 1811, in various parts of the globe. In 1812, Captain Dundas took the command of the Edinburgh, 74, and in a variety of arduous services performed by that ship and H. M. S. America, Captain, now Vice-Admiral Sir Josias Rowley, off Leghorn, for nearly two years, he gained the high approval of that consummate judge of merit the late Lord Exmouth. Captain Dundas resigned the command of the Edinburgh at the termination of the war, and remained on half-pay until promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, in July, 1830; and on the present Administration attaining office, in 1831, he joined the Admiralty, with Sir James Graham. Rear-Admiral Dundas was a man of business, and his loss will be much lamented by a number of naval officers, whose claims and merits, in the course of his official capacity, he had become acquainted with, and was doing his utmost to reward. Rear-Admiral Dundas was nominated a Companion of the Bath in June, 1815, and in the last Parliament was elected representative for the Orkney Islands.

REAR-ADIMRAL SIR M. SEYMOUR.

Rear-Admiral Sir M. Seymour, Commander-in-Chief of the ships in South America, was born in the county of Limerick, in 1768, went to sea under the charge of the Honourable J. Luttrell, in the Merlin sloop of war, and served with that officer in the Portland, Mediator, and Ganges. In 1790, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant; and while in that capacity on board the Marlboro', in Lord Howe's action of the 1st June, 1794, had the misfortune to lose his arm. Sir M. Seymour commanded the Spitfire for five years, and was very successful in his captures. In 1800, he attained his post rank. While in command of the Amethyst, thirty-six-gun frigate, he captured off L'Orient, during the night of the 10th November, 1808, the Thetis, French frigate, of 44 guns, after a very long and severe action; and so highly was this action commended, that his Majesty, George III., presented Captain Seymour with a naval gold medal: he was also presented by the Corporations of Cork and Limerick with the freedom of those cities; and, from the Patriotic Fund, at Lloyd's, with a piece of plate, value 100 guineas. On the 6th April, 1809, Captain Seymour had the good fortune to fall in with the French frigate Neimen, of 46 guns and 319 men, and capture her after a gallant action, although short-handed, having a Lieutenant and thirty-seven men then absent in prizes. For this exploit, Captain Seymour was raised to the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom. Sir M. Seymour afterwards commanded the Neimen and Hannibal, and in 1814, while senior of the squadron, cruizing off Cherbourg, captured La

Sultane, 44, French frigate, (a sister frigate had been made prize a day or two previous, to the Hebrus, Captain Palmer, C. B., after a long and desperate action). Sir Michael Seymour was nominated a K.C.B. in January, 1815, and commanded the Prince Regent yacht. On the death of the late Honourable Sir George Grey, he was specially appointed, by his late Majesty, to the Commissionership of Portsmouth Dock-yard; and on the flag promotion, in July, 1830, was placed on the list of retired Captains. When the present Government attained office, and made an alteration in the management of the Dock-yard, Sir Michael was removed to the list of Rear-Admirals of the Blue, and offered the command of the squadron in South America, which he accepted, and sailed thither in January, 1833, with his flag in his Majesty's ship Spartiate.

THE HON. WM. ROBERT SPENCER.

William Robert Spencer, though well known to the reading public as a literary character, and as the author of many poems—some of which will transmit his name to posterity, when, perhaps, his family will be forgotten —was one of the most highly gifted and accomplished men of the age in which he lived, though a love of contemplation rather than of action, a natural—a constitutional indolence, governed him with irresistible sway, and forbade those exertions which would have ranked him among the great poets of his day, or have placed him in a situation where his extensive knowledge and numerous attainments might have rendered him useful to his country, either in a diplomatic or legislative capacity. As a diplomatist, his qualifications were of a very superior kind. To an intimate acquaintance with the politics of the different courts of Europe, he added, what, indeed, enabled him to acquire this information, a thorough knowledge of the French, Italian, and German languages, which he spoke with a fluency and grace that excited the admiration of all the many well-educated and enlightened foreigners with whom he was in constant intercourse.

Like some to whom nature has been liberal in bestowing genius, but parsimonious in the more useful gifts of activity and steadiness of pursuit, Mr. Spencer shone with extraordinary brilliancy in conversation. His knowledge was extensive, his memory retentive, and his wit ready, refined, and sparkling; but this was so invariably under the control of a benevolent disposition, of pure good-nature, that he was never known to exercise it in a manner to give even momentary pain.

The younger son of a younger son, Mr. Spencer, early in life, found it prudent to accept the appointment of commissioner of stamps. The office disqualified him for sitting in Parliament, and indeed would have been a bar to his distinguishing himself much in any line as a public man, had he been ambitious of high station, or willing to undergo the labour which would have led to fortune. But though he never became the colleague of statesmen, he was sought as their companion; and at his house in Curzon-street, the two great political opponents, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, met at least once as upon neutral ground, and enjoyed the charms of literary conversation and polished wit, unleavened by party feeling or a struggle for superiority. Among those, too, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy, were the Prince of Wales—when his Royal Highness knew how to appreciate intellect,—Sheridan, Dr. Laurence, Sidney Smith, Horner, and others of deservedly high reputation.

While young, Mr. Spencer married the Countess Jenison Walworth, a Roman lady, by whom he had a son, now living and in holy orders. During the last ten years he resided in Paris, where he died on the 22d of October, in the 66th year of his age; not missed, perhaps, because the state of his health had long condemned him to utter seclusion, but lamented by all who had known him, from whose memories the charms of his conversation and his social qualities can never be effaced.

MR. TELFORD, CIVIL ENGINEER.

Mr. Telford was in the 79th year of his age. The immediate cause of his death was a repetition of severe bilious attacks, to which he had for some years been subject. He was a native of Langholm in Dumfries-shire, which he left at an early age. His gradual rise from the stone-masons' and builders' yard to the top of his profession in his own country, or, we believe we may say, in the world, is to be ascribed not more to his genius, his consummate ability, and persevering industry, than to his plain, honest, straight-forward dealing, and the integrity and candour which marked his character throughout life.

Mr. Telford had been for time past by degrees retiring from professional business, to enable him the better to "adjust his mantle." He had of late chiefly employed his time in writing a detailed account of the principal works which he planned, and lived to see executed; and it is a singular and fortunate circumstance, that the corrected manuscript of this work was only completed by his clerk, under his direction, two or three days ago. His works are so numerous all over the kingdom, that there is hardly a county in England, Wales, or Scotland, in which they may not be pointed out. The Menai and Conway bridges, the Caledonian canal, the St. Katherine's docks, the Holyhead roads and bridges, the Highland roads and bridges, the Chirk and Pont-y-Cyssylltau aqueducts, the canals in Salop, and great works in that county, of which he was surveyor for more than half a century, are some of the traits of his genius which occur to us, and which will immortalize the name of Thomas Telford.

We have means of knowing that he was inclined to set a higher value on the success which has attended his exertions for improving the great communication from London to Holyhead, the alterations of the line of road, its smoothness, and the excellence of the bridges, than on the success of any other work he executed; but it seems difficult to draw a line of distinction with anything like nicety of discrimination, as to the degree of credit to which an engineer is entitled for ingenuity to plan, and the ability to execute, magnificent and puzzling improvements on the public communications of a great country. The *Menai bridge* will probably be regarded by the public as the most imperishable monument of Mr. Telford's fame. This bridge over the Bangor-ferry, connecting the counties of Carnarvon and Anglesea, partly of stone and partly of iron, on the suspension principle, consists of seven stone arches, exceeding in magnitude every work of the kind in the world. They connect the land with the two main piers, which rise fifty-three feet above the level of the road, over the top of which the chains are suspended, each chain being 1714 feet from the fastenings in the rock. The first three-masted vessel passed under the bridge in 1826. Her top-masts were nearly as high as a frigate; but they cleared twelve feet and a half below the centre of the road-way.

The Caledonian Canal is another of Mr. Telford's splendid works; in constructing every part of which, though prodigious difficulties had to be surmounted, he was successful. But the individuals in high station, now travelling in the most remote part of the island, from Inverness to Dunrobin Castle, or from thence to Thurso, the most distant town in the north of Scotland, will there, if we are not mistaken, find proofs of the exertion of Mr. Telford's talent, equal to any that appear in any other quarter of Britain. The road from Inverness to the county of Sutherland, and through Caithness, made, not only so far as respects its construction, but its direction, under Mr. Telford's orders, is superior in point of line and smoothness to any part of the road of equal continuous length between London and Inverness. This is a remarkable fact, which from the great difficulties he had to overcome in passing through a rugged, hilly, and mountainous district, incontrovertibly establishes his great skill in the engineering department, as well as in the construction of great public communications.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At the British Embassy, Paris, and afterwards according to the Rites of the Roman Catholic Church, Edward Charles Blount, Esq., second son of Edward Blount, Esq., and nephew to the late Sir Walter Blount, Bart., of Soddington, in the county of Worcester, to Gertrude Frances, youngest daughter of the late William Jerningham, and niece of the Right Hon. Lord Stafford.

At Heddington, Wilts, by the Rev. James T. Du Boulay, the Rev. John Blennerhassett, rector of Ryme Intrinseca, Dorset, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Francis Houssemane Du Boulay, Esq., of Walthamstowe, Essex.

By the Rev. John Stirling, B A., Thomas Henry Dakins, Esq., of the island of St. Vincent, to Harriet, only daughter of the late John Roche Dasent, Esq., late Attorney-General of the same Island.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thomas, youngest son of the late David Denne, Esq., of Lydd, in the county of Kent, to Jane, youngest daughter of John Falconer, Esq., his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Leghorn.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. T. Fuller, William Archibald Campbell, Esq., of Wilton-place, to Miss Charlotte Wentworth, of Wilton-crescent.

At St. Marylebone New Church, after having been first married according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, Francis J. Van Zeller, Esq., her Most Faithful Majesty's Consul General in the United Kingdom, to Dorothea, second daughter of the late Henry Van Zeller, Esq., of Oporto.

At Crowcombe, Thomas Cridland Luxton, Esq., of Weacomb House, Somerset, to Mary Anne, second daughter of George Henry Carew, Esq., of Crowcombe Court, in the same county.

Died.]—In her 63d year, Lady Miles, formerly of Conisboro', Yorkshire.

At Tittenhanger-house, near St. Alban's, Herts, the Right Hon. Phillip Earl of Hardwicke, K.G., aged 77.

At Huntingdon, the Rev. Alfred Veasey, B.D., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, aged 34.

James Heath, Esq., A.R.A., in the 78th year of his age.

At Richmond, Surrey, Henry Edmond Innes Calder, eldest son of Sir Henry R. Calder, Bart.

At Berhampore, Bengal, aged 41, Major George Macartney Greville, of his Majesty's 38th Regiment.

At Kingsbury Lodge, St. Alban's, Herts, aged 77, the Rev. Robert Moore, D.D., formerly vicar of Thurleigh, Bedfordshire.

At Cheshunt-park, the residence of T. A. Russell, Esq., Lieut.-Gen. G. A. Armstrong, aged 63, deeply and deservedly lamented by all who knew him.

At Fulham, most affectionately regretted by her family, the Lady Sophia Kent.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

The presentments made by the leet juries of the three manors in the borough of Southwark exhibited a much greater number than usual of persons who had been amerced in penalties for using illegal weights, scales, and measures. The penalties, varying from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 10*l.*, amount in the whole to between 600*l.* and 700*l.*

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Allotment System.—The "Bucks Gazette" contains the following satisfactory article on this subject:—The parish authorities of Buckingham have taken the glebe farm of 103 acres, to let out in small allotments of from one to three acres, to such labourers as may apply for them, the parish agreeing to assist such labourers until their first crop is housed. Several parishes in the neighbourhood have adopted a similar plan, which we earnestly hope will restore the honest, industrious labourer, to that independence now nearly lost among that class of society. The Duke of Buckingham has offered land in all the parishes in which he has property, for the use of the labouring poor. In the parish of Buckingham a two-acre renter (and not an agricultural labourer) had a produce of five quarters from less than one acre of ground, and on the other acre has and will realise more than 20*l.* in potatoes; in fact, the two-acre system has been for several years in operation on his Grace's estate near Buckingham; and we can confidently state that (although there are some bad managers) one third more food for man and beast has been produced from this land than was produced when let altogether. Can any thing be said more in favour of this admirable system?

CORNWALL.

There has been a valuable course of copper ore recently discovered on Trevarren Beach, near Morgan Porth, by Mr. Trethewy, an engineer, who has secured the set, and is about to com-

mence forming a company. The copper is said to be of an excellent quality.

SCOTLAND.

The following article on the manufactures of Scotland is from Mr. Horner's Report to Lord Duncannon, dated London, July 20, 1834 :—

"The total number of cotton, woollen, flax, and silk factories in Scotland, in which the machinery is moved by steam-engines or water-wheels, amount to 388. It is possible that there may be some country woollen mills which have been omitted by the surveyors, but if so, they can only be on a very small scale. The chief seats of the cotton and flax mills are in those parts of the country where coal abounds, or is to be had at a cheap rate from the vicinity of the sea; and some great mills have been established in situations distant from coal, where there is a great command and fall of water; but it is remarkable, that some situations in Scotland, highly favourable for manufactures, are without them, as, for instance, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where coal is very cheap, where there is a large population to supply young hands, and where there is a sea-port to save the expense of land-carriage, both for the raw material and the manufactured article. With the exception of some large establishments at Aberdeen, and one at Stanley, near Perth, the cotton manufacture is almost entirely confined to Glasgow, and the country immediately adjoining, to a distance of about 25 miles radius, and all these country mills, even including the great works at Stanley, are connected with Glasgow houses, or the Glasgow trade.

"The spinning of flax by machinery is the next manufacture carried on in mills to a large extent. These factories are even more numerous than the cotton mills, but are generally on a smaller scale. The chief seats of that manufacture are in the counties of Forfar, Fife, and Aberdeen; they are chiefly engaged in spinning the coarser qualities of yarns, but the finer qualities are on the increase. With few exceptions, the woollen mills of Scotland are on a small scale. Of the total number, 89, 71 do not employ 50 people each; and of these 71, there are 26 which do not give employment to 20 people each. There are only six silk mills in all Scotland, and only three of these are of any importance. The total number of persons employed in the cotton, woollen, flax, and silk mills of Scotland, is 46,825; of whom 13,721 (3799 males and 9922 females) are between the ages of thirteen and eighteen; and 6228 (2552 males and 3676 females) are under thirteen years of age. There are a few under eleven; their number, as in the returns, amounts to above 1100; but that is not to be taken as the number now in the mills, for I have found that since these returns were made, some mill-owners have discharged all under eleven, and taken on older children in their stead. At the same time, I am inclined to think, that a deduction of 100 would cover all who have been so discharged; for it was usually in cases where two, three, or four only were under eleven, and it was not thought worth while altering the arrangements of the mill for so small a number. The enumeration of steam-engines and water-wheels is not to be understood as showing the actual number of engines and wheels, because the returns for those mills where more than one engine or water-wheel is employed, only state the total amount of the power. It will be seen, however, that the total amount of steam-power is 5330 horses, and that the water-wheels are estimated as equal to a power of 4822 horses—making together a mechanical moving power equivalent to 10,152 horses."

Of the 5330 horses of steam-power given in the above report, the town of Dundee alone produces 1012, being about one-fifth of the whole steam-power of Scotland.

The election of Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, caused by the elevation of Mr. Cockburn to the Bench, has taken place. The candidates—or rather those nominated by their respective partisans—were Lord Stanley (the late Secretary) and the Earl of Durham, and a very active canvass was carried on by the adherents of both parties. The former was supported by the church party, and the latter by the radicals. At the conclusion, the election of Lord Stanley was carried by the great majority of 135; the votes being, Stanley, 298; Durham, 163.

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